McCLURE'S

Win-the-War Magazine

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SEPTEMBER
1918

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Y. M. C. A.

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This space contributed for the Winning of the War by Publisher of this Magazine

McCLURE'S School Directory

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN WASHINGTON, D. C., CONNECTICUT, GEORGIA, KENTUCKY, ILLINOIS, INDIANA, MARYLAND AND MASSACHUSETTS

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE offers a special school service free of charge to its readers. The purpose of this service is to assist you in the selection of a school or college. Read all the announcements in this directory. If you have difficulty in finding the school which just meets your requirements, write to the School Service Department, McClure's Magazine, McClure Building, New York City, giving location and purpose of the school required, whether for boy or girl, previous education and the sum you are planning to spend. McClure's School Service Department will see that you receive the information you desire.

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President

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For catalogue address

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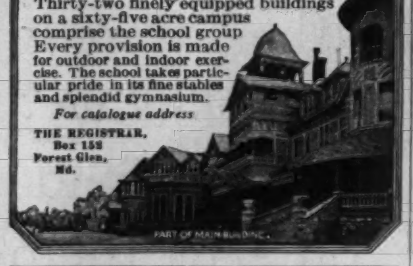

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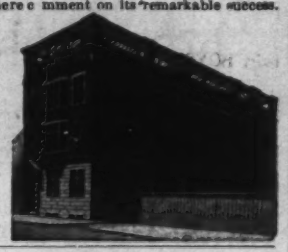

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McClure School Service Dept.
25 West 44th Street New York City

Volume 50 Number 11

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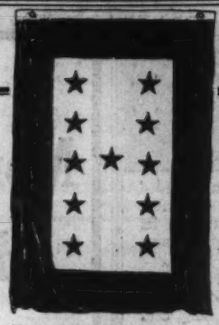
"New Occasions Teach New Duties"



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THIS IS OUR PLEDGE:
to devote the pages of
McCLURE'S WIN-THE-WAR MAGAZINE
to the national service by doing everything we can, in every way we can, to help
WIN THE WAR

Contents for September

McCLURE'S

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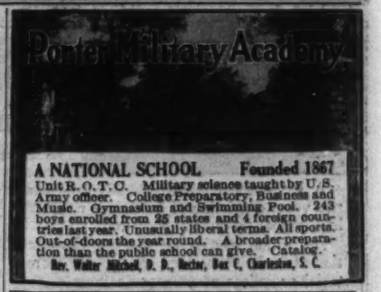

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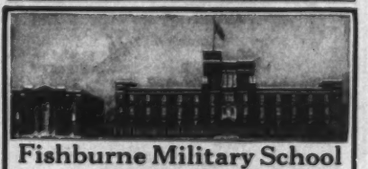

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That boy in "Blighty" wants to read JACK LONDON! Send the books—McCLURE'S will help you!

"SEND books!" General Pershing cabled when he arrived in France with his men. "Send books!" chaplains, surgeons, officers and nurses plead!

Books are as necessary to soldiers off duty as bayonets are necessary to them when they go "over the top." Bayonets guard their lives; books save their morale—and morale wins the war. Knowing this, Pershing has asked that 50 tons of shipping space be set aside each month for books.

It is our duty to fill this space; to send our lads the books that link them with America—that keep them from growing home-sick. If you cannot speak to your friends "over there" in person you can speak to them through books. When they are off duty, when they are in hospitals, or on board transports and trains, our fighting men crave reading matter to lift their thoughts out of their wearying or tragic surroundings.

We asked a Y.M.C.A. organizer, who has returned from the front, what we could do to help? He replied that nothing would help so much as to send books. ***With your help we will get these books over there.***

McClure's has in stock a limited quantity of the greatest stories of Jack London. We can think of nothing better to send our men, because a recent investigation by the Navy Department of "the favorite books that young men read" showed, with 716 voting, that next to Shakespeare and the Bible, the two most popular books were the "Sea-Wolf," by Jack London, and "The Call of the Wild," by the same author. The sets which we have are in four volumes each. They contain both these stories, and in addition "Martin Eden" and "Love of Life." The books are bound in handsome, durable cloth.

We had intended to keep these books for a later sale, but now we will not do so. Instead we want to get these books over to the American troops. *Will you help us to do it?*

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Together we can help those boys in France. Will you do your share? Will you mail the coupon?

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Four handsome volumes bound in decorated cloth, gold stamped. Bought separately, in the regular publisher's edition, you would have to pay the price of standard novels for these "best-sellers." This is an unheard-of bargain. Fill in the coupon before you turn the page.

The Choice of Our Fighting Men

"An altogether unique experiment in popular literary preferences has just been attempted, with gratifying results, by the United States Navy Department. For some time past the kind of reading that will appeal to our sailors has been one of the problems that this department has had to solve, and in order to solve it effectively Secretary Daniels appointed some days ago, a 'Library Board,' composed of Admiral Palmer, Chaplain Frazer, and Dr. C. Alphonso Smith. As a preliminary to their work, we are told, this library board undertook to find out 'the favorite books that young men read' . . .

"In answer to this official questionnaire we are told that the number voting was 716; and, with Shakespeare and the Bible excluded, the replies showed that the two books which led in the list are: 'Sea-Wolf,' by Jack London, and 'Call of the Wild,' by the same author."—New York Times.

Read Them Yourself—Then Send Them Across!

"The Sea-Wolf"

This novel created a veritable sensation when it appeared in The Century Magazine. Wolf Larsen is a new type of pirate. A monster in brawn and brain, devoid of conscience, he turns his ship into a hell. "The Sea-Wolf" is a big, breezy sea yarn, superbly written, and spun through it is a beautiful girl is rescued from Wolf Larsen by the young man who, through long months of contact with the brute, has become his match.

"The Call of the Wild"

This big and human record of the Newfoundland dog's return to the wild is a narrative that grips both young people and their elders—many critics think it London's finest work—certainly it is the finest dog story in literature, and without a rival in its picturing of the frozen North. The home that does not possess the story of Buck's change from a civilized canine to the leadership of tae pack wolves of Alaska is lacking indeed. With this offer we put it in everyone's reach.

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This tale of the struggles and sufferings of a starving gold miner clinging to life with unconquerable tenacity is paralleled today by the experience of wounded soldiers crawling back to their lines after being left for dead at the enemy's trench. "Love of Life" presents a never-to-be-forgotten picture of the starving man trailed by a starving wolf—always waiting for the time when the man will become too weak to resist his attack. (In this volume is included the second part of "The Sea-Wolf.")

"Martin Eden"

Martin Eden, a common sailor by training, is driven forward by his love for a society girl until he achieves fame and success as an author. The story shows the heart-breaking struggles of the poor man trying to rise in literature; and the falseness of the social recognition which he at last wins against tremendous odds. It is the story of a soul that had to break because it could not bend. Read this book and you'll see why Ruth wanted to encircle Martin's neck with her slim, aristocratic hands.

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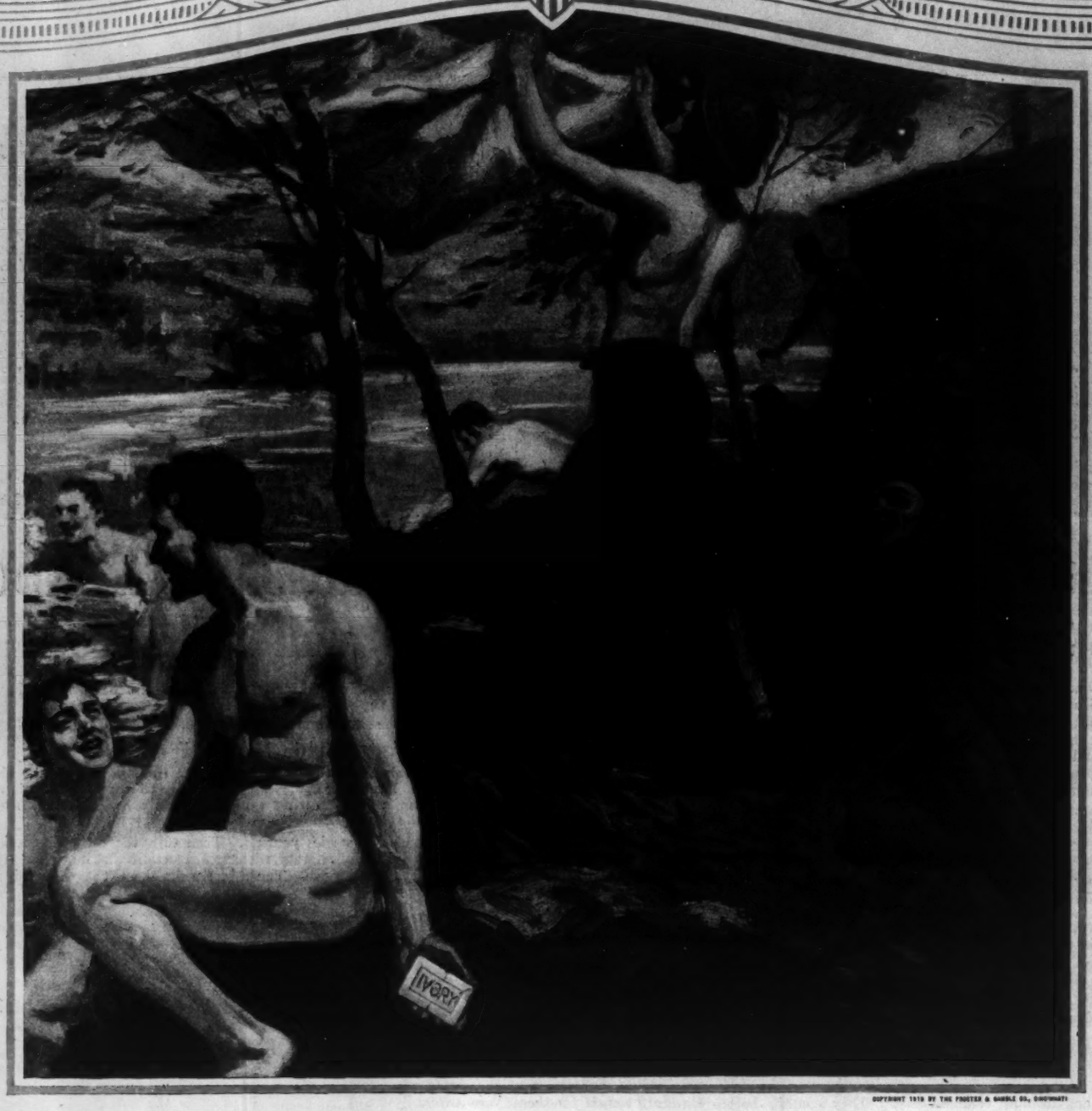

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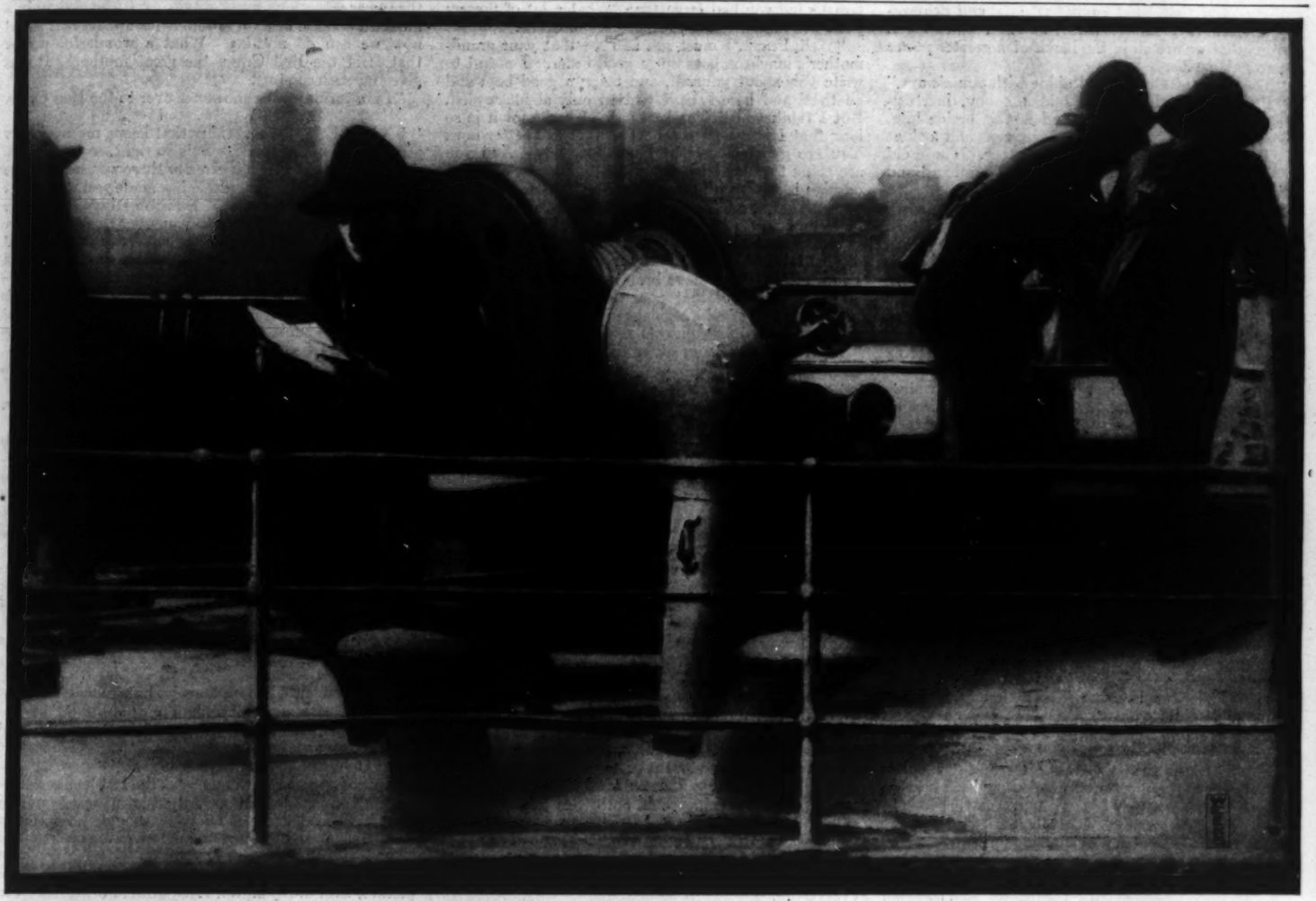

"If you fall for some pretty nurse, I'll just die," wrote his best girl. This note he buttoned over his heart. Read these letters with him

His Letters—*by* Mary Roberts Rinehart

Illustration by Frank Alden Weeks

THE boy was reading his letters. The sharp bustle of departure was over, and the ship had settled down to such quiet as is possible with four thousand young voices aboard, four thousand pairs of army-issue shoes, eighteen mascots of noise-producing varieties, and a fog over the bay.

There had been a sick feeling in what the boy would have said was his stomach, when the dim outlines of the city faded into that early-morning haze. He had cheered and waved his hat at the Goddess of Liberty, along with the others, and in a restrained voice, along the rail, he had sung in a bass newly acquired and very, very deep, "Good-bye, Broadway, Hello, France!"

The singing had cheered him. He had been hanging over the stern, but now he wandered forward.

Then he remembered his letters. There were four. He found a sheltered spot and sat down to read them. One was in an old hand, feeble and shaken. The capitals were made with tiny flourishes, and at the top of each sheet was the mark of a pin, where had been fastened underneath a sheet of lines, to show through and keep the writing straight.

The second was from his mother. It was a broad, firm script, on heavy paper. He rather thought there might be a check in it. Over the third he was puzzled; then his face cleared.

"Aunt Fanny!" he said. "Good old girl!"

He kept the fourth for the last. It was in an unformed girlish hand, written with a stub pen, and it was rather fat and heavy. He held it for a moment before he slipped it back into the pocket of his blouse.

He read his grandmother's letter first.

"My dear Grandson," it said. "It is a long time since I have written any letters. Your Aunt Fanny does my writing for me. But now that you are going away to fight, I must send you my blessing and good-bye. It is strongly borne in on me that I shall not be here when you come back. You must not feel badly about that, if it is God's will that I am taken before long. I have lived my time, and more. I have had much happiness, and so many that I have loved are waiting for me on the other side that my going to them will be a great joy.

"I have knitted you six pairs of socks, and I have sent you also the Testament your grandfather carried through the Civil War. It was returned to me when he died at Appomattox, along with his watch. As my eldest grandchild, this watch will be yours some day.

"As I sit here on this quiet Sabbath day, my thoughts go back, as the thoughts of the old always do, to the past. I see your grandfather's face when the news came that war was declared against the Southern Confederacy. He was uncertain what to do. Your father was a baby then, and I was not very strong. How strange it must seem to him, waiting over there, that I have been so long in coming to him.

"At first it did not seem possible for him to leave us. Then, on a Sabbath day very like this one, we went to church together, and the clergyman announced that he had found his duty lay with the colors. One by one the men in the congregation rose and joined him.

"The memories of the old are strange. I have forgotten so much since then. But I remember everything of that day — your father, asleep on my arm, and your grandfather's face, white and set. Then I saw him take up his Testament, and open it at random, and sit with it in his hand, thinking.

"He passed it over to me, and his finger was on the verse his eyes had found to lead him. You will find the page marked by your father's picture. 'What doth it profit, my brethren, if a man say he hath faith, but hath not works? Can that faith save him?'

"He gave me the Book, and he put his hand for a moment on your father's head. Then he stood up and said: 'I am ready to go.'

"Your father carried the Testament through the Spanish War, and now you are to carry it to France. I shall have a splendid story to tell when I join them all on

"Keep your heart and your gun clean, and love your country and your cause"

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the other side. My only regret is that you have no son. I should like to feel, before I go, that the fighting traditions of the family are to be carried down for other generations to come.

"The old see many things. They see that there are things better worth while than length of years, and that all that is worth living for may be crowded into a few short days. They see that life itself is nothing, and that what counts is duty and achievement. And they have learned, at the cost of much sorrow, that we are all in the hands of a greater power to use as He wills.

"The peace of God be and abide with you always."

"Poor old grandmother!" said the boy, inarticulately. He folded the letter and laid it beside him. He would have to hunt up that Testament and look at it. Pretty fine old chap, his grandfather. Those old guys had good stuff in 'em. Sword in one hand and Bible in the other!

He drew himself up a little. A fellow had to carry on the traditions of his family. Well, he hoped he'd do his bit when the time came.

He read his Aunt Fanny's letter next, with boyish discrimination — reserving the best for the last. He had a clear picture of his Aunt Fanny in his mind, her thin, erect figure, her graying hair, her austere dress. It had been rather a shame about Aunt Fanny, living with his grandmother for all these years, and taking care of the little old lady with such unstinting devotion.

He had seen her once or twice in the early morning, after his grandmother had had a bad night. Once he had met her on the stairway, carrying a little tray. She had looked very elderly and very tired, and he rather thought she had been crying. It had dawned on him then that life was not particularly exciting for her. He had taken the tray from her and put a strong young arm about her thin shoulders.

"Buck up, old girl," he had said. "She's going to live for years and years yet."

And somehow, thinking it over later, he had fancied that he had not greatly comforted her.

He opened Fanny's letter, but he did not read it at once. He had only four, and there was no use hurrying through them. Besides, there was a wrestling bout going on down the deck. He watched it idly. From somewhere below there came, too, an odor of frying bacon. He looked at his wrist-watch and mentally computed the time to mess. He sighed.

"Dear Francis," said Aunt Fanny's letter. "I am not exactly in a right mood to write you. But I must, if you are to get this in time. I have sent a dozen pairs of socks to your mother for you, and I'd be glad to know if the sweater is open enough at the neck to go over your head easily. Try to work it on slowly at first, so you don't stretch it too much.

"THINK of your being a soldier! It is no time at all since I knitted little booties for you, so small that they were ridiculous! And now I am ashamed to show the size of the socks you require! Let me know if you need more, or if you know any boys who need them. It is all an old maid like myself can do in this war — knit for other women's children.

"I wonder sometimes if your mother knows how I envy her? She has something to give. I have nothing. I cannot even offer myself, although I know I could be useful. I must stay in the eddy here, making bandages that anyone could make, knitting, sewing and praying that sometime, some way, my chance may come. I have never regretted the care of your grandmother. You must not think that, Frank. But she is very old, and her thoughts are all in the past. Sometimes I feel that she hardly knows I am around. I am just like her armchair by the window. And I know that if that were taken away there are other chairs. . . . But I mustn't write like this, Frank. You will think I am getting old and hard; old am I, but not hard.

"Your mother will be shut in her room the day you read this. She will be all right after that. It is only the first wrench. But I wish I might be shut in a room, with a son or a husband going to fight in this great war. I am so proud of you. So glad you are going, so hopeful you are coming back.

"Did you ever know that the day you came brought me the great grief of my life? We were in the same house, your mother and I. And in the dawn you came, a great lusty boy-child. I shall never forget your mother's face. And only an hour or so later I learned that the man I was to marry had died of typhoid fever, in Florida. It was the day of the battle of Santiago, but he had never got beyond the detention camp.

"So you see I have given to war, but not to a big war. Only to a little, useless, hysterical war that cost more than it was worth. And now when I would give again, I have nothing to give, not even myself.

"The tobacconist's bill from school came to-day, and I paid it without showing it to your mother. Also a florist's bill you had forgotten. What a lot of flowers you have been sending to somebody or other!

"Well, Frank, I must run and see that your grandmother's luncheon goes up in good order. I meant to write you about yourself, and being a good boy, and all that, and here I have written only about myself. But I think you will understand. I had kept it in so long that I just had to talk it out. I feel better now. You are going to *get* the Hun, dear boy. And you are going to come back covered with medals, as a pincushion is stuck with pins. Your loving Aunt Fanny."

"P. S. Let me know if the socks are large enough. And can I send you a cake now and then?"

The boy put down the letter. There was a reflective gleam in his eyes. It was rotten luck for Aunt Fan. She ought to have been married, and had a lot of kids. Think of that poor devil dying of typhoid in the Spanish War! No danger of that for him. He had been jabbed with all sorts of things.

A private was passing along the deck in front of him, and he hailed him.

"Say, Wat," he inquired, anxiously, "how about getting cakes and things over? Any trouble about it?"

Over his mother's letter he rather hesitated. She had been very brave, he knew, but if his going could break up Aunt Fan into telling about herself, it could do mighty queer things. He was all she had, these days, and she had just about had a fit when he first went away to school.

But he need not have worried.

"Dearest boy of my heart," wrote his mother. "This is not a good-bye letter at all. It is a sort of 'welcome' letter — a welcome to new and big things. All these years I have been waiting for you to be a man. And now at last you are a man, with a man's work before you. I am not happy, I cannot write you that. But I am proud. You will never know how proud I am.

"I wear my little service pin like a medal. I want everyone to see it, to know that I have a son who is a soldier for his country. I have hung the service flag high, and I should like so big and blue a star in it that people would stop to stare at it!

"I am not giving you, dearest lad, I am only lending you. You are coming back, and when you come you will find your room ready, and the dogs waiting, and your mother in a perfectly new and expensive gown, at the door. And you will come swinging up, as you always did, and shout, 'Hello, everybody! How's everything?'

"How dear and foolish it all sounds — and yet it is what so many of us are living for.

"You won't forget to wear your woolens, dear, will you? And to change your stockings when you get your feet wet. I have knitted you a dozen pairs. You know how easily you take cold. Do you remember the time you had the measles, and I took them from you, and how you sent the nurse in with a picture you had drawn of yourself, with your face all covered with little dots? I still have it.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, I am writing everything but what I want to say. I do not want to weaken, but sometimes, when I think of the long time ahead — I wonder if you boys, setting out on this great adventure, can ever know what love you are leaving behind? Boys do not want to be told such things, but surely, surely they know. What hopes and fears and prayers! What tremblings! And what faith in them!

"What hurts most, I think, is that if anything does go wrong, we cannot care for you. Always, until now, there was something we could do, even if it was only a mustard plaster, or a bit of iodine for a little cut. But now we can do nothing. What a wonderful poster that is of the Red Cross, the great mother! It has given me such comfort.

"I am turning your allowance over to the Red Cross.

"DEAREST, the one thing that keeps me up is my faith in our cause. It is so right, so wonderful. And God is good. He has given us these wonderful years we have had together, and He has made you what your father so hoped — *a man*. But sometimes I wonder just how close we will seem to you, over there. We are really so near, just over the edge of the sea. But it will seem very far sometimes. What I want you most to remember is that this war is only an interlude — that behind it, as before it, there is peace and happiness waiting, and home. To so live, lad of my heart, that you can come back, you and all the others, and take up life again where you left it off, that is my prayer for you. Perhaps not where you left off. You will have grown and changed. But to come back, joyous and triumphant, to those of us who wait. All the months, dear, will be one long waiting.

"Perhaps while you are reading this I shall be in church. I get a little comfort — a great deal, really — out of my quiet hour in some empty church. I just go in and say a little prayer, and then I sit for a time quietly. There is a sort of peace — well, it helps, dear. And sometimes I feel as though your father is nearer then than at other times.

"God bless and keep you, darling. Do you remember your grandfather's motto, written in the little Testament that is yours now? 'Keep your heart and your gun clean.' Do that, dearest boy of my heart. And love your country and your cause, as you love

"Your Mother."

The boy blew his nose fiercely, but he was inarticulate. He had only the vocabulary of youth.

"Poor old mother!" he said to himself. He blinked and surveyed the horizon somberly. "Poor old mother! Scared to death and as plucky as a goat."

For a moment or two he forgot the last letter, awaiting its turn on his knee. All sorts of dear, familiar memories flooded his mind. He thought of his dog, and of his room at home, and of the old cook who had helped to rear him. He remembered his shabby little car, a poor thing but his own. And his father's picture, with always a few fresh flowers below it. And he remembered, too, the day he had decided to enlist.

It had been in church, and for the first time a great silk flag hung beside the altar. When the choir came in, followed by the clergyman, he had almost forgotten to rise. It had suddenly come over him that that was his flag!

"Funny thing!" he reflected. "Grandfather got it in church, too. Old boy never came back, either. Well — cheero!"

He picked up the last letter.

He opened it slowly, as one who defers a long-looked-for moment, to enjoy its anticipation to the full. The little line between his eyes disappeared, and unconsciously he smoothed his wind-ruffled hair. He glanced about, too, to be sure of no interruption.

"Dearest Frank," began the letter. "It is perfectly awful to think of your going away. It fairly makes me sick. This old war has just spoiled everything. It isn't possible to have a decent party, and as for tennis — well, I am playing with a lot of scrubs. They are either under seventeen or over forty.

"I just say darn the Germans anyhow. I hope they'll get all that's coming to them, and *more*. Give one of them a good jab for me, Frank.

"Well, I suppose you'll be started when you read this. I am just sick about it. And I'll bet you are too, if this wind keeps up. I hope you'll get a chance at a submarine going over. I mean, of course, a nice safe chance, so you can run it down or blow it up, or something. I don't want anything to happen to you. *You know that*, Frank.

"I don't know that I have any news. Bess is engaged [*Continued on page 47*]

Deserted Roads

by **Berton Braley**

TIME was we sang of wanderers who trod the open trail
And roved about the merry world by foot or train or sail,
Who knew the wind-swept spaces and who braved the sun and rain,
Or followed gypsy caravans by mountain peak or plain.

But now the roads are empty of the blithe and restless clan,
And bats and owls are roosting in the idle gypsy-van;
For every true adventurer who never could be still
Has joined the greatest game of all and found a keener thrill.

They're somewhere in the trenches and they're somewhere in the air,
Oh, look along the battle line and you will find them there,
But when the war is over and we welcome back our men,
The rovers — what are left of them — will hit the trail again!

One of the By-Products

By Sophie Kerr

Illustration by James Montgomery Flagg

"I suppose I ought to be very much obliged to you, Waites, for amusing my wife—but—you'd better get out."

IT was the consensus of opinion among Nora Tailler's eighteen servants that she was a dressed-up doll with a sawdust heart, and that George Tailler, her husband and the master of the house, was a prince if there ever was one. These descriptions were invented by a cook who had a romantic heart, as well as a perfect genius for sauces, and they had been greatly admired by all cook's associates below stairs.

But cook was not wholly accurate. Nora Tailler was not a dressed-up doll with a sawdust heart, though she was as pretty as any doll you ever saw, at the time, and she certainly seemed unemotional enough to have a heart either of sawdust or iron filings. But all of this was largely because she had been brought up in the Correct Way.

To begin with, she had been an Ellison, and to be born an Ellison is to be born not only to the tradition of wealth, but also to the tradition of good breeding carried to the *n*th degree.

No Ellison youngster ever ran after a band or bought a bag of peanuts or an ice cream cone from a street vender, or had a toy balloon, or made mud pies, or went barefoot, or stole cookies, or killed a garter-snake, or climbed a tree. Mercy, I should say not! And missing all these colorful, legitimate joys of childhood, and yet not knowing they had missed them, left curious gaps and empty places in the character of the various Ellisons. Some it made complacent; some it made stiff; some it made stupid; and some it made merely Correct. Which brings us back to Nora.

She had been a rather stout, blue-eyed, fair-haired little girl, not very attractive, since, during most of her youth, she had to wear a heavy band to straighten her teeth. But when the band was removed, it was as if something retarding was also removed from her growth, for she at once shot up into a tall and slender creature, still fair-haired and blue-eyed, but with a lovely regularity of feature that struck the eye in a harmony as pleasing as the curve of rose petals.

She had a charming voice, too, without much cadence or spirit, but delightfully even and low and properly accented. Her manners were so good that few people ever detected their lack of warmth or spontaneity. All the other débutantes of her year liked her, though that sharp-tongued little tempest, Fanny Balaire, who came out at the same time, and whose affairs in her first season set the whole town by the ears, said naughtily that it wasn't possible to love or hate Nora Ellison any more than you could love or hate lukewarm water.

I think myself Fanny Balaire's phrase was not accurate, though it had a certain tingle. Nora Ellison was nothing so characterless as lukewarm water. But she was — not tiresomely or noticeably so, of course — mechanical. The whole Ellison training and molding process had trained and molded her into perfection, as if she were some superfine plastic stuff and not flesh and blood and spirit.

Very early in her second season she married George Tailler, and here again she displayed the solid worth of the Ellison training, for he was no narrow-chested idling wastrel, but a big red-blooded (and, of course, sufficiently blue-blooded, too) successful man, a New England clergyman's son, who had come to New York as poor as poverty, but by dint of magnificent health,

trebly magnificent nerve, a shrewd and not too scrupulous judgment and a huge capacity for work, had "got in with the right crowd" downtown and was rated as a coming Wall Street power even by the people who knocked him the hardest.

Marrying an Ellison was just what he needed to insure his career, but Nora was so young and fresh and lovely that George Tailler had moments during their engagement when he vowed to himself that he would have loved her had she been a shop girl in a Sixth Avenue department store. But there he flattered himself, for he would not have done any such thing. Without her background he would never have seen her — but with it, at any rate, he saw no one else. He didn't hang about promiscuously after women, George Tailler, or busy himself with miscellaneous erotic emotions. They were not in his line.

His line was, as he knew perfectly, Success. He meant to be a Great Financier, and he was just as naïve in his own mind about it as he had been when he was six years old and bent on a career as a daredevil Indian scout. He knew that he had all the assets for Success and among them he did not underrate his hearty, boyish laugh and his frank, cordial manner. They helped him a great deal, for they concealed a cold and merciless business sense.

George Tailler was, in fact, one of a plentiful type of modern heathen. He governed his whole life by a shrewd and highly-developed self-interest and self-preservation. His gods were served by materialism and ambition. The Ellison alliance was admirable, trebly admirable, for his own purpose.

Old Fatty Hasbrouck, town gossip of three generations, wheezed out some highly-spiced cynicism in the smoking-room of the Union League when the engagement was announced.

"It's more than he deserves," he declared. "He's got a pot of money already, but the Ellison connection will make him solid downtown — as solid as concrete. The girl's as pretty as a picture. Insipid? What do you mean, insipid? I tell you, it's a wonderful marriage, and I'll bet a thousand dollars that it's the only one of last season's girls that'll last more than five years. Any takers?"

But there were no takers. The elderly wiseacres who listened to him knew full well that he spoke the truth.

I am sure that Nora's estimate of George's values was not so definite as his of hers. Yet she was thoroughly aware that she was making a wholly Correct marriage, quite in the Ellison tradition. George's clean personal life, his highly respectable, well-educated (though poor) forebears, the fact that he worked and worked hard and with unvarying success, yet could ride and play polo and talk the jargon of sport — all these points were highly agreeable to Nora.

And so they were married, making, as they went down the aisle of St. Thomas's, a quite thrillingly good-looking and romantic pair. With everything to make them so, they were prepared to live happily ever after.

When they had returned from their wedding journey — yachting in the West Indies — they went at once into a house in the East Seventies, very near the Avenue, a beautiful, unostentatious house, with a front of tapestry brick laid with white mortar, and jolly little bits of colored stucco set on the front here and there, and with a superabundance of window boxes — a smart ensemble. Nora had a passion for Georgian furniture and a very accurate taste in it, besides, so the interior was charming and not overdone.

THEY took up at once their separate, unconflicting interests — and life ran on for them with an almost monotonous smoothness. Their money shut them away from any forced exertion or privation. They were sheltered from discontent and unrest, from raw emotions and from bitter self-seekings, by their temperaments. It was as if they lived in their luxury behind heavy glass, through which no sound of the world's seething din of sorrow and shame and glory could come to them and make them see that those things outside their actual experience were real. It was all a highly unconvincing painted show to them — and especially to Nora, for she was still farther removed from it than George. To be sure she read the newspapers and always sent a check for the Hundred Neediest Cases . . . but, after all, that is not exactly living.

In their relations to each other there was hardly more of reality, for though they lived under the same roof, and went about together far more than was customary for a husband and wife of their set, they really knew each other not at all. How could they — they had never quarreled, and they had never shared a sorrow.

Some one has said that a marriage or a liaison which can last for three years is enduringly permanent. Whether or not this be true, in the light of it let us note that the Ellison-Tailler marriage took place in the early fall of 1911. When the storm of Europe broke, in August 1914, the end of the crucial period had not quite arrived.

For a time, Nora Tailler — they had a house at Newport that summer — heard people saying things like this:

"Yes, my dear — she was caught in Munich with the children, and the hotel people were positively insulting ——"

"Luckily Tom had some gold pieces in his belt ——"

"They say Madeline Harperley went down on her knees to Whitlock and begged to be sent to London ——"

"Ten trunks — and they never did know what became of the Peke ——"

"Isn't it too awful about Belgium?"

"Mr. Herrick and the Embassy staff are simply toiling — twenty-four hours a day ——"

"This will kill Evelyn Sommerville — she was counting on the von Bernstorffs and the Bakmetieffs both for her big fête ——"

Nora listened to all these things and contributed little. She had traveled much as a young girl and had felt a peculiar interest in those quaint, solid old towns and cities of Flanders that now were being devastated by torch and shell. There was something solid and stable in her nature that was responsive to their charm. And now they were gone. She could not believe it, but day after day the papers told her the tale of their foul, wanton destruction. She thought of it a great deal, but she did not speak of it to anyone. When people said to her, as many did, "Weren't you lucky not to have gone abroad this summer?" she replied in commonplaces. But something deep down in her heart stirred — but only a very little. For the most part she found it all uncomfortable and tiresome.

On the whole, she was very calm about it all — very detached. She felt that it was her duty to appear so, even more than she felt, because George was so strangely upset and wild. She had never seen him like this. He lost his warm, magnetic smile and his hearty boyish laugh. When their French chauffeur went home, to enlist, George settled a generous income on the boy's mother. The second chauffeur was an Irishman, and when George told him that if he wanted to go his mother would also be cared for and the boy showed an ugly smile and, forgetting his habitual attitude of servile respect, said: "Me fight for England — I'd sooner fight for Germany," he was discharged forthwith, and George cursed him in language, the memory of which excited the servants' hall for weeks.

It was the first thing that he had ever experienced that had made George Tailler stop thinking about himself. He took the losses of the Marne as personal misfortunes. He kept a huge and intricate war map going in his library with little pins and tape. He neglected his legitimate business to lend his great executive and organizing ability to all sorts of relief work. He made many mysterious trips to Washington.

Nora made a little laughing complaint of him to her mother one day at a family luncheon. "I'm almost afraid to take George out to dinner, now," she declared, half plaintive, half amused. "He nearly fought with Tommy Rinehardt at the Grandeleurs' on Wednesday. Oh, it was the war, of course," replying to her mother's raised eyebrows of inquiry.

Mrs. Ellison shook her handsome old head in disapproval. "If George would only understand that he can't change things of that sort by expressing his personal opinions!" she murmured; and there the matter dropped.

It was not so easy for Nora, however, to drop the matter, for George, gloomy and distracted over Mons and the Marne, was a peaceful and tame George indeed compared to George after the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

"I wish I'd been running things," he was wont to declare. "I'd have put von Bernstorff and all the Embassy staff on the *Lusitania* as soon as those advertisements came out and sent them out to face their murdering submarines. Women and children . . . babies. . . ."

This was the first phase of it. A little later he became more quiet and self-contained. He had found something to do, and he was doing it with all his magnificent energy. It was the financing and preparation of several great essential industries for the war which he knew was bound to come. He gave a regretful thought to Plattsburg, but he knew what he was doing was worth far more than his flesh against a German bayonet could ever be. He couldn't imagine anyone else caring as much about the war as he did.

IT was rather a strange and dreary time for Nora. Of course there were things to do, though she didn't consider it good form to entertain much, and she couldn't count on George as a host any more.

Sometimes she would look wistfully at George and wonder how it would seem to be so tremendously, vitally interested in anything that nothing else mattered — not even the Correct Things. She wished that he would explain . . . help her to see, to understand, to feel as he was feeling . . . but he never did. He was far too busy with his egotistical patriotism.

It was another small grievance against him that she was forced to entertain ever so many people that she had never heard of . . . people from the West, and the South, and the Middle West and New England — all men, fortunately, though she had a shuddering fear at times that they might descend on her with their women folk thereafter. They came and went at the oddest times. A nuisance! Even though the servants loved George and were used to heavy demands on their skill and patience, they grumbled. It made her house seem . . . inefficient, and she resented that.

Through this flotsam and jetsam of miscellaneous natives there came officers — Russian, Italian, French, English, Canadian. Their uniforms made them stand clear from the sober mufti about them, and she could not help noticing how their personalities stood out, too. They seemed to have settled so clearly and simply all the doubts and unrest with which the others were troubled. Just as their uniforms made spots and patterns of definite color, so did their faces seem more keen, definite, set in live purpose. But it was not a look of happiness. It was remote — detached, and very grave, in spite of its keenness. It made her wonder . . . and she liked to look at them, though there were so many and they came and went so casually that she couldn't even learn their names. George would make some sort of indistinguishable murmur, and the man would bow, and then George and the man would go on talking.

Yet, even so, she kept wondering why they were so different, and she found herself watching them, observing all of them to see if each one of them had that same look. She asked a question or two. Yes, they had all seen service, these men — some of them much service, George told her, with his mind plainly elsewhere. Had she noticed Major Waites — the dark-faced Englishman, who had been at luncheon last Friday?

She didn't remember him by name, Nora confessed.

"Well, he's one of Lord French's 'contemptible little army'," said George, as if he were diverting a tiresome child. "He's one of the 'Old Contemptibles.' And the reason he walks in that stiff way and carries a heavy stick is because he's only got half his right leg and he can't turn his head very far because he's got a bullet still in his neck. Friend of his told me. I believe they gave him the V. C. for something or other. Yes, they've all seen service enough. . . ." And he escaped from her.

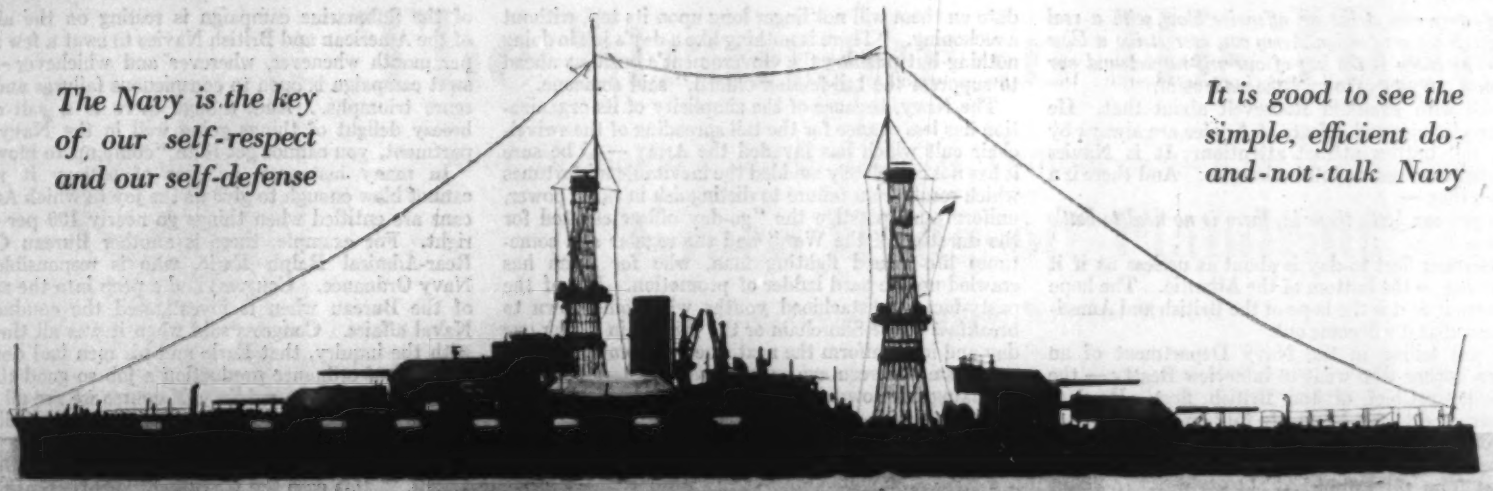
Something in the way he had said it touched Nora Tailler's imagination. She wondered what it would be like always to go lame — to have half one's right leg gone. She wondered if Major Waites could still ride, for, of course, he had been a horseman — all Englishmen are. She turned her head from side to side, wondering how it would feel to have a bullet in one's neck. And just as the thought of those torn and broken towns and cities of old Flanders had stirred her, so this thought of living men's flesh torn and broken stirred her, too. This, then, was War.

It was with something more than a mere flicker of interest that she recognized Major Waites at her table again. She even spoke to him, a little shyly, for fear, like George, he would be too much interested in something else to take her seriously.

"I wonder if you know Helen Painter — she married Lord Marchester, you know," [*Continued on page 36*]

"THE SEE-SAW" — **is the title of the new serial by Sophie Kerr, the first chapter of which is to appear in the November McClure's. This is a romance of married life — a story astonishingly honest, surprisingly artistic; a fit successor to this author's short stories of political and diplomatic life in Washington, which have been so tremendously popular with our readers**

The Navy is the key of our self-respect and our self-defense



It is good to see the simple, efficient do-and-not-talk Navy

THE NAVY—PRAISE BE!

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

THERE is one misfortune about the Navy," said one of its Bureau Chiefs to me. "It has the reputation of a batting average of 1,000, and it's hard to keep that average through a season."

Henry Ford, who may be awkward in statecraft and pacificism, but who knows efficiency in organized human effort applied to materials, came down to Washington when War was upon us and took a look at the Navy. He said: "I always said I had one of the best organizations in the world, but to the Navy I take off my hat."

Are all the good things they are saying about the Navy true?

Plenty of Americans are asking.

The answer is an emphatic yes.

One's nose can almost smell that yes when it first sticks itself into the machinery of the Navy. After a thorough investigation the yes will help you with your bag to the station and make you say, "If it were all as good as the Navy, as clean, as simple and as free from buncombe, boasts and botches, then we would have a War machine indeed!"

Whether or not Daniels has been unjustly assailed, there is an organization there under him designed to do, and not to talk, which he has the sense to leave alone. Just now, that is nine-tenths of being not only a passable, but a great Secretary. For instance, ten minutes with the Navy is enough to convince any observer that the Navy organization bears to the War Department organization the same relation that a Greek temple bears to a dish of scrambled eggs. Furthermore, it is enough to convince anyone that the old truth holds good that mere size of the job is no reason for a departure from the same old first principles of good administration — simplicity, responsible heads and the fewest possible conference boards and advisers and no wise-eyed, commissioned, construction officials trying to prevent questions going up for decision and trying to get in the way of decisions coming down for action.

There is nothing wrong with buck-passing. You can tell a good organization when you see the buck always being passed downward; you can tell a bad one when you see it being passed upward.

The Navy by this test outstrips any organization in the War machine.

It is simple. One assistant secretary, Franklin D. Roosevelt, who is one of the bright spots in Washington, because his eyes are on the doing of the job. He thinks of the job and not of Franklin D. Roosevelt, nor the next election, nor of taking out a membership in the parlor Bolsheviki which has its hand in the affairs of other departments just now, diverting its attention from winning the War, by planning vaguely to make an easy world. And, perhaps, to be mentioned first, the good efficient Bureau Chiefs and the Chief of Operations. The American citizen can congratulate himself on the fact that none of these seven heads has been shifted, replaced, appointed, changed, twisted around or war-departmentalized since we made our belated and unprepared, but no less American-spirited entry into War.

The Navy — and the vertebrae of the Navy are the Bureau Chiefs — has not been adulterated by sleepy pacificism. Without anywhere near the expansion needed to meet the threat of war which was needed by the Army, it was the Navy — our Navy, under the much belabored Daniels, too — which back in 1915 began a hammering on Congress for appropriations, and began in its own organization to clear decks for action. This explains in part why the Congressional investigations of Navy affairs have resulted in findings which are, as they say, a breed of cats exactly opposite of the sickly litter which has been squirming on the steps, and in the corridors on the other side of the War and Navy Building.

The appropriations for the Navy including the Act of August 29, 1916, amount to a sum about equal to all naval appropriations from 1794-1916, but it is a shame to tell this because it may lead someone to think that the Navy is strong enough now. The present sum of appropriations, assuming that Congress, as this is written, is passing a new act as recommended, will amount to about three and a half billion dollars, but even this is staggering only when considered by itself. Compared to the task which a menace of an invasion of America would throw upon the Navy, it is nothing to brag about. For remember that vast sums have been and will be spent in the special and temporary necessity of dealing with the Submarine, in fighting the Submarine abroad so that the limits of its effective operation may be narrowed to nothing, and in equipping convoy strength and deck defense of transports and merchant ships. In the first year of War nearly two billion was spent and a large part of the money by necessity went toward immediate and temporary measures with a generous assistance to the Allies, rather than to a program of permanent and impregnable naval defense of America. The need of the permanent work is not to be forgotten; it is not forgotten by the Bureau Chiefs.

On the day we went to War, or rather upon the day we declared War — Germany knew we were in War long before we knew it — the Navy had some 69,000 regular officers and men, and the Marine Corps a little over 13,000. About a year later we had more than 200,000 regular officers and men — more than 160,000 naval reserves, 50,000 marines and 20,000 or more of National Navy Volunteers and Coast Guards. We had come from less than a hundred thousand to more than a third of a million men. There are now more than 450,000 men in the Naval service, including marines and reserves. The Navy says that it has enlisted for War more than 1,000,000 tons of additional shipping, about five times the number of ships of peace times, and this includes more than 800 auxiliary craft, patrol vessels and the like.

In spite of the impressiveness of the Navy's expansion figures there is every reason to bear down again and again on the need of a completely sufficient present and future defense of America. The Navy is the basic hope of complete defense.

Here is something worth printing in italics; it is worth saying over and over again. It is worth pasting in every American's hat. It is worth printing and hanging at the foot of each bed where each pair of eyes in the United States can see it in the morning. The Navy knows it.

Armies are sensational. But it was and is the British and American Navies which can and will save the world. Without an American Navy no

Secretary Josephus Daniels and the men who are guiding the Navy

All the good things that people are saying about the Navy are absolutely true

Photographs by courtesy of U. S. Navy Department

army of ours can strike an offensive blow, with a real American Navy no foreign Army can ever strike a blow at us. The Navy is the key of our self-respect and our self-defense. So it will be until the sea is solid.

I spoke with Franklin Roosevelt about that. He said that victories and defeats of Armies are always by battles, and battles attract attention. It is Navies which win bloodless, noiseless victories. And there is a phrase for that —

When you can bottle them in, there is no need to battle them down.

The German fleet to-day is about as useless as if it were rocking on the bottom of the Atlantic. The hope which surrounds it is the hope of the British and American Navies that it will come out.

They are telling in the Navy Department of an American author who went to interview Beatty — the Commander-in-Chief of the British fleet. He had been instructed to ask Beatty to talk on the subject of what would happen if the German fleet came out. The only comment he could get from the astonished old sea warrior was the querulous repetition of one phrase — "We're here, aren't we?" Which reminds me of Balfour's delight, on an occasion when he was First Lord of the Admiralty, in the phrase: "It is the Navy which is the haunches of Britain. It is impossible to set her back farther than her haunches."

Our Navy is our haunches. The control of the Sea, as Nelson knew, must always be the final element of victory in great wars. As far as self-defense goes, with a Navy strong enough to dominate other sea power, we could muster out our Army, yawn and turn in every night knowing that the morning papers would contain no shocks.

There is then, in this time of reckoning for our unpreparedness and our belated putting our shoulder to the help of the Allies, a satisfaction ready for the heart of any American who meets, face to face, the men and the organization of the Navy.

"The sweet breath of hard sense, simple machinery, individual responsibility and the efficiency of trained men come out from those doors," said one of America's "big men."

It is true. Take McGowan's office. He is Paymaster General and Chief of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts. He does the paying and the buying. He remains unmultiplied and without titled advisers. The principle that it is just as simple to deal in terms of millions as in terms of cents is not forgotten in any panic or hysteria of war. No welfare workers or philosophers with commissions moisten McGowan's ear. Jobs to do slide from his desk down, not from the bottom upward to his desk!

In his office I looked for chairs. There was none but his. No one sits down in his office but — occasionally — McGowan. The contractor must say and go. No Congressman may linger. There is not even a cuspidor. If a Congressman goes to Daniels or McGowan to sell something for a constituent they say that he is told that unless he has a financial interest in the proposed contract he comes under the rule against negotiating with anyone who has no financial interest in the contract to be discussed. It is the gentle politeness of a stone wall.

McGowan has a large force, but not nearly as large as many Government offices would require to handle the same volume of business. The few in the old State, War and Navy Building sit in offices between which all the doors which creaked open or forbade entry for many dusty years have now been unhinged and taken away. Loafing cuddies and whispering lockers for titled gentlemen have been knocked out. If you serve under McGowan and put in your desk a paper upon which is printed or typed or written any Government business, you have exhausted one out of just three chances given to break the rule before you are fired. As a result the papers which come to your desk with a date on them will not linger long upon its top, without a reckoning. "There is nothing like a day's job in doing nothing but pushing the Government's business ahead to suppress the tail-feather official," said someone.

The Navy, because of the simplicity of its organization has less chance for the tail spreading of the swivel-chair cult which has invaded the Army — to be sure it has not completely avoided the inevitable misfortunes which result from failure to distinguish in rank, power, uniform and prestige the "go-day officer enlisted for the duration of the War," and the regular and sometimes life-trained fighting man, who for years has crawled up the hard ladder of promotion. But of the pasty-faced, mustachioed youths who come down to breakfast at the Shoreham or the Willard in a funk one day and in a uniform the next, the Navy commandeers only a small percentage.

Taking McGowan's office as a sample of the local

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, whose whole heart is in his job

color and atmosphere pressure of the Navy Department, one would say that boasting, bluffs, the white lie and our now well-famed nuisance, The Glowing Prospectus, would not find there any troughs in which to put their snouts.

The fact is, that when you talk to the Navy men, most of them have their fingers crossed when a suggestion arises as to what the Navy will do in the War. The Navy may be praying that the German fleet will come out, but it knows full well that chances are against it and that the victory of bottling the other fellow — his fleet and his submarines — is almost as arduous as battling. The bottling process — a victory not of one day but of 365 days a year — is not as appealing to the imagination of the American people. Fleet victories blot out all errors; it is the sea-combing, patrolling job, disposing of a sub here and a sub there without telling too much of the new ways in which subs and their crews disappear, which makes such bad advertising copy, and as Taylor, Chief of Construction and Repair, said to me — "In such a campaign it is going to be difficult to average 1,000 in the minds of our countrymen."

Of course! The Submarine, according to Navy opinion is a permanent pest — to be figured in probably as a factor in all present and future Wars. It is hard to teach our folks that the submarines are fought only on the same principle that a "swat the fly" campaign is conducted. No one would have any particular success in a swat-the-fly campaign if he were expected to go after one particular fly, or even a group of three flies, and get a high percentage of results. The success of the Submarine campaign is resting on the ability of the American and British Navies to swat a few more per month whenever, wherever and whichever — the swat campaign is open to conspicuous failures and obscure triumphs. And, though there is a salt-water breezy delight of things going well in the Navy Department, you cannot get it to "come up to blow."

In many instances, because of secrecy it really cannot blow enough to give us the joy to which Americans are entitled when things go nearly 100 per cent. right. For example, there is another Bureau Chief, Rear-Admiral Ralph Earle, who is responsible for Navy Ordnance. Congress had a peep into the affairs of the Bureau when it investigated the conduct of Naval affairs. Congress said when it was all through with the inquiry, that Earle and his men had done in the field of ordnance production a job so good that it must not be told in public. Of course we are all tired of being told "if you only knew our military secrets you would be amazed at the wonderful results we have attained." But in this case the Navy kept silent. Earle went on with his job and he kept silent and he is keeping silent. His Bureau has been handling one of the biggest single ordnance jobs ever handled by any navy and that much can be told the Kaiser.

The other day one of the officials in the Navy Department was deploring the fact that the Bureau of Steam Engineering, because of its undramatic work, did not attract the attention which its performance deserved. Rear-Admiral Robert S. Griffin, the Navy's chief engineer, is in charge of that Bureau.

When you think that a modern battle cruiser — the type of monster whose armor is lighter than that of a battleship but which has the hitting power of a battleship and the speed of a destroyer — is a creature whose soul is in her engines of locomotion, you begin to realize that Griffin's job is to deal with mighty forces. The largest low-head water-power development in the world at Keokuk, Iowa, which harnesses the giant strength of the Mississippi, does not deliver a horse-power strength equal to the engines of a battle cruiser of the new class.

Then, there is the Destroyer. "The Destroyer," says one of Daniels's aides, "— — well, Griffin has his work cut out there too. The Destroyer is a Swiss watch. She is mostly a turbine, in a sea-going case. She carries in her lean body engine power equal to the sum of horse-power in ten merchant freighters, and it is power squeezed out of clock-wheel accuracy multiplied until it collects and applies some 29,000 horse-power."

The Destroyer, by the way — the Swiss watch of the Navy —has been brought into the limelight of this War by the Submarine, which, in construction, is a good deal of a watch contraption itself. The Destroyers and the Ford "Eagles" — as they call the sea-going, quantity-production, assembly-plant, patrol craft which are being turned out in a fresh water location just as if they were vacuum cleaners or chandeliers — will beat the Submarine. The Destroyer and her new destructive weapons, the depth bomb and non-ricocheting shell that will not "bounce on the water," have been and will continue to be the strength of the convoy system.

Rear-Admiral David W. Taylor, Chief Constructor of the Navy, could unfold a tale about the speeded production of this type and express something of the decision of the Navy to accept the job of wiping out the Submarine as a "priority program." They used to think that twenty months or two years for the production of a Destroyer was a reasonable time. They are now building them in less than half that time; some in much less than that, and when the investigation upon which this article is based, was being made, a new Destroyer had been put down in the water seven- [*Continued on page 34*]

Rear-Admiral Leigh C. Palmer *Rear-Admiral Charles W. Parks* *Rear-Admiral Ralph Earle* *Rear-Admiral David W. Taylor* *Rear-Admiral Robert S. Griffin*

Amelia listened in dismay

The Stranger in His House

Old Schaeffer's Idols Take a Tumble—and So Does He!

by Grace Hodgson Flandrau

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

HERMANN SCHAEFFER came down to breakfast that morning bright and early. In fact, Hermann came down bright and early every morning — he was that kind of man. But this morning he was brighter and earlier than usual.

It was special business in the city that had moved his schedule forward half an hour — unusual business.

He spoke pleasantly to Amelia, who popped her head in from the kitchen to make sure of his arrival, and very pleasantly to the canary. The dining-room table was laid for three, each place being adorned with a napkin-ring of frosted silver. His ring was marked with an engraved "H" while the similar one across the table bore an "O." And the large and handsome ring at the head of the table was inscribed with the entire legend, "Father, Merry Christmas."

Then the kitchen door opened again and Amelia's body accompanied her head into the room. She bore trenchers of delightful-smelling food and Hermann passed his thick tongue over his lips in anticipation.

He ate rhythmically, conveying with a steady uninterrupted motion large quantities of food from the platters to his continuously crunching jaws. It is perhaps worth mentioning that he did not read a newspaper. Hermann was not particularly interested in outside events. His business had little relation to the market and he heard plenty of war news at the German club where he went for luncheon.

It was a hideous room, but an uncommonly pleasant one, being scrupulously clean and full of sunshine. The canary, also very clean and astonishingly yellow, was a chirpy creature and occupied a shining and immaculate cage in the bay window. He was perpetually hopping about and his eyes, like little black needles, were forever darting inquisitively around the room. Sometimes he rang the small bell suspended from the roof of his house on a thin brass chain.

THE floor wore a thick green carpet with large pinkish-red figures representing roses and large yellow arabesques representing nothing at all, while the woodwork and furniture were a lively mud color with higher golden moments in the lavish veneering. The wallpaper was green with a border up above of roses. Over the gas grate mantel-piece was suspended a bright picture of apples and grapes and bananas and dead ducks, a lobster, a carafe of wine and a drinking-glass, and across from it hung the large print of a wide lake and a small boat in which were seated a lady with a tapering waist and a gentleman with a bowler hat. Three birds flying above and one pond lily and a reed in the far corner balanced the composition, but did not destroy its horror.

Besides these objects the room contained a sideboard with a small assortment of silver articles, frosted bowls and pitchers with gold insides; and a much mirrored what-not stood between the open windows. The what-not offered a display of hand-painted china — plates and saucers and cups — the work of Lili Schaeffer, who had died just after (instead of, unfortunately, before) she had executed them.

To Hermann, of course, all this was as non-existent as those things are that we habitually see. It was his home. He didn't mind it, though he was not passionately attached to it as were, for instance, Otto and his father.

Breakfast being over, he impassively left the room. His runabout, a somewhat shabby affair which he used as a business conveyance, was habitually parked on the street in front of the house, and soon the whir and rattle of the engine warming up indicated that he was about to start for the city.

Amelia, with her straight back and strong high breasts, reappeared and carried out the things in an unrelenting and stern way—almost military. Silence returned to the dining-room.

The sunshine filled it like a presence and the canary flickered about his cage, cracking seeds and rattling his toe-nails on his sanded floor.

When he came into the dining-room that morning, Mr. Adolfe Schaeffer was thinking of his wife who was dead. She had died some years before, just after Lili went, and he had been wishing ever since that she hadn't. Particularly the last few months he had wished for her and quite desperately to-day. He needed not only her judgment which would have coincided, he felt sure, with his own, but her sturdy affection to strengthen him.

Mrs. Schaeffer had been a woman of great force, but of few opinions. She was handsome, too, stout with small, regular features and rosy cheeks.

She had been a great helpmate, industrious and economical. This rigorous economy was always counted one of her purest virtues by her husband. It was not until very late in life that, tired out at last from childbearing — she had had in all seven children, four of whom had died as babies — she could finally be persuaded to keep what she called a hired girl. When she finally yielded to the entreaties of the family, Amelia was acquired and meticulously trained by Mrs. Schaeffer.

Mr. Schaeffer took his place in front of the napkin-ring marked "Father." Otto had given him that napkin-ring — Otto, the youngest of his children and the one who was, or had been, his father's favorite. Adolfe always fancied that Otto took after him, while Lili and Hermann resembled their mother.

Hermann was so terribly practical, so consumed with ambition! Not that Adolfe himself hadn't been ambitious. He would scarcely have accomplished what he had without ambition. From a barefooted immigrant come out of the steerage carrying all his possessions in a knotted handkerchief to — well, to what he had become, was quite a step.

But Hermann wanted to be rich, to be very rich and own fine automobiles, and Adolfe knew not what else. And Hermann worked. He was at the head of his father's business and had always breakfasted and left the house before anyone was down. He was doing well. Beside this Hermann had a private and growing account of which his father knew nothing. Adolfe thought it was time for him to marry and have lots of babies, but Hermann said he was too poor.

Otto, now, was another matter. Ach, Otto! Otto!

THE old man sighed heavily as he tucked his napkin into his collar. Then he sat staring absently at the red-and-white checked tablecloth, forgetting to ring the hand-bell at his plate. Amelia, however, divined his presence and majestically appeared — her black hair in ringlets, her blue eyes, more serious than usual, trying to smile a good morning. She carried sausages and eggs and hot cinnamon rolls with raisins and nuts in them, and hot twisted bread covered with caraway-seeds and something that looked like pink sand.

After the usual salutations they both looked at Otto's chair, but neither of them referred to it. She wanted to tell him that Otto was in the kitchen taking a cup of coffee and that his bag was packed, but she didn't dare. Abruptly she turned and went out. Adolfe looked miserably at his food with no thought of eating it and then, putting both elbows on the table, covered his eyes with his hands. What a thing this war, what a thing!

Until this country became involved in it, Mr. Schaeffer's reflections on the war had been entirely without complications of any kind. He had read his German papers carefully, glorying in the great victories

Old Adolfe received his baptism — not of fire, but of horror, of shame, of regret

and giving his whole heart to the German cause. It had troubled him somewhat that the United States should have been so unfair and so un-neutral as to send arms and munitions to Germany's enemies when she could not give that aid to Germany herself. He was troubled still more by the arraignments of German methods in the American press — the question of Belgian neutrality, the sinking of passenger and even hospital ships, and, always, the atrocities — endless stories of atrocities!

"I can't see what we're in it for, anyway," he finally took refuge in repeating mournfully, shaking his old bald head. And the answer to this always on the lips of his friends, "For money, for gain, for England," ended by convincing him.

Germany, Germany! To Adolfe the name was a song — a *schumalied*. It meant home and childhood, a childhood happy in the having, happier a hundred times in the looking back. An enchanted childhood, spent in a thatched cottage at the forest's edge, with jolly little brothers and sisters tumbling about, and in summer the songs of the birds (he had incorporated the whole second act of "Siegfried" into his recollections), in winter the sleigh-bells and glowing hearth and Christmas songs. That was Germany! Adolfe searched his memory and found nothing in it that was not affectionate and good. There were his father and mother and the great jovial red-faced uncle who came from the city to visit the wood-cutter's cottage and finally brought him, Adolfe, to America; all pious, kindly creatures, as were the pastor they drove so far to hear speak on Sundays, and the few neighbors he could still recall. And yet they asked him to believe in a Germany given over to a monstrous lust of power, in an army guilty of cruelties to be conceived of only by the devil himself. Adolfe simply couldn't do it.

As he sat this morning with his face buried in his hands he thought of this Germany of his youth and his dreams, this gentle, loving Germany, maligned and misinterpreted and beset now by foes from every corner of the globe.

And then he thought of Otto.

Otto, his own son, the child of all his children nearest to his heart. Otto had now pledged himself — had *volunteered* to fight against the Germans! To do his little bit for England in this unholy war. Why, over there a dozen, a score, Adolfe knew, of his own blood had fallen to protect the Fatherland from the greed of that ruthless enemy across the North Sea. And here was Otto. . . .

If he only had not volunteered! If he had been forced to go that had been another matter. If he had been drafted he could at least have fought unwillingly, spilling his German blood in England's cause with bitter rebellion.

The door from the kitchen swung open and Otto himself appeared. He had his hat in his hand and was carrying a satchel. Mr. Schaeffer did not look up and the young man lingered irresolutely on the threshold. His deep blue eyes were strongly reminiscent of his father's, and in spite of his vigorous body and his robust red and white coloring he had the look of a dreamer.

The canary, who had been fidgeting discontentedly because Adolfe had not made his customary responses to his chirping, now burst into a tentative trill of song. But the continued quiet disconcerted him and he dropped it quickly, leaving the silence more marked than ever and strangely alive with the emotions of the two men.

Otto stared at his father, his tenderness shot through with resentment. His heart smote him as he noticed the gray pallor of the weazened old face and the fine eyes so sunken behind their great spectacles, and yet he was angry with him, too. It was stupid, yes, criminal of the old man to feel as he did. America had fed him at her rich breast and yet he would not uphold her when at last she went out to battle for the very things he and all the other Germans here had come to this country to find! They hadn't liked German methods well enough to live under them, but now — pah! how angry it all made him!

And Adolfe on his side experienced the same extremes of feeling. But they hurt him more. He was older. This was no mere difference of opinion. It was a schism that cut to the very core of everything between them. And beneath the cloak of bitter reserve he had drawn about him his heart beat hungrily for his boy. He was going to cast him off, for a son who disobeys, who betrays both his traditions and a just cause, is no son.

Awkwardly, they both beat off the issue. Otto crossed the room absently and put down his bag. Then he sat down.

"Come for your breakfast?" his father inquired in this spirit of evasion.

"No." Otto turned his hat round and round in his hand. "I don't want any."

In avoiding his father's eye, his glance took in the table and he noticed the untasted breakfast. Somehow this touched him, and he said rather gently,

"I came in to say good-bye."

OLD Schaeffer sat very still. He made no reply.

"Can't you *see*, father" — this came impulsively — "can't you see I've *got* to do this? I'm sorry."

"Sorry!" The word burst from Adolfe, a broken tone deep in his throat, and ended abruptly like a sob.

Otto got up with a sigh and held out his hand.

"Good-bye, father."

"Good-bye," Mr. Schaeffer answered curtly, half turning away his head while his throat worked painfully. He ignored the proffered hand. This rebuff whipped Otto into a sudden rage.

"That's a nice way to say good-bye to your own son! That's German, all right!"

"You, *you!*" — began the old man furiously. "Don't you dare speak the word German. It's no word for a traitor to use!"

"*Traitor!*" — repeated the young man scornfully.

"Well — what else? Ain't you German and ain't you of your own free will goin' off to fight the country where your father and mother and their fathers and mothers were born?"

Otto had shouted, "I'm not German!" but his father would not hear.

"There you stand made whole out of Germany just as much as if you'd been born there. Every drop of blood in your body is German!"

"Yes, but every penny in my pocket — and yours, too — is American! And every bit of food that's kept my body alive was American, and every bit of education in my head! Why didn't you stay in Germany if you liked it so much? Germany wasn't good enough to live in, but the country that's turned you from an immigrant nobody into a big man isn't good enough to fight for. Oh, it makes me sick! The Germans in this country make me *sick!*"

The old man rose shakily to his feet, his napkin still absurdly pendant from his collar. Above them the yellow canary shrilled and warbled in response to the din below.

"You, you — " he began again, and then with a despairing gesture, "Get out of my house! You can't stand in your father's house and insult him. Go on, get out of my house once and for all. Help England if you want to, to go on hogging the seas and half the earth, too!"

"England, England!" exclaimed his son contemptuously. "That old bugbear talk about us helping England! Nice thing for you and me and Hermann and all of us to sit back here behind England's guns safe from the bloody paw of your Kaiser, and talk! What about England helping us? Where would we be with our fat pocketbooks — "

"Quiet!" shouted his father. "I won't listen to it!"

Amelia, on the other side of the kitchen door, listened in dismay.

"You don't believe it?" went on his son. "I suppose you don't believe about Belgium, either? Or maybe you'd just as soon be deported and made a Prussian slave? Why, I believe," he went on even more excitedly, "that you all *want* Germany to get the world dominion she's looking for. You *want* to get back into the Prussian harness and get pushed off the street by your *superiors!*"

His father did not speak. He stood where he had risen, with trembling chin and twitching fingers. His silence calmed his son as suddenly as his taunts had roused him.

"And, father," he spoke almost pleadingly, "for goodness' sake think of the way Germany has fought this war. Think of the low-down plotting and destroying right here before we went to war even, and — "

"Lies!" muttered old Schaeffer.

"And the devilish cruelty over there. Gee, it makes me hot to think of the — "

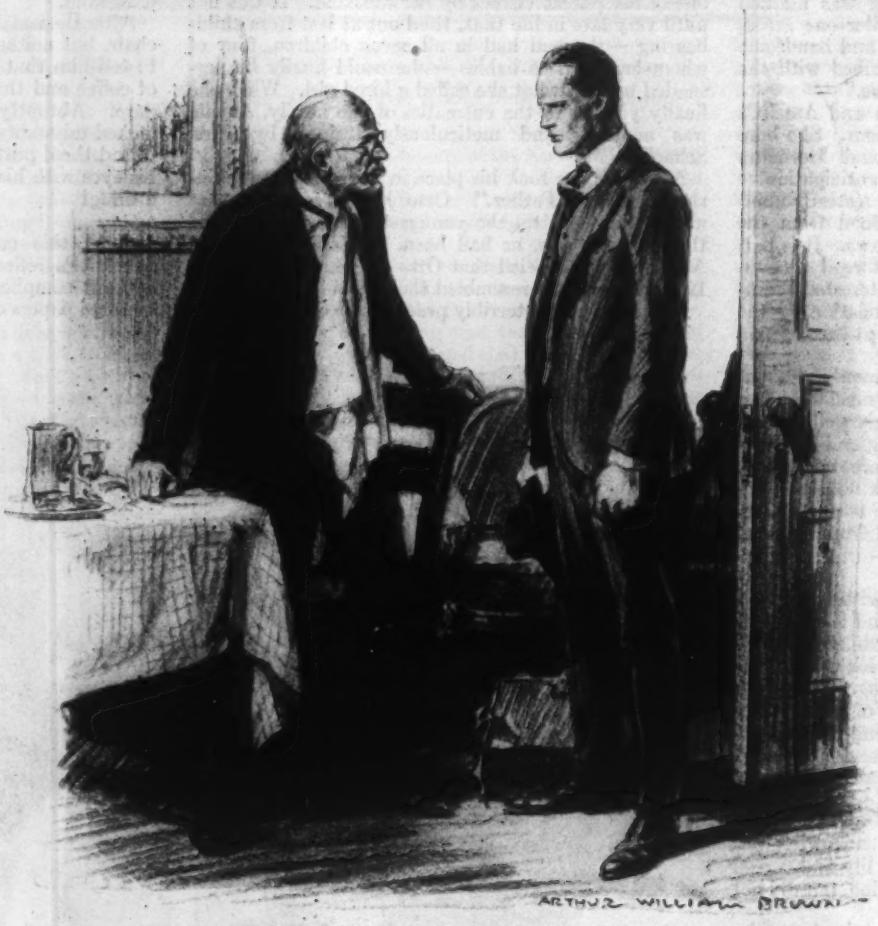
"Lies!" repeated the old man, shouting. "Don't I know German people and Germany? Oh, lies, lies!" he said in anguish. "How can they believe it? I'm German, ain't I? Would I do those things, or your uncle Otto or you or any of us? Lies!"

"Is it possible you don't know, that you don't believe ——"

There was no answer. Adolfe Schaeffer had resumed his silence. His face was grim and set in an expression almost of hatred.

Otto stooped suddenly and picked up his bag. Again he said:

"Good-bye, father," but there was no response. He waited another instant and then rather proudly turned away and walked out of the room.



"Why didn't you stay in Germany if you liked it so much? Oh, it makes me sick! The Germans in this country make me sick!"

Hermann Schaeffer, in the meantime, had spent a stimulating morning. The atmosphere of money was always stimulating to Hermann — the talking about it, the naming of large sums. That morning very large sums indeed had been named. And it was not only stimulating to listen to but positively intoxicating when there was every probability of some not inconsiderable part of the sums named becoming his own. He loved money.

The clock had dragged round to eleven and old Mr. Schaeffer still sat in the armchair in the sitting-room where he had automatically taken refuge after Otto's departure. He sat very quietly, too numbed from the pain of the morning's adventure even to think collectively. Sometimes Otto was in his mind and then irrelevantly he would fall to counting the brass compartments of the steam radiator. Or he would think of Germany and England and of the whole foolish, dreadful rigmarole he had almost learned by heart.

Suddenly the bell of the telephone at his elbow rang loudly.

"Father, hello! Is that you?" It was Hermann's voice.

"Yes."

"Well, listen. I'm in a hurry. I've got a gentleman here — a friend. I want to bring him up to dinner this noon. Otto won't be there, will he?"

"Otto?" repeated old Schaeffer dully.

"Yes, Otto! For goodness' sake, father, what's the matter?" came the impatient answer. "Your son, Otto."

"I got no son Otto," replied the old man with sudden energy. "I got only one son — only you, Hermann."

Perhaps Hermann's calculating heart gave one small throb of satisfaction as he heard this. He lowered his voice and said confidentially:

"He really went then, did he?"

There was no answer, and thinking his father was acting strangely, Hermann suddenly hung up the receiver He had decided to run out home and look in on the old man before he took the stranger home to lunch.

"Gosh!" ejaculated the young lady, "don't that music make you wanta howl? Think o' these fellas volunteering! You bet I wouldn't volunteer"

Hermann was rather annoyed that his father should seem so unlike himself the day of all days that he was bringing a personage home to lunch. That the personage called himself plain August Smith made no difference to Hermann — he knew what he knew. And one only had to look at Mr. A. Smith to be aware of something. True, he looked less like a German than Hermann had expected he would, for Hermann had never seen this Mr. Smith until that morning — (he had heard from him — rather particularly — but had never seen him) but he unquestionably looked like a personage.

Mr. August Smith, as it happened, was a rather perfect example of the type cosmopolite. He might have been anything — a citizen perhaps of that polyglot world where Europe laps over into Asia. But he had an air. He had distinction, too, and he spoke of money in large sums; and Hermann was properly impressed.

To reach home Schaeffer traversed again the great milling and manufacturing district of the city; ground he had already covered pretty thoroughly that morning in his runabout with Mr. August Smith. Flour mills, lumber mills, steel mills, coal yards and packing plants succeeded one another along the turgid muddy river. The very heart, this, from which the life-blood poured through the veins of the great state and of half the country as well.

He skimmed through it now, unaware of his surroundings, wondering about his father and hoping the old man wasn't going to be sick and upset the plans for dinner.

When he went in he found his father still sitting by the window, but looking, Hermann was glad to see, about as usual. Old Schaeffer had pulled himself together at the prospect of company.

"Well, I'm glad you're all right, father," his son exclaimed in his slightly nasal voice. He was stockily built, with a heavy face and pasty complexion. "I thought I'd better run up. Was kinda 'fraid Otto's going had done you up."

"You don't have to speak of Otto after this. We got nothing to do with Otto from now on, or him with us. Remember that, Hermann."

"I guess you're right there, father. Otto was a fool. Say, you know I told you I was going to bring someone home to dinner?"

"Yes, Hermann, you said you had a friend," said his father kindly and a little wearily.

"Well, he's not exactly a friend — not a personal one. He's a friend of Germany's, father, and that ought to make him ours — that's what he says. He's a pretty big man, I guess." Here he lowered his voice, "He's about the biggest German power in this country right now."

Adolfe looked at his son in some surprise, a surprise the other failed to observe.

"I'm going to tell Amelia to cook up one or two of those special things of mother's, and pa, we might have some of your champagne you're savin' up so. Mr. August Smith," he spoke the name with a certain emphasis, "is used to the best."

"August Smith?" his father repeated absently, and Hermann, with a confidential nod and twist of the eyebrows, added, "That's what he calls himself, you know. Well, I've got to hurry." He turned to go into the kitchen. "He certainly is onto his job! Well, you *got* to be in that business," he added with a knowing wink.

"You didn't tell me —" began the old man; but Hermann had disappeared.

MR. AUGUST SMITH was nothing if not careful and he went about his business carefully. Hermann, too, was a careful person, but his principle had inhibitions and ideas he had not thought of. Little things, for instance, like speaking German. Mr. Smith, who spoke quite perfect English, suggested that they speak nothing else except in the automobile, perhaps, where they could not possibly be overheard. Their private transactions, too, were only discussed in that noisy isolation. Nor would the visitor be seen at the German club. And this visit to Hermann's house had been desired by Mr. Smith and was part of his carefulness. He wished to know the Schaeffer atmosphere.

"Well, the only Schaeffer that ain't German is out of the nest now for good," Hermann was glad to assure his guest as they drove home.

"Your brother has gone, then?"

"Left to-day. And the idea of a Schaeffer in the American army is just about killing the old man."

Herr Smith permitted himself a slight, quite nasty smile.

"I was not aware that America had an army."

"Ha, ha! That's pretty good!" applauded Hermann. "But I guess this proves where my father stands, all right. He's disowned him — kicked him out."

Again his listener smiled. Mr. Smith was a dark, rather handsome person of reserve and great dignity of bearing.

"What did I tell you about the old man being a real German?" persisted the other.

"It's very gratifying," was the response. "One must be so sure. There must not be the smallest doubt in affairs of this kind." He fell into a momentary reflectiveness. At last he added, "But with you and such a man as your father to take charge of this —— "

Just here, caution or misgiving or greed or all three prompted Hermann to say:

"It's best, though, to leave the management of it to me, you understand. He's an old man and upset, too, about Otto. He's not what he was, and then he's not in touch with things, as I am."

Mr. Smith looked at him sharply.

"You mean he might have scruples?"

"Only as to the money," Hermann replied candidly.

The other laughed a little bitterly.

"He'd expect them all to do it for nothing but love of their country, eh?"

"That's it."

"There are not many like him," observed Hermann's companion, more and more certain of the Schaeffers.

In Mr. Smith's affairs you had to trust — and largely. He was slow to do so and as careful as it is humanly possible to be, but in this case the situation seemed clear enough. When he saw Mr. Schaeffer himself, his confidence became complete. The old man's honesty need not have been so transparent for this skilled reader of men to discern. There was, however, just one flaw in it all. Mr. August Smith's deductions were correct enough, but they were based on the wrong premise.

The dinner that noon was a true German meal. Whether it was just what Mr. Smith personally would have chosen is not certain, but the champagne at least he enjoyed.

Mr. Schaeffer met him with cordiality and a certain childish curiosity. Hermann's vague remarks about his guest had intrigued the old man and piqued his curiosity. And he was always delighted to welcome a German to his house and his table. This was a happy diversion from the sad business of the morning.

The talk was at first broadly political. Herr Schmidt, as they pleased themselves to call him, had a great deal to say about the English methods and ambitions and the colonial and commercial necessities of Germany. He talked remarkably well, having a vast fund of data and a trick of convincing his hearers. Papa Schaeffer was delighted. He was hearing beautifully expressed his dearest convictions. Toast after toast was drunk to a speedy ending of the war, to England's confusion, to the good people, the good wine, the great genius of Germany.

The room became very warm and was full of the smell of rich cooking. Old Schaeffer, with his napkin under his chin and his lips slightly greasy from the good sauces, hung, knife in hand, on the smooth phrases of their guest. Hermann was more impassive. And above, the canary loosed his madrigals, raining upon them a shrill flood of melody.

Little by little the conversation swung to military matters. And about them Herr Schmidt had much to say. It was only six months before that he had left Germany, and the story of his leaving and method of reaching this country was a romance in itself. It was indeed a tall event for Adolfe Schaeffer to talk to one who had actually come from that now so isolated land known only through the thunderbolts with which she hurls the message of her power to the outside world. The glasses of the two younger men were filled and refilled and Herr Schmidt, sure of his audience, proceeded with his reminiscence.

Thrilled with the pride of it he tried to convey to his hearers some faint idea of the might of German arms — of that super-machine of

[*Continued on page 33*]

"To-morrow I Fly!"

The First of Two Plucky Adventures in the Life of a Flying Fighter

by W. B. Trites

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of two absolutely accurate, censored articles, compiled at first hand, which, somewhat in the form of a novel, will carry an untrained American youth from his home step by step through our flying schools in France; through the primary school at ——— where ordinary flying is learned, through the secondary school at ———, where acrobatics, machine gunnery and squadron flying are taught, and through the finishing schools at ——— and ———, where submarine chasing and actual combat work are carried on. In the next article the youth, now a perfected airman, will be seen fighting at the front.

"TO-MORROW I fly!"

In his iron cot, under his khaki blankets, he could not sleep for joy. It seemed incredible, it seemed delightful, it seemed presumptuous, too, that he — such an ordinary chap as he — should dream of becoming an airman like Guynemer or Lufbery.

"To-morrow I fly!"

And, lying on his back, staring up into the dark, he thought of the many steps which he must take before he would sally out, a fighting airman, over the German lines. Dangerous, difficult steps! He steeled his nerves to meet them. And suddenly a pang of homesickness overcame him, he saw again the faces of his father and mother smiling with a strange and solemn tenderness upon him, and he thought of the steps which he had already taken — the steps which had brought him here to France.

He thought of the autumn evening at dinner when he had blurted:

"I'm going to try to get in the aviation."

In the silence he had grown hot and uncomfortable, and he had looked sheepishly at his father and mother, half expecting them to laugh at this project as they had laughed at most of his youthful dreams. But his mother sat as if crushed, heart-broken, yet from her stricken eyes a strange joy, a strange pride shone on him, while his father, that incorrigible joker, regarded him now with actual reverence. Reverence from his father! It made him feel ashamed.

"All the chaps in my class," he said — he was in his third year at the University — "are trying for the aviation. It's big money and easy work, you know."

But he could not dissipate that atmosphere of undeserved reverence, and so, their consent once obtained, he left his father and mother hurriedly, almost angrily. The idiocy of revering him! If they knew how the war terrified him sometimes — but nobody, thank God, would ever know that.

He wrote in the morning to the Signal Corps Office in Washington. The Signal Corps Office promptly sent him an application blank and demanded three good references. He filled out the blank and forwarded it with the references, whereupon the Signal Corps Office informed him that he was eligible for its examinations, and bade him present himself at ten o'clock the next day at 217 Broad Street.

He was pretty nervous when he presented himself. A dozen other young men were waiting in the anteroom. Studying those young men, he perceived that, if they could pass, he could, too, and this perception alleviated his nervousness not a little.

"Mr. John Stanton!"

He was ushered into a pleasant room where a half-dozen khaki-clad officers sat — a colonel, a major, a couple of captains, a couple of army doctors. They regarded him with shrewd, kind eyes. They asked him a number of questions, such as "Why do you want to fly?" "Do you play any games?" "Do you smoke and drink?" "What are your favorite books?" He saw that they desired to size him up.

His hands were trembling, and he hid them in his pockets, but he could not hide the trembling of his voice. He told them that he wanted to fly because everybody was doing it. If you didn't fly, he added huskily, you were out of it, a rank outsider. As to games, he played football, lawn-tennis and golf. He smoked a little, and once — at a class supper — he had drunk a little too much, but never again. Here he took a deep breath and passed his tongue over his lips.

"You're very nervous, Mr. Stanton," said the major. "I want to reassure you. This isn't to be an overstrict examination. The air service doesn't demand extraordinarily fit men— Jess Willards or Hoby Bakers — but just ordinarily fit ones like yourself."

"Thanks," he replied. "My favorite books are — well, my favorite books are Shakespeare and the Bible."

They dismissed him in friendly fashion, assuring him he'd get through. Then he stripped in a locker-room and entered a gymnasium. Here two doctors awaited him. With tapes and instruments the doctors began at once to measure his chest, biceps, calf, neck, etc., to sound his lungs, to test his heart and take his blood pressure.

"Mr. Stanton, let's see how many times you can chin?"

And now for two days the nude young man worked like a horse in the gymnasium, sweating and panting, his eyes desperately rolling, his lips desperately compressed. The doctors had to urge him to take it easier, for it was plain that, in his frantic resolve to pass, he stood in danger of some strain or rupture.

"Take it easy, Mr. Stanton. You're all right."

They made him dip. They poured ice-water into his ears and they dropped belladonna into his eyes. They tested his hearing by means of watch-ticks and whispers. They tested his vision by means of charts. They bade him stand on one leg with closed eyes for two minutes, a feat that he accomplished easily. Still with closed eyes they bade him walk backward in a straight line; they bade him walk forward in a straight line; they bade him hop.

These tests, he knew, were for his equilibrium, his balancing power, and he got through them very well, but the revolving-chair test was another matter. They put him in a revolving-chair like a desk chair, and revolved him thirty or forty times very fast. Do what he would, he could not stave off a horrible feeling of dizziness and nausea, his head fell on his breast, and, when they told him to stand up, he swayed a moment, and then, to his indescribable chagrin, he fell against the wall.

The doctors laughed as they helped him to his feet. "All right," they said. "All right."

"Give me another go at it," he pleaded. "I can do better than that. I know I can."

"Why, you did bully," said a doctor. "In this revolving-chair test it's the ones who get dizzy like you who win out. Those who don't get dizzy are plucked. If you don't get dizzy, you see, it's a sign that your balancing nerves are not sufficiently delicate and keen."

The youth drew a deep breath of relief, and the doctor said gently:

"You're sure to pass—sure to."

And pass he did. The joyful word came three days later. He went downtown at once to the quartermaster's depot and got his khaki uniform — tunic, riding-breeches, monkey cap, leather leggings — and

the next morning he departed for the "ground school." He was now a full-fledged flying cadet, salary $100. a month, and food, clothes and lodging thrown in.

He spent eight weeks at the ground school in glorious autumn weather. The first three weeks were devoted to drilling, and the remaining five weeks to technical studies related to flight — to wireless telegraphy, meteorology, astronomy, physics, and a vast and intricate subject known as "general aeronautics." He did not, of course, learn at the ground school to be an expert wireless operator or meteorologist or astronomer or physicist or general aeronaut, but he got a sort of working idea of those sciences; he had a model airplane and a model motor to tinker over, he accustomed himself to getting up at 5.30 in the morning, he practised saluting in front of his little mirror whenever he was alone, and his drills and hikes and Swedish exercises improved his already good health and changed his 'Varsity slouch to a smart, brisk, soldierly bearing. But he did not fly — he did not leave the ground — for this, you see, was a ground school.

THEN one morning he was summoned with nine other chaps to the colonel's office, and the colonel said:

"You boys have done very well here; in fact, you are our honor men; and so I am going to honor you by sending you off to France. The Government has just taken over a French flying school. It's a preliminary school. (There's a secondary, and there's also a grammar one that you'll have to graduate from before you'll be full-fledged air fighters.) Well, as I was saying, the Government has ordered a number of ground schools to send their best men to this new French establishment, and I have chosen you to represent us. Here are your steamer tickets—first-class passage. Good luck to you, and I needn't say that I know you'll represent us well."

So it was that Jack Stanton found himself on the ocean bound for France. There were some fifty or sixty flying cadets from various ground schools on board. There were pretty girls in the light blue uniform of the Y. M. C. A. There were pretty girls in the dark blue capes, lined with scarlet, of the Red Cross. The boat was a palatial German one, and Jack, conversing with a tall, angelic creature who had ventured to ask him for the time, felt very happy, as if he were embarking on a glorious picnic, and yet ——

And yet there was something mingled with his happiness, something to surmount. What must he surmount? He must surmount, if they were torpedoed, his dread of death.

This something, naturally, he disliked. Yet it did not detract from his happiness. It seemed, on the contrary, to make his happiness more exquisite. Gazing into the tall girl's eyes, he told her that her uniform was ripping.

"Ripping?" In coquettishly simulated affright she craned round to see the back of her jacket. Then she grasped the back of her skirt and drew it forward to examine it. "Ripping? Where?"

"You know what I mean," he said.

"No. Tell me what you mean," said the girl, in a low, soft voice.

Leaning on the rail beside her, he began to tell her what he meant, when a steward came and banished him from the first to the second cabin.

All the flying cadets were banished from the first to the second cabin simultaneously. They had first cabin tickets, but there were officers aboard, and privates — a flying cadet is, after all, only a private — may not mix with officers. The flying cadets were permitted to eat in the first cabin dining-saloon, and then they had to fly. They did not mind. In bitter tones they repeated that they did not mind at all. And they really did not mind, either, when the pretty Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross girls deserted the officers every day and came down to the second cabin to visit them.

American destroyers escorted them through the danger zone, and when the coast of France appeared, a huge yellow dirigible and a dozen waterplanes came out to shepherd them into port. They landed on a cold, sunny afternoon.

Jack Stanton had never been abroad before, and he studied this new land of France with interest. He was struck with the number of mutilated French soldiers to be seen everywhere. They were little, robust, shapely fellows with dark, glowing eyes. Their uniform of horizon or sky blue was made of cloth as thick and rough and warm as a blanket. Legs were missing, arms were missing, feet were missing among them, yet they smoked on the street corners or scrutinized the girls with complacent smiles. Jack was struck, too, with the multitude of American soldiers. They looked bigger than the French, and their khaki dress was handsomer. They whizzed about on motorcycles or in motor-trucks. They swaggered out of the sweet-shops munching huge layer-cakes that cost a dollar or a dollar and a half apiece. They carried expensive purchases under their arms — baskets of fruit, buckets of honey. They seemed to have plenty of cash. Everybody smiled at them, though they paid little heed to all those smiles. They could be heard shouting jocosely to one another across the street:

"Bon sewer, monsewer!"

"Au reservoir!"

Jack thought, "They feel at home, all right," and he wondered if the mutilated French soldiers about them affected their *morale*. That question was answered for him by a group of Americans talking in front of a *tabac*.

"Say," he overheard, "it's a funny thing about these one-legged Frenchmen. They've all lost the left leg — never the right."

"Is that so?"

"Sure it's so. Look; here come two French blokes now. Both short a left leg, see?"

And as the two young French soldiers, each with his left leg missing, passed on their crutches, smoking and amiably conversing, the young American soldiers laughed. That was their response — tranquil laughter — to a first glimpse of the horrors of war.

"*Morale*, eh?" Jack thought. "There's *morale* for you!"

The doorman at the hotel lacked an arm and an eye, and two decorations were pinned on his breast. The elevator man lacked a leg (the left, of course) and he also wore two decorations.

At dinner — he dined at a corner table with the tall girl, Julia March — he had his first taste of war bread. It was heavy, coarse and yellow, but not bad; there seemed to be a lot of corn-meal in it. When he asked for some cigarettes, he was informed that there was not a cigarette left in the town. The dining-room was bitter cold; on account of the fuel shortage the heat had been turned off.

They took their coffee after dinner at a cold café where there was a cinema. The star of the cinema performance was Charlot. Charlot proved to be the French alias of Charlie Chaplin.

The café closed at 9:30 sharp, and they walked back to the hotel through streets unlighted to save fuel. They said good-bye in the cold corridor before Julia's cold room. They would meet again in Paris. How cold her hand was as it lay in his! Her mouth, red and sweet as a flower, was strangely near his own. If he had dared to kiss her ——

Under his khaki blankets he turned restlessly. The chap on his left began to snore. What would she have said if he had dared?

That was last night, and this afternoon the flying cadets had reached the flying school. A couple of auto-buses had met them at the station, and they had whirled through a town whose aspect pleased

They were up in the air! The upward, onward rush exhilarated like champagne. The earth tore past and at the same time dropped away

them. The thirteenth-century cathedral resembled a New York skyscraper. The main street was gay with handsome cafés and shops. There were soldiers everywhere—French soldiers, American soldiers, frail little amber-colored Annamites, fierce-looking Arabs, big black Senegalese. A group of German prisoners passed. Their clothes were dyed a vivid grass-green, and "P. G." — *prisonnier de guerre* — was sewed all over them in great white letters. All the push-carts were drawn by dogs, a robust kind of wire-haired terrier breed. The dogs seemed to work well enough, but they barked ill-humoredly as they strained at their loads.

The flying school lay three miles out of town, and, as they sped along the white road, they saw biplanes moving in every direction in the gray, cold sky. One biplane had two motors. It seemed to make marvelous speed.

The country was flat and green, excellent for flying, and the school loomed up at last before them, a settlement of one-story buildings, some of wood and some of terra cotta, grouped on the edge of a vast field. Khaki-clad sentinels paced before the gates. Biplanes continually ascended and descended. Khaki-clad figures moved busily about. There were hangars everywhere, and before each hangar a score or so of planes were drawn up side by side in beautifully accurate alignment.

"It must be muddy here," Jack thought, noticing that everybody wore rubber hip-boots, and then the auto-bus stopped at the long, narrow wooden building of one story that was to be his home for the next three months.

TWO rows of iron beds ran the length of the building; The beds were covered with khaki-colored blankets, khaki-clad young figures lounged on them; a chap washed at a small tin basin; the iron stove gave forth a pleasant heat. At the foot of each bed stood an expensive looking, brass-bound cabin trunk.

"Supper!" roared a voice. "Supper!"

Supper was at five. It was served in a spacious and rather lofty refectory of new pine. The benches were of new pine also, and the new pine tables were covered with oilcloth.

Jack, as he took his seat, saw two Y. M. C. A. placards confronting him from the wall. They said, "When did you write mother last?" and "Write home to mother to-day."

There was plenty of electric light, plenty of heat from a big stove, plenty of cold meat and fried potatoes and jam, and plenty of tea and white bread served by elderly French waitresses.

"This is all right," he said, remembering the war bread and the piercing, damp cold of the hotels.

"Oh, we'll be eating better than this next month," said the cadet beside him. "This is French cooking, and next month we change to American."

"Is American cooking the best?"

"You bet! Say, you ought to see the enlisted men's grub here — American cooking, you know. Why, the enlisted men have hot cakes for breakfast! And yet their grub allowance is only forty cents a day, while ours is sixty. But wait till next month, when we get our American cooks. Then you'll see us stowing away pie and cake and flapjacks to beat the band." [*Continued on page 31*]

Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?

An Old Question with a New and Patriotic Meaning

by Dr. Frank Crane

ONE of the signs of the times is the Button.

As you walk the city streets you see Buttons everywhere. Men have them in the lapel of the coat, or pinned on the vest. Women wear them on the shirt-waist. Boys and girls have them. Peddlers hawk them at the edge of the sidewalk. 6,279½ different Societies present you with a Button when you subscribe.

The significance of the Button is that you are supposed to be Buttoned up to something. That is, when you wear a Button, you Belong.

You can't do much in this world unless you Belong.

Which, being translated into more learned and intellectual language, is to say that enthusiasm without organization is inefficient.

Organization is the new word in Democracy. It is Democracy coming of age. In its ebullient youth, Democracy was all for individualism. The souls of men had been so long cramped by old institutions, hampered by caste, restrained by monarchies and aristocracies, that when they broke loose, as in the French Revolution and the early days of the American Republic, they went to extremes and cavorted wildly, like young colts, enjoying their new-found freedom. The result was "O Liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!"

But we are getting over that. Our wild oats of mad competition have been sown. We are realizing that while the first word in Democracy may be Liberty, the last word is Co-operation.

Co-operation grew, after the American fashion. It was not dictated to us by the experts of a schoolmaster state. Business men got together and formed trusts. Laboring men got together and formed unions. Churches are looking with brotherly eyes toward each other.

At this stage came War. And in a day America burst into adulthood. The dramatic moment had arrived when the long-accumulating forces found vent.

For the War brought home to us that we must organize or perish; that without unity Democracy is a heap of stones, a helpless mass. And now, as never before in our history, the hearts and minds of all men are fused. Under pressure of the Supreme Danger we are finding Brotherhood.

So everybody wants to Belong. That is why we blossom out in Buttons.

For it is not good for man to be alone. You can't do anything alone, not even think. Your thought is not clear; it is not yours, until it comes back to you from another. Your solitary conviction seems a vagary; but when it becomes a duet it grips you as a real force; when it swells into a chorus it is a mighty factor in the world.

When you wear a Button it means that you think like someone else. You have merged your Opinion into a Cause.

When you put on a Button, you are no more a rough stone lying in the quarry; you have submitted to the chiseling of discipline, the polishing of self-restraint, and you take your place in some tower of beauty and of strength.

In Germany efficiency comes from the top down; in the United States it comes from the bottom up. Here we begin organizing among the Common Men, eventuating in making the Government our perfect servant; there the process is reversed, the end being that the masses become perfectly subservient. Their system gets quicker and more specious results; ours more permanent and real results. The Button way is better than the way of the Iron Cross. Our organization is a growth, theirs a scheme. Ours is a tree growing from the ground; theirs an edifice built upon the ground.

The Button carries the same significance as the uniform. It is the uniform behind the lines. It means we over here are trying to keep step, as they over there. The uniform of the soldier denotes that he has given up his personal liberty for the sake of the common good. He has placed his judgment, his will and his life in the hands of his superior officer. The Button means for the civilian much the same thing.

If men fight better in uniform, they will work better in uniform. Their patriotism will be surer and safer. Even passion must have its ruts to run in. Even love and devotion need discipline. Workmen in the shipyards, when they wear a patriotic Button, must feel that they too are soldiers of the Common Good.

THE Button is the sign of Service. It indicates the wearer is doing something. And in the U. S. A. the only title to nobility is that somehow, somewhere, you are helping along. The millionaire who wears a Button has done something to take off the curse of his riches. The poor man who wears a Button has entered the ranks of nobility. By the Button the society woman shows that she is no longer merely an idler and spender, but has risen to the plane of a Servant of Humanity. By the Button the shop-girl gives evidence that in some way she too is doing her bit in the great struggle of America to save the world.

The Button is the sign of that instinct which draws men together in the presence of a common danger. When the crisis comes, "Then," the prophet says, "shalt thou see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged."

We see. We fear. Our hearts are enlarged. We flow together.

This is what it means when you see the man who has put on a Button. Whether it be that of the Red Cross, or the Liberty Loan or the Y. M. C. A., or the Knights of Columbus, or the Stage Women's War Relief, or the Boy Scouts, or anything else, it means hands have joined in a single work, hearts have united in one emotion, minds have agreed—in other words, that the loose sands of Democracy are becoming cemented into impregnable rock.

The Button does something to the man inside. When you put on something it puts something into you. Clothes react upon the soul. You cannot wear a Red Cross Button without feeling a bit of that vast stream of mercy that flows out to heal the hurt of the world's people. When you affix the Y. M. C. A. Button you are in spirit cheering the boys in the battle line, handing them coffee, singing glory to them, bringing them encouragement from the folks at home. And when there's a Liberty Loan Button displayed upon your bosom you have the proud sensation of being a partner in some degree with Uncle Sam.

And, just as posters have no language, but bring home the force of their message in every tongue, so do the buttons, despite the few letters found on them, speak the universal language of liberty.

A certain day last spring was designated as "The Queen of Belgium's Day." Funds were collected for the poor babies of Belgium by means of selling everywhere in the Queen's name little bunches of forget-me-nots tied with a tiny bow of the Belgian colors. These little boutonnières had practically the same force as a patriotic button. People paid their ten cents for them gladly; and it was astonishing to notice in the crowded streets and avenues of New York how few persons passed without the little frail blue badge of thoughtfulness. Of course, people will give and give to the Belgians, but on that spring day there was a sort of honor decoration that went with your ten cents, and it made everyone feel friendly.

The Button is a silent instrument of propaganda. You are preaching the gospel of your cause to every eye that sees you. You are saying: "I am not too proud, nor too cranky, nor too opinionated, to fall in and keep step with my fellows. I have found a star, to which I have hitched my wagon. Come and join." And when you join you are put absolutely on your honor, just as a man in khaki is put on his honor to keep his uniform free from disgrace.

The Button means you are not a Crooked Stick. The Crooked Stick is always with us. You can't plane him into board-shape to build a house. All he's good for is to lie out in the backyard for better people to stumble over.

You have met these people. Thank you, they will not buy a Thrift Stamp. They decline to contribute to the Red Cross. They are not so sure that the Y. M. C. A. is doing good. The sight of ten thousand soldiers in khaki leaves them cold. This whoop-la method of selling Liberty Bonds in theaters and on the streets — well, isn't it rather hysterical?

Some of these who refuse to take hold are smitten with the superiority fever. Some are posers. Some want to attract attention and be known as peculiar. Some are plain cranky, make it a point always to disagree with a majority, and hold as the first item of their creed that whatever is popular is wrong.

They do not wear Buttons.

Not they. Their one aim in life is to be different from the common herd.

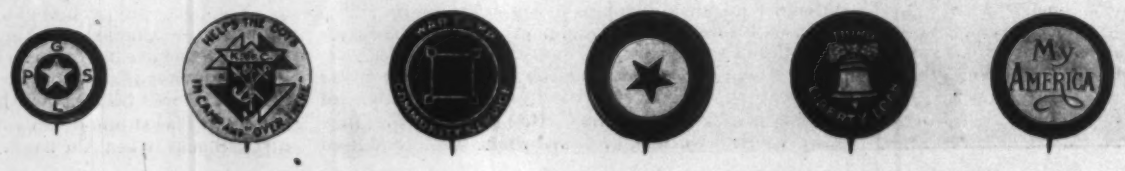
Now, these gentry ought to have a Button of their own, a jaggedy Button that would sting you and draw blood when you go to touch it.

And this Button would signify: "I do not Belong. I am not in favor of anything. I am against it, whatever it is. I vote no. I protest against making it unanimous. I don't agree with anybody. Whatever people are doing, they ought to stop it."

Such Crooked Sticks seem to be an eternal by-product of the race. But they are inconsiderable, after all. For the great mass of us, thanks be! are regular fellows. We play the game. We keep the rules the best we can. We are not afraid to Join, nor ashamed to Fall In. When they play the "Star Spangled Banner" we stand up. When some great call comes, when the Trumpet sounds, and volunteers are asked for, whether in Service or Sacrifice, in Opportunity or Peril, we answer: "Write down my name."

And so we wear the patriotic Button.

> "EVERYBODY wants to Belong. That is why we blossom out in Buttons," says Dr. Crane. "Your solitary conviction seems a vagary; but when it becomes a duet it grips you as a real force; when it swells into a chorus it is a mighty factor in the world"



"Poor Black Sheep!"

There's a Big Scrap On and a Fighting Chance for All!

by Harold MacGrath

Illustrations by Fanny Munsell

He faced her suddenly. "What would you say if I told you I was a thief?"

ON the Bluff overlooking Mississippi Harbor, Yokohama, stood a man gazing seaward. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. An April squall was ruffling the streaked waters of the bay, and the sky was cold and yellow. He was a forlorn figure of a man. His suit, a blue serge, shiny at the elbows, purple across the shoulders and frayed at the cuffs and heels, hung dejectedly upon his gaunt form, except at moments when the wind whipped it against his legs and arms. There was rather a pitiful expression of jauntiness in the Norfolk pattern of the coat, an experimental apology to the world at large for the low estate into which it had fallen. The man's hat was a gray fedora, sweat-stained and broken fore and aft the center crease. His shoes were canvas with rubber soles; and they were gray, too, but with dirt, coal dust and street dust, ground into the cotton fabric.

His cheeks were hollow and his blue eyes revolved in caverns. His chin bristled with a bronze stubble, and this added to the general raggedness of his appearance. He had that morning left a hospital.

He was staring at a ship which was weighing anchor. From her stern a flag fluttered ruddily and cheerily — his own. It was to see this flag that the man, weak from long illness, had climbed the Bluff, to see it homeward-bound, to watch it until it was a pink speck in the distance. He had done this many times in the past. A fire filled his eyes; and the tears which rose up and overflowed in no wise dimmed that fire. Old Glory! Never again should any man laugh at it, insult it, trample it. The flag of idealists, the brave and the magnanimous! America! War — for humanity, for right as against might! The man rubbed his eyes.

Oh, the infinite yearning to be aboard that ship, homeward-bound!

For three long bitter years he had striven to reach the goal, a ship, only to be tripped and flung back each time by a craving which he called The Thing, flung back a little lower each time, a little less fine in the grain.

The water boiled white at the stern of the ship. She swung in a half-circle, and the flag stood out clearly. The watcher took off his hat, squared his shoulders and intoned,

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said:
> This is my own, my native land!"

War! And he had heard of it only that morning! He stood uncovered until the bit of pink reached the vanishing point, then he put on his hat and walked away.

Drink and pneumonia. Some men fight instinctively to live, and still die. He hadn't fought, and yet here he was, out in the world again. It had seemed to him that morning that death had no interest in human beings nobody cared for. But now every drop of blood in his body cried out to live. He had a fine unselfish thing to do; to make his body strong and straight, and then to say, "Here I am, take me!" He knew that he was going to do it.

He plodded on. By and by he found himself outside the grilled court of the Grand Hotel. He saw a newspaper in the gutter and eagerly picked it up. It was an English newspaper, printed in Hongkong, dated April tenth, six days old. He brushed the dirt from it and put it into a pocket. He would read it that night.

Two rickshaws rolled up to the curb. One contained a white-haired woman with a face serenely beautiful and hauntingly sad. Someone's mother, thought the man by the grill. Then his glance strayed to the passenger in the second rickshaw. His intake was so sharp that it nicked the sore spot in his lungs. It was as if the veil had suddenly been lifted and for the first time permitted him to see the depth of the pit toward which he had been drifting. Once, thousands of years ago, he had known young women like yonder one.

That the two were mother and daughter was made evident a moment later. The elder stepped down from her rickshaw and walked back.

"Want me to carry some of the bundles, Jeanie?"

"I can carry them, Mumsy."

The daughter was dressed in heavy white flannel. She wore over this a white woolen sweater with a full collar. On one of the lapels was a flag-pin. In her belt was a small bouquet of white blossoms. From where he stood the outcast could not tell what they were.

The girl stepped out of the rickshaw lightly, turned and gathered up the bundles; but in turning away from the vehicle, she stumbled slightly, and the bundles toppled and went rolling about on the sidewalk.

THE man sprang forward and began picking them up. The stooping caused things to whirl for a moment. When he finally retrieved the last bundle and stood up, he saw the girl as through a fog.

"Thank you!"

Her eyes appraised him swiftly. She saw the indelible marks of recent illness, the stubble, the hollow eyes, the shabby clothes; and she started to open her purse.

"No, Miss!"

Something in his voice stirred her queerly. It was less a refusal of a gratuity than a protest against the supposition that he would accept one.

"I beg your pardon! Here, Mumsy!" The girl took the bundles and laughingly piled them up in her mother's arms. Then she plucked the flag-pin from the lapel of her sweater and the flowers from her belt. "They are clover blossoms," she said with a friendly smile. "I found them in a hothouse on the Bluff. Aren't they wonderful! The flag is my country's."

As the outcast took the blossoms in his hand, the actual world vanished. He saw meadows white with clover blossoms and sensed the perfume blowing down to the river's brim where a happy barefoot boy fished through the summer afternoon. His throat filled.

The girl noted with quickening sympathy the dank hair on his forehead. The poor thing! She smiled again; then she and her mother passed on into the hotel.

The outcast made no move. He had no eye for anything but the little metal flag and the bouquet of clover blossoms. The flag of his country and the breath of her meadows! A little kindness, a smiling kindness, when in all his life he most needed it. Even then he knew that he was never going to forget this girl.

At length, blinking desperately, he walked away, up Water Street, across town, into a quarter he had once investigated with a tourist's curiosity. It was growing dark when he stopped before a sign which informed passers-by that Tom Wu was ready to make clothes at half the price of his Water Street competitors. The man who had wrested from the muck of circumstance that day a high resolve opened the door and entered.

A Chinaman with an oblique cast to one eye looked up from his cutting table. He at once assumed an attitude which was meant to be truculent, but was only comic.

"Anybody got my room, Tom?" asked the visitor.

"No. Nobody lents looms. Nobody buys clothes. Clistians fight-fight; boom-boom! All gone to hellee!"

"I've been sick in a hospital, Tom. I'll pay you ten *yen* on account, if you'll let me have my trunk and room back. I'll square up in a few days. I can always get work as a clerk."

The Chinaman seemed to be debating. "All light. Lemme see cash."

The visitor laid down ten *yen*, which was half his store. "Thank you, Tom. You're a white man. I knew I could come to you."

The Chinaman picked up his shears, and the prodigal lodger passed through the side door into the hallway and mounted the stairs to the third floor. The air was thick with the odor of joss-sticks. He hesitated before the familiar door, balancing the key on his palm. After all, what was it to be alone? Wasn't he always alone, even in crowds? He unlocked the door, and pushed it open.

There is an odor to empty rooms, a sepulchral odor; and the tenant sensed it as he groped his way toward the single window. Dimly he could see a cot, a trunk, a table and a chair, all crowded into one corner. He himself had arranged them thus, weeks before, in a vain attempt to hold in check the dismal loneliness of the room.

On a deal table stood a gin bottle with a candle stuck in the neck. He struck a match and fired the wick. Slowly the shadows retreated, but not far.

The lodger laid the newspaper, the flag-pin and the clover blossoms on the table, then went over to the trunk. There was every indication that the owner had sought to lose his identity. And yet there was a curious inconsistency. Below one of the handles was a little brass plate. While the lettering on this had been scraped by a penknife, a close scrutiny revealed the name and address: Arthur Collingwood, New York.

He had started out grimly and resolutely to complete the job, but something had held him back. Hope? Hope for what? He could not analyze this motiveless impulse any more than he could explain the reason for carrying around the contents of that trunk. Perhaps it was all due to a vague remembrance of a bit of writing he had once seen in a hotel Bible. "No man goes to hell directly. There are little obstacles in the path that serve to give him pause, a chance to turn about and fight back. So long as a man clings to some trifling material relic of his past, he is not wholly lost."

Collingwood knelt, threw back the lid and stared down at the contents of the trunk. A white shirt, a white collar, a pair of dancing-pumps; and he had hung onto these trifles as a man hangs onto a life-rope. What silly reasoning had urged him to keep these futile bits of former grandeur, when many a time he could have sold them and dined? He let the trunk-lid fall.

"I *will!*" he burst out. His voice sounded like thunder. The sleeping echoes, for ages undisturbed in that lonely room, awoke, surprised and resentful,

for they flung back the challenge hollowly. "I will!" said Collingwood again, bringing his fist down upon the trunk fiercely. Then he bowed his head on his arms and sobbed: "I will, I will, I will!"

By and by he got upon his feet, heavily. He drew the chair up to the table and contemplated the flag-pin and the clover. America! He was going to take this half-wrecked body and make it straight and strong again, then he was going to give it.

"All right, old girl," he whispered; "I'm coming. God alone knows how I'm going to do it, but I'm coming. Old Glory! I haven't anything left but my body, but I'll give you that!"

Boyishly he snatched up the clover and breathed the perfume. It was as if he were inhaling a tonic cleanliness. "Aren't they wonderful!" the girl had said. A little act of kindness when he had most needed it.

Suddenly he became conscious of The Thing.

"No!" he said, rising and swinging back the chair, as if to turn and face an actual Presence.

"Who cares?" demanded The Thing. It was an old chantey, and Collingwood had heard it for eight years, with more or less regularity. "Who cares?"

"No, by God!" It was a whisper.

The Thing, realizing that this was to be nothing like those half-hearted scrimmages which had always ended in victory, loosed its legions of specious argument.

"A bit of whisky for the kindly kick in it; a little half-hour of cheerfulness. Think of the weeks of misery in that hospital! Think of the job that is in front of you! Just one more; something for old time's sake. Aren't you unhappy? Who cares, anyhow?"

Collingwood, desperately pressed, went over to the window. The sky was now filled with sparkling stars. Stars and clover blossoms, clean things. He looked up at the stars, then down at the clover which he held in his hand. As his glance dropped, there entered his eye obliquely the picture of an octagonal lamp. It hung against the wall across the street, and in dingy lettering one might read, "Hongkong Hotel-By Charlie." How often had he staggered out of there, up the stairs to this room whose echoes after all were broken self-promises?

"No!"

Quite calmly he put the clover into an inner pocket and pinned the flag to the lapel of his coat. He would make his body sound and give it to his country. He put on his hat, blew out the candle, and went out into the street. Whispering and urging and cajoling, The Thing fought the Idea all the way to the tables in the rear of the Hongkong Hotel.

Collingwood sat down at a table. He could feel the sweat across his shoulders. A frowsy waiter whose face was unfamiliar shuffled over. Waiters in Charlie's were migratory birds.

"A cup of coffee and a beef sandwich." Collingwood did not recognize his voice. He felt an astonishing impulse to look around to see whence the sound had come.

"No!" Collingwood was not conscious that he spoke aloud. He drove his thoughts toward the flag, toward the girl. The Thing withdrew; but Collingwood was not to be fooled. It was only a respite. It would return again and again, and yet again.

He ate the sandwich and drank the coffee. Then he got up. The ague was gone. He was going out of this sordid hole forever. He was through. But he stopped at the bar for a moment. He couldn't go away without saying a word to Mary, the barmaid. Many times she had been kind to him, lending him small sums.

"Hello, Mary!" he said. [*Continued on page 37*]

"Good-bye, soldier," she added, with a brave smile. "Take care of yourself . . . and come safely back"

I Was Captured by the Germans

by Maurice Schlumberger

FIRST of all, do not be alarmed about my name! I am afraid that since it is of apparent Germanic origin, it must have caused the reader a shock. But let me say at once that my name is not German — it is Alsatian; and my family always pronounced it in the French way. I was born in Alsace, and, therefore, I consider myself twice a Frenchman. This is the Alsatian feeling.

My four brothers and I left our small native country, abandoned all our interests there and started a new life in Paris, for we had determined even in our earliest youth that we would not become subjects of the hated Kaiser against our will.

I was married on July 6, 1914, and when the War broke out, I was on my honeymoon, paying, as you may well imagine, little attention to European politics.

FOUR MONTHS AT THE FRONT

The news of general mobilization came to me like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky; but on only a few hours' notice, I left my young bride in the little town where we happened to be staying, and rushed to join an infantry regiment as a private soldier.

Almost immediately I was sent to the front, and I arrived in Belgium on the evening of the unhappy battle of Charleroi. Then began a long and dreary retreat toward the Marne and Seine, when we were marching and fighting all day and all night.

We were going due south, when in the first days of September, we suddenly came to a halt and fought for a day or two on the spot; then we followed the Germans due north.

On September 15th, on the River Aisne, we received our first letters from home. I cannot tell you what joy I experienced when these arrived.

A common soldier, even a petty officer, has little idea of the larger developments of military action. It is only through the newspapers that he may chance to see, or through communications from people back of the lines that he comes to realize that he is taking part in a great drama. It was only through the letters of my wife that I discovered that a terrific battle, which the newspapers called "The Battle of the Marne," had been fought. Without knowing it, I had taken a part in it myself! And soon I was to learn that I was engaged in another big battle, which will go down in history as "The Battle of the Aisne."

You really get a lot of useful information from letters!

FROM OPEN WARFARE TO TRENCH WARFARE

UNTIL this time we had been fighting in the open; but about the middle of September we came to a standstill on the Aisne. We began to dig little individual holes in the ground, and covered them with foliage to protect us against the cold of the nights. We laughingly called them our "Indian Huts" and were very much surprised and somewhat angry when we received orders from our officers to connect these holes, and then gradually to deepen them. One of my comrades said to me: "I really think they wish us to build a long ditch running all through the country," and he laughed at this preposterous idea.

Time has shown that it was not a preposterous idea at all. That is the way trench warfare began. It is difficult to realize now that in those early months of the Great War, we all fought out in the open.

I AM CAPTURED

At the beginning of October, my regiment was transferred to the Somme district, where we led a rather inactive life on a quiet sector.

However, on December 17th, our troops made a surprise attack on the German trenches. My company went too far, and soon, to our horror, we found ourselves cut off from the rest of the French army, and completely encircled by the Germans.

We put up a good fight, but were running short of ammunition, especially of hand grenades. Many of us were killed or wounded, yet I still felt that there was hope of victory.

Soon, however, the Germans were strongly reinforced, and seeing that our situation had become absolutely desperate and that we could not even injure the enemy any more, our little group finally surrendered.

I do not care to dwell upon this painful scene. It is, for a soldier, the worst possible experience. The disaster of the world seems to be concentrated in that awful moment of surrender.

We were immediately marched off through the German trenches as far as the beautiful little town of Bapaume, at that time almost intact. Now, as everybody knows, it has been almost wiped out of existence by the Germans.

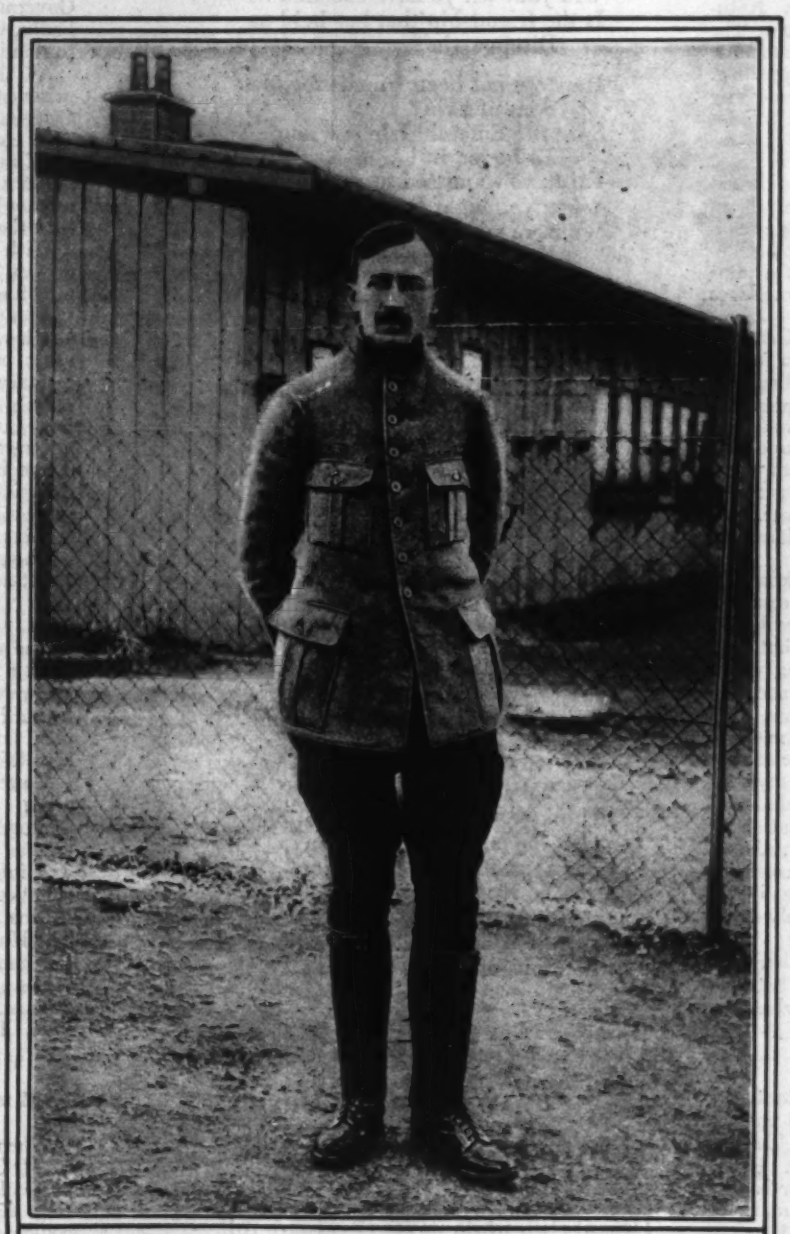
It was in Bapaume that we saw the first French civilians. Poor souls! They were mostly miserable women and children; and both they and we were ashamed to look at one another. I shall never forget how a few of them stole near us and tried to get some whispered information about the progress of the War. We had just time to tell them, "Everything is all right, do not be discouraged," when the guards drove them brutally away.

We thought, and they thought, that peace would come in a few months. They have now been *four years* under German domination. But still they are not discouraged.

At Bapaume we were packed into a special prisoners' train of box cars, in which we remained for forty-eight consecutive hours. Scarcely any food was given us. That was indeed a period of mental torture for all of us.

At last we stopped at a little station called Wetzlar, fifty miles north of Frankfort, where a prisoners' camp had been established a few miles from the city.

Then began the long and dreary life of a prisoner which I led for almost two years.



This photograph of Lieutenant Maurice Schlumberger was taken from a kodak picture, snapped in the German prison camp near Frankfort, where he began a long and dreary imprisonment, after his surrender with a group of French companions in the Somme district

BRUTALITIES

ALL the world has heard stories about the brutal manner in which the Germans treat their prisoners. Unfortunately these are true. In those early days, most of the punishments were meted out to us simply because many of those in our regiment could not understand orders when they were given in German. A brutal subofficer would issue a command in rapid German, and because his order was not instantly obeyed, he would use his bayonet. One instance in particular I remember.

The Germans dislike intensely the word "Boche" which we now use so extensively. They consider it an undeserved insult. Whenever a German hears a French prisoner using that word, he considers himself personally attacked, and he is allowed to use his weapons in pretended "self-defense."

One day I saw a Frenchman speaking to one of his friends. He used the word "Boche" in the course of his conversation, not in any deprecating sense at all. Suddenly he was attacked by a German guard who had overheard him, and he stabbed him with his bayonet from behind. He was ill for many days. The Germans seem to take delight in inflicting, not only very hard, but humiliating punishments on their unhappy prisoners. With my own eyes I have seen men bound with ropes to a big pole, and forced to remain there for hours at a time.

It so happens that I speak German quite fluently, and often I was utilized as an interpreter. Because of my special service, I myself was hardly punished in all the months when I was held a captive; but my health broke down completely, and all of us experienced that painful nervous malady which in English one would call "captivitis." After one has been confined for several months — indeed, only for several weeks — in a small space, completely surrounded by barbed wire, his nerves are on edge, and he jumps at the least sound. How much more he jumps at some gruff order issued by one of the guards!

FOOD, OR, RATHER, NO FOOD

But the brutalities, the long and tedious confinement, the mental distress, and all the other hardships which a prisoner has to endure are really matters of secondary importance when compared with the food question. For a prisoner in Germany, everything hinges on food. I know by experience that a hungry man thinks all day long of nothing but food, food, food.

How many times I have been asked to describe the

diet which the Germans allotted to us! I always found words inadequate, but the definition which I finally decided as being nearest to the truth is: "Hot water with something swimming in it."

Early in the morning we always were given a strange concoction which was called "coffee." In reality it was brown hot water. At noon, we were given hot water with a few vegetables in it, mostly turnips. At night one or two boiled potatoes were handed to each man, or occasionally a raw herring, or a tiny piece of cheese. Once a day we were given a large slice of heavy bread.

A man fed on such a diet does not die from actual starvation, for it is extraordinary on what little food one can subsist. But one slowly declines, and becomes an easy prey for any kind of disease. Naturally one's powers of resistance diminish, too. The havoc wrought among prisoners by pneumonia, typhus, and especially tuberculosis, is appalling. The only reason why French prisoners do not die by the thousands every month in Germany is because they receive food parcels from home.

You will probably wonder if we really received our parcels from France. Sometimes we did, and sometimes, unluckily, we did not. Very much, in such cases, depends upon the camp where one is confined; also upon the period of the war; and sometimes upon the individual prisoner. In some camps and during certain periods of the conflict, one does not receive any packages at all.

Do not imagine for a moment that the Germans allow parcels to arrive through any human feeling toward their prisoners. You must realize that it is to the interest of Germany that the French prisoners should not starve entirely. The Hun derives great benefit out of the work which he imposes upon his captives. If a workman is starved, he cannot work. The prisoners used to try to explain their predicament to the guards in a picturesque phrase, half French, half German: "*Nicht manger—nicht travailler*" (No food — no work.)

It follows that the Germans are quite pleased to see the prisoners fed by their native country. Naturally — and very humanly — they steal parcels for their own use every now and then; but they always take care to see that the stealing is restricted. Otherwise they might discourage the French families from sending food to captives.

It is difficult to say how many parcels a man requires when these constitute his only source of supplies. I remember that at the beginning of my stay in Germany, my family sent me only candies and small *douceurs*. I could not explain the situation by letter, and it took them a number of months to understand that while these were very welcome indeed, they proved quite insufficient, and that it was really necessary for me to be fed entirely from France.

Of course the German civilian population gets little food itself, but there is no comparison between what they receive, which is little, and what the prisoners receive, which is almost nothing.

WORK BY MODERN SLAVES

When their man power was still important, the Germans did not think it worth while to employ prisoners at any work outside the camps. To-day, of course, this situation is entirely changed. Every private and every non-commissioned officer is now forced to work. Some till the land, but many of them are in the mines and the mills, where they are treated like convicts.

Many work in munitions factories. Imagine, if you can, the mental distress of the poor prisoner taken at the beginning of the War, who has been obliged now for four long years to manufacture shells which he knows are intended to kill his countrymen, perhaps his friends, perhaps his own brother.

Germany pretends that the prisoners are a great burden on her shoulders. This is a direct lie. Almost all the work accomplished behind the lines is now done by German slaves — a commandeered civilian population of Belgium, Northern France and Poland; and by the prisoners, especially the great number of Russian captives.

I am firmly convinced that if Germany did not have this army of working prisoners, she could not have resisted so long, and the War would be over to-day.

The Germans will tell you that most of these workers are *Freiwillige* (volunteers), that they are not obliged to work, but that they do it of their own free will! Two years of hard experience have taught me that what the Germans call "free will" we call "compulsion." I know now of their thousand and one tricks to trap the helpless man, and to force him to "volunteer." If he does not, he is made to realize that worse things will happen to him.

"WE ONLY WISH YOUR COMFORT AND YOUR HAPPINESS"

When I was taken prisoner, I knew that I would be brutally treated; that I would have to go through a life of misery; but what I did not realize was that I would be the witness of so much hypocrisy and villainy. I think that all of us would have accepted our hardships with less bitterness, if the Germans had told us, "We are the masters; you are to do such and such a thing." But this is not the German way. They always said: "We are going to do this and that for your benefit." And then we knew that the worst was to come! Or they would say: "We only wish your comfort and happiness, but the French Government is treating the German prisoners so badly, that, much as we deplore it, we are obliged to retaliate."

All the cruelties, all the hardships imposed on prisoners are invariably called "reprisals," by the Germans.

Of course we knew this pretext to be untrue, for all of us knew how well the German prisoners were and are treated in France. The Germans reveal an extraordinary lack of psychology when they imagine that the French prisoners can be so easily deluded.

With their usual craftiness the Huns always endeavor to make it appear that every hardship is a mild imposition of military rule. For instance, they very often change the prisoners from one camp to another. This, on the face of it, appears insignificant; but it is really one of the worst experiences a prisoner can be made to undergo, for it takes his parcels and letters about a fortnight or a month to be transferred; if he is changed often enough, he never gets anything from home, and almost starves. There is a diabolical cleverness in this system of changing prisoners from one camp to another. One can easily imagine how it affected us. Yet there was nothing that we could do. We were helpless pawns on the great chessboard of war, and we were moved about as our masters wished.

A CAMOUFLAGE GARDEN

One day, to our surprise, the Germans had us plant a nice little garden in one corner of our camp. We were quite pleased and delighted at first, though I heard one of the men say: "Why did they not plant potatoes? Then, at least, we would have had something to eat."

However, we soon discovered what they were after. When the flowers were in bloom they took photographs of the garden — even colored photographs, and, afterward, moving pictures. All this was intended for German propaganda in neutral countries. It would be shown that the happy French prisoners were living in a flowery paradise. The Hun will go to any lengths, you see.

I happened once to see one of the Government books on German camps — it was quite an edition de luxe, with very fine pictures and very beautiful type. It was all bluff, all camouflage.

FOOD ON THE SCREEN

Let me tell another little story of German cleverness.

When America was still a neutral country, the Y. M. C. A. gave $3,000 for a hut to be built in our particular camp. We were supposed to be allowed to go there freely; but, as a matter of fact, we never could use it, except to go to church there on Sundays.

When the hut was built, the Germans, in order to make a big impression on the American delegate (to whom we were, of course, not allowed to speak) pretended to give us an "inauguration fête." They even went so far as to give us a moving picture show — not to all of us, but to the few they called the "élite," the aristocrats (never forget that Germany is *not* a democratic country). These "élite" saw only views of camp life, which was nothing very new to them. Suddenly a big herd of beautiful cattle, and another herd of beautiful sheep appeared on the screen. At first we prisoners did not understand what it all meant. Then the explanation came. In big black letters there was flashed on the screen this sentence: "For the feeding of the prisoners."

That was really too much! The Germans not only never gave us any meat and actually starved us, but they had the impudence to show us on the screen what we were supposed to eat. Our indignation never rose so high as on this beautiful *fête* day.

THE "GAZETTE DES ARDENNES"

We were, of course, not allowed to receive any French newspapers — but the Germans said we were.

They print a paper called the "*Gazette Des Ardennes*" which is especially [*Continued on page 51*]

What Man Can Love the Irish When the Irish Fail to Fight?

by **Gelett Burgess**

HOW we've loved your gallant hearts,
Sons of Erin!
Loved your blarney, and your arts
So endearin'.
Faith, ye've wheedled us an' spelled us;
Wid your wit ye have excelled us —
Is the friendship that has held us
Disappearin'?

Have we not been friends for long,
Sons of Erin?
Sure the Emerald Isle is wrong
To be jeerin'!
Faith, ye've missed us very rarely
When ye fought for Freedom fairly,
We were wid the Irish squarely —
Yes, an' cheerin'!

Did ye know we're in a fight,
Sons of Erin?
For the cause of Truth and Right
Volunteerin'?
Will ye skulk when now we need ye,
Will ye let the Germans lead ye,
Fool ye, flatter ye and bleed ye
While she's sneerin'?

We can fight and we can win,
Sons of Erin!
To the way of shame an' sin
Ye are steerin'.
France and Belgium have called ye;
Have their sufferin' not appalled ye?
Has no Hunnish horror galled ye —
Buccaneerin'?

Raise the old green flag, an' send
Sons of Erin!
For 'tis Armageddon's end
We are nearin'.
Think ye you're the only nation
That demands emancipation?
'Tis a cry for man's salvation
Ye are hearin'
Sons of Erin!
For the *whole world's* liberation,
Sons of Erin!

Germany

by **William H. Hayne**

WITH Powers of Darkness she has kept the league
Of brutal slaughter and malign intrigue;
Defiant still, while waves of carnage roll —
Aggrandizement the loadstar of her soul.

When Our Transports Sail

by **Corinne Roosevelt Robinson**

WE wait, and hold our breath, for it must come —
The hour of anguish which shall strike for all;
When, like a heavy and unyielding pall,
We know what we have sensed with pulses numb.
The measured march of sorrow holds us dumb,
Imprisoned by our dread as by a wall;
Breathless we wait, and neither rise nor call,
Yet tremble at the echo of the drum.

O, Spring that we have loved and welcomed oft,
When bursting buds acclaimed the new-born year,
We shudder at the thought of what you bring;
Each breeze that murmurs softer and more soft
Hurries the breaking heart, the bitter tear,—
Death, the Intruder, tramples down the Spring!

The Best Man Wins!

Anderson Crow Meets His Waterloo and His Marne

by George Barr McCutcheon

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

FOR sixteen consecutive years Anderson Crow had been the Marshal of Tinkletown. A hiatus of two years separated this period of service from another which, according to persons of apparently infallible memory, ran through an unbroken stretch of twenty-two years. Uncle Gid Luce stoutly maintained — and with some authority — that anybody who said twenty-two years was either mistaken or lying. He knew for a positive fact that it was only twenty-one for the simple reason that at the beginning of the Crow dynasty a full year elapsed before Anderson could be convinced that he actually had been victorious at the polls over his venerable predecessor, ex-marshal Bunker, who had served uninterruptedly for something like thirty years before him.

It took the wisest men in town nearly a year to persuade the incredulous Mr. Bunker that he had been defeated, and also to prove to Mr. Crow that he had been elected. Neither one of 'em would believe it.

It was the consensus of opinion, however, that Anderson Crow had served, all told, thirty-eight years, the aforesaid hiatus being the result of a decision on his part to permanently abandon public life in order to carry on his work as a private detective. Mr. Ed. Higgins held the office for two years and then retired, claiming that there wasn't any sense in Tinkletown having *two* marshals and only paying for one. And, as the salary and perquisites were too meagre to warrant a division, and the duties of office barely sufficient to keep *one* man awake, he arrived at the only conclusion possible: it was only fair that he should split even with Anderson.

After thinking it over for some time, he decided that about the best way to solve the problem was for him to take the pay and allow Anderson to do the work,— an arrangement that was eminently satisfactory to the entire population of Tinkletown.

Elections were held biennially. Every two years, in the spring, as provided by statute, the voters of Tinkletown — unless otherwise engaged — ambled up to the polling place in the rear of Hawkins's Undertaking Emporium and voted not only for Anderson Crow, but for a town clerk, a justice of the peace, and three selectmen. No one ever thought of voting for anyone except Mr. Crow. Once, and only once, was there an opposition candidate for the office of Town Marshal. It is on record that he did not receive a solitary vote.

Republicans and democrats voted for Anderson with persistent fidelity, and while there were notable contests for the other offices at nearly every election, no one bothered himself about the marshalship.

The regular election was drawing near. Marshal Crow was mildly concerned,— not about himself, but on account of the tremendous battle that was to be waged for the office of town clerk. Henry Wimpelmeyer, the proprietor of the tanyard, had come out for the office, and was spending money freely. The incumbent, Ezra Pounder, had had a good deal of sickness in his family during the winter, and was in no position to be bountiful.

Moreover, Ezra was further handicapped by the fact that nearly every voter in Tinkletown owed money to Henry Wimpelmeyer. Inasmuch as it was just the other way round with Ezra, it readily may be seen that his adversary possessed a sickening advantage. Mr. Wimpelmeyer could afford to slap everyone on the back and jingle his pocketful of change in the most reckless fashion. He did not have to dodge anyone on the street, not he.

Anderson Crow was a strong Pounder man. He was worried. Henry Wimpelmeyer had openly stated that if he were elected he would be pleased to show his gratitude to his friends by canceling every obligation due him!

He was planning to run on what was to be called the People's ticket. Ezra was an Anderson Crow republican. Tinkletown itself was largely republican. The democrats never had a chance to hold office except when there was a democratic president at Washington. Then one of them got the post-office, and almost immediately began to show signs of turning republican so that he could be reasonably certain of reappointment at the end of his four years.

Anderson Crow lay awake nights trying to evolve a plan by which Henry Wimpelmeyer's astonishing methods could be overcome. That frank and unchallenged promise to cancel all debts was absolutely certain to defeat Ezra. So far as the marshal knew, no one owed Henry more than five dollars — in most cases it was even less — but when you sat down and figured up just how much Henry would ever realize in hard cash on these accounts, even if he waited a hundred years, it was easy to see that the election wasn't going to cost him a dollar.

For example, Alf Reesling had owed him a dollar and thirty-five cents for nearly seven years. Alf admitted that the obligation worried him a great deal, and it was pretty nearly certain that he would jump at the chance to be relieved. Other items: Henry Plumb, two dollars and a quarter; Harvey Shortfork, ninety cents; Ben Pickett, a dollar-seventy-five; Rush Applegate, three-twenty; Lum Gillespie, one-fifteen,— and so on, including Ezra Pounder himself, who owed the staggering sum of eleven dollars and eighty-two cents. There was, after all, some consolation in the thought that Ezra would be benefited to that extent by his own defeat.

Naturally, Mr. Crow gave no thought to his own candidacy. No one was running against him, and apparently no one ever would. Therefore, Mr. Crow was in a position to devote his apprehensions exclusively to the rest of the ticket, and to Ezra Pounder in particular.

He could think of but one way to forestall Mr. Wimpelmeyer, and that was by digging down into his own pocket and paying in cash every single cent that the electorate of Tinkletown owed "the dad-burned Shylark!" He even went so far as to ascertain — almost to a dollar — just how much it would take to save the honor of Tinkletown, finding, after an investigation, that $276.82 would square up everything, and leave Henry high and dry with nothing but the German vote to depend upon. There were exactly twenty-two eligible voters in town with German names, and seven of them professed to be Swiss the instant the United States went into the war.

Mr. Crow was making profound calculations on the back of an envelope when Alf Reesling, the town drunkard, came scuttling excitedly around the corner from the *Banner* office.

"Gee whiz!" gasped Alf, "I been lookin' all over fer you, Anderson."

"How in thunder was I to know what she was sayin'? She might 'a' been sayin' somethin' ag'in the United States Government, fer all I knew"

"Say, can't you see I'm busy? Now, I got to begin all over ag'in. Move on, now—— "

"Have you heard the latest?" gulped Alf, grabbing him by the arm.

"What ails you, Alf? Wait a minute! No, by gosh, it's more like onions. Fer a second I thought you'd——"

"I'm as sober as ever," interrupted Alf hotly.

"That's what you been sayin' fer twenty years," said Anderson.

"Well, ain't I?"

"I don't know what you do when I'm not watchin' you."

"Well, all I got to say is I never felt more like takin' a drink. An' you'll feel like it, too, when you hear the latest. Maybe you'll drop dead er somethin'. Serve you right, too, by jiminy, the way you keep insinyating about—— "

"Go on an' tell me. Don't talk all day. Just *tell* me. That's all you're called on to do."

"Well," sputtered Alf. "Someone's come out ag'in you fer marshal. I seen the item they're printin' over at the *Banner* office. Seen the name an' everything."

Anderson blinked two or three times, reached for his whiskers and missed them, and then roared:

"You must be crazy, Alf! By thunder, I hate to do it, but I'll have to put you in a safe—— "

"You just wait an' see if I'm—— "

"—safe place where you can't harm nobody. You oughtn't to be runnin' round at large like this. Here! Leggo my arm! What the dickens are you tryin' to—— "

"Come on! I'll *show* you!" exclaimed Alf. "I'll take you right around to the *Banner* office an'—say, didn't you know the People's Party nominated a full ticket las' night over at Odd Fellers' Hall?"

Anderson submitted himself to be led—or rather dragged—around the corner into Sickle Street.

Several business men aroused from mid-morning lassitude allowed their chairs to come down with a thump upon divers mercantile porches, and fell in behind the two principal citizens of Tinkletown. Something terrible must have happened or Marshal Crow wouldn't be summoned in any such imperative manner as this.

"What's up, Anderson?" called out Mort Fryback, the hardware dealer, wavering on one leg while he reached frantically behind him for his crutch. Mort was always looking for excitement. He hadn't had any to speak of since the day he created the greatest furor the town had experienced in years by losing one of his legs under an extremely heavy kitchen stove.

"Is there a fire?" shouted Mr. Brubaker, the druggist, half a block away.

MR. JONES, proprietor of the Banner Job Printing office, obligingly produced the "galley-proof" of the account of the People's Convention, prepared by his "city editor," Harry Squires, for the ensuing issue of the weekly. Mr. Squires himself emerged from the press-room, and sarcastically offered his condolences to Anderson Crow.

"Well, here's a pretty howdy-do, Anderson," he said, elevating his eyeshade to a position that established a green halo over a perfectly pink pate.

"Howdy-do," responded Anderson, with unaccustomed politeness. He was staring hard at the dirty strip of paper which he held to the light.

"Didn't I *tell* you?" exclaimed Alf Reesling triumphantly. "There she is, right before your eyes."

Mr. Reesling employed the proper gender in making this assertion. "She" was right before the eyes of everyone who cared to look. Anderson slowly read off the "ticket." His voice cracked deplorably as he pronounced the last of the six names that smote him where he had never been smitten before.

Clerk—Henry Wimpelmeyer
Justice of the Peace—William Kiser
Selectman, First District—Otto Schultz
Selectman, Second District—Conrad Blank
Selectman, Third District—Christopher Columbus Callahan
Marshal—Minnie Stitzenberg.

A long silence followed the last syllable in Minnie's name, broken at last by Marshal Crow, who turned upon Harry Squires and demanded:

"What do you mean, Harry Squires, by belittlin' a woman's name in your paper like this? She c'n sue for libel. You got no right to make fun of a respectable, hard-workin' woman, even though she did make a derned fool of herself gittin' up that pertition to have me removed from office."

"Well, that's what she's still trying to do," said Harry.

"What say?"

"I say she's still trying to remove you from office. She's going to get your hide, Anderson, for arresting her when she tried to make that Suffrage speech in front of the town hall last fall."

"I had a right to arrest her. She was obstructin' the public thoroughfare."

"That's all right, but she said she had as much right to block the street as you had. You made speeches all over the place."

"Yes, but I made 'em in good American English, an' she spoke half the time in German. How in thunder was I to know what she was sayin'? She might 'a' been sayin' somethin' ag'in the United States Government, fer all I knew."

"Well, anyhow, she's going to get your scalp for it, if it's in woman's power to do it."

"I'm ag'in any female citizen of this here town that subscribes to a German paper printed in New York City an' refuses to read the *Banner*," declared Anderson loudly—and with all the astuteness of the experienced politician. "An' what's more," pursued Anderson scornfully, "I'm ag'in that whole ticket. There's only one American on it, an' he was a democrat up to las' Sunday. Besides, it's ag'in the law to nominate Minnie Stitzenberg."

"I positively refuse to wear a star or carry a pistol," said Mrs. Crow, when she was asked to run for marshal

"Why?" demanded Harry Squires.

"Ain't she a woman?"

"Certainly she is."

"Well, ain't *that* ag'in the law? A woman ain't got no right to run for nothin'," said Anderson. "She ain't—— "

"She ain't, eh? Didn't you walk up to the polls last fall and vote to give her the right?" demanded Harry. "Didn't every dog-goned man in this town except Bill Wynkoop vote for suffrage? Well, then, what are you kicking about? She's got as much right to run for marshal as you have, old Sport, and if what she says is true, every blessed woman in Tinkletown is going to vote for her."

Marshal Crow sat down, a queer, dazed look in his eyes.

"By gosh, I—I never thought they'd act like this," he murmured.

Every man in the group was asking the same question in the back of his startled brain: "Has *my* wife gone an' got mixed up in this scheme of Minnie's without sayin' anything to me?" Visions of feminine supremacy filled the mental eye of a suddenly perturbed constituency. The realization flashed through every mind that if the women of Tinkletown stuck solidly together, there wasn't the ghost of a chance for the sex that had been in the saddle since the world began. An unwitting, or perhaps a designing, Providence had populated Tinkletown with at least twenty more women than men!

ALF REESLING was the first to speak. He addressed the complacent Mr. Squires:

"I know one woman that ain't goin' to vote for Minnie Stitzenberg," said he, somewhat fiercely.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Harry mildly. "Kill her?"

"Nothin' as triflin' as that," said Alf. "I'm goin' to tell my wife if she votes for Minnie I'll pack up and leave her."

"Minnie's sure of *one* vote, all right" was Harry's comment.

Fully ten minutes were required to convince the marshal that Miss Stitzenberg was a bona fide candidate.

Anderson finally arose, drew himself to his full height, lifted his chin, and faced the group with something truly martial in his eye.

"Feller citizens," he began solemnly, "the time has come for us men to stand together. We got to pertect our rights. We got to let the women know that they can't come between us. For the last million years we have been supportin' an' pertectin' and puttin' up with all sorts of women, an' we got to give 'em to understand that this is no time for them to git it into their heads they can support an' pertect us. Everybody, includin' the women, knows there's a great war goin' on over in Europe. Us men are fightin' that war. We're bleedin' an' dyin' an' bein' captured by the orneriest villains outside o' hell—as the feller says. I'm not sayin' the women ain't doin' their part, mind you. They're doin' noble, an' you couldn't git me to say a thing ag'in women *as* women. They're a derned sight better'n we are. That's jest the point. We got to *keep* 'em bettern' we are, an' what's more to the point, we don't want 'em to find out they're better'n we are. Just as soon as they git to be as overbearin' an' as incontrollable as we are, then there's goin' to be thunder to pay. I'm willin' to work, an' fight, an' die fer my wife an' my daughters, but I'm derned if I like the idee of them workin' an' fightin' ag'in *me*. I'm willin' the women should vote. But they oughtn't to run out an' vote ag'in the men the first chance they git. When this war's over an' there ain't no able-bodied men left to run things, then you bet the women will be derne l glad we fixed things so's *they* won't never have to worry about goin' to war with the ding-blasted ravishers over in Germany. If the time ever comes—an' it may, if they keep killin' us off over there—when the women have to run this here government, they'll find it's a man-sized job, an' that we took care of it mighty well up to the time we got all shot to pieces preservin' humanity, an'

[*Continued on page 44*]

Illustration by Clarence F. Underwood

"Going to France?" she exclaimed. "It wouldn't be safe! Why, they're fighting over there, and everything!"

Through the Haze

by

Porter Emerson Browne

Chapter XIX

ON May 7th, 1915, the *Lusitania* was torpedoed without warning. Eleven hundred men, women and children were drowned. Of these one hundred and twenty-four were American; peaceful American men, gentle American women, helpless American children.

Reeling beneath the horror of one of the most brutal wholesale murders of history, right-thinking America stood keen and tense and rigid, outraged, anguished, hot with righteous wrath. The nation that went to war over a tax on tea now saw its slaughtered men and women and little babies, their dead faces washed by the ocean's tears.

Constance, too, was struck with the horror of it. But to her it was a repetition of the *Titanic*. She had yet to realize that the Germans were a collection of individuals rather than a force of Nature.

That her husband's partner had been on board, and had drowned there in the sunlit waters off the Old Head of Kinsale, did not bring home to her this pregnant truth. Bob Drayton had been drowned, too, when the *Titanic* dragged out its lean vitals against its sunken enemy. Submarine or iceberg, what was the difference? The effect was the same. And the effect was all that she saw. To her, the cause was unsought and unrealized.

What had happened she knew. But why it had happened she did not know nor did she think to ask. It was all too horrible. Really, it was almost impossible even to *look* at the papers nowadays. It made one feel too *terrible!*

A discussion occurred at dinner the following night. Anstruther was angry, even through the customary contentment of three cocktails.

"The damned murderers!" he said. "Killing Americans as though they were cattle!"

"They were warned, weren't they?" queried Gifford. "They were told that if they persisted in going, they'd get killed."

"A piece of impertinence that should have been acted on by the State Department the minute it was seen," said Craig.

"You must remember that it was an armed English ship, loaded with munitions to kill German soldiers," stated Boelke, heavily.

"I don't give a damn what it was," exclaimed Anstruther. "They've murdered American men, and women, and children. And, by God, they ought to be made to pay for it!"

"It was their own fault," asserted Gifford. "They shouldn't have been on it in the first place. You wouldn't have caught *me* on board after that warning."

"I believe you," returned Craig, drily. "All the same, who are the Germans to tell Americans when and where and how they must travel? How long since they became sole owners of the Atlantic ocean?"

"But if a drunken chauffeur is running his automobile on the sidewalk," persisted Senator Evans, "it behooves intelligent people to get off the sidewalk regardless of their technical liberties."

"It does if they're cowards," said Craig. "If not, it behooves them to arrest the drunken chauffeur and see that he is properly punished for whatever crime he may be guilty of. If all the chauffeurs in the city should decide to get drunk and run on the sidewalks, would that mean that all decent people would have to stay indoors until they got through?"

Senator Evans coughed. "It is a most lamentable circumstance," he said. "But I am sure that a proper representation of American dignity will be forthcoming from the proper sources. I am quite confident that an adequate apology will be at once exacted from the Imperial German Government."

"Which will, I am sure," commented Craig, "be an eminently satisfactory consolation to a man who has lost his wife and children, or a woman who has lost her husband. He can hold a German apology on his knee, I suppose. And feel its little arms around his neck at bedtime. He won't be lonely at night; because there will be a nice German apology lying there beside him.

"To an honorable nation," he said, rising, "there can be no acceptable apology for murder. To a murderer, an honorable man can make but one answer. And that is action. And immediate action."

Chapter XX

AMES'S business was going rapidly to pieces. Like many another young man, he had leaned heavily, too heavily, upon the riper wisdom of an older associate. He had not learned to walk alone. His partner now dead, he found himself unexpectedly helpless to cope with rising complications. And he was too proud to ask advice.

But there was (or at least he thought there was) a silver lining in the cloud; a lining that promised dazzlingly soon to envelop even the cloud itself. He was making from the stock market more money than he had ever made from business.

And he liked the stock game better. There was quicker action; it was more exciting. There were no long office hours, no forced association with unattractive personalities; no dull and arduous problems that must be studied and solved. His business began to drift. Smilingly he let it. Was not a little white strip of paper daily presenting him with more money than all his onerous efforts at grinding toil had ever brought him?

Still it did take it out of a man! Gad, it was exciting! The cocktail hour at the club quickly stretched itself to two.

It was on the day after they moved back to Miramar for the summer that Don came. Constance was alone in the garden, where crocuses and tulips, released from their winter's prisoning, were stretching gladly toward the warmth and light. Tiny mountain pinks, about the base of the sun-dial, raised languid heads.

She started, on seeing him.

"Don!" she cried. "It's really you?"

He nodded.

"But I heard no motor!"

"I walked," he said. "I wanted to."

"But what are you doing here? College isn't over yet, is it?"

He smiled a little.

"It is for me," he returned quietly.

"You haven't done anything — been expelled?" she cried, quickly.

He shook his head.

"Then what —— ?"

For a moment he didn't reply. At length he spoke, slowly,

"It's that I'm going to France."

"France?" she repeated.

He inclined his head.

"But that's absurd!" she exclaimed. "Going to France? You can't do that! It wouldn't be safe! Why, they're fighting over there, and everything!"

"I know," he answered. "That's why I'm going."

Still she did not understand.

"And with those *awful* submarines!" she protested. "It's *terribly* dangerous! It's no time for a trip abroad *now!*"

Again he smiled.

"That," he said, "is where we differ. It is the time of all times for a trip abroad — *now*."

She was frankly puzzled. Not the slightest conception of what he meant came to her. But as she looked up into grave, steady eyes that belied the smiling lips, there came to her — she knew not how; never before had her mind been pregnant of even the slightest gleam — dim realization. She took a quick breath.

"You don't mean — " she said, tremulously.

He nodded.

"I don't suppose I'll be of much use. But maybe they'll let me drive an ambulance, or something. I'm not willing to let the Germans get away with what they've done to us, even if the Government is . . . To say nothing of Belgium —— "

She looked at him, eyes round, wondering, trying to realize.

"You remember René de Cartier?" he asked.

She did, vaguely.

"He's dead," said Don.

"Dead?" she repeated.

"He was shot through the stomach, at Liége; and bayoneted as he lay on the ground. They butchered his father in the town square because they found in a closet in his house an old fowling-piece that he had forgotten to tell them about. The Germans had ordered them to give up all arms, you know. . . . What they did to his mother, I'd rather not tell you. . . . "

Constance gasped.

"But how did you find this out?" she asked, dazedly.

"He asked a friend of his to write me. Of course this friend had no chance, at first. It was only when he himself was wounded, and sent to London." . . . He paused.

"And so," he went on, "I've decided to go over. There'll be a place for me somewhere; something for me to do."

She clutched his sleeve.

"No!" she cried. "You mustn't! Why, you can't do that! Go abroad to fight! You might get hurt! Terribly hurt!"

"That's true," he said. "I might."

He turned her toward him, looking down into her eyes. The sunlight smiled down all about them.

"Don't you understand it yet, even a little bit?" he asked. "Don't you feel anything from it? Anything at all?"

"Why, of course!" she cried. "It's *terrible!*"

He smiled again, and turned away.

She met Ames, at the motor entrance, to tell him of Don's decision; to implore him excitedly to help her dissuade Don from his mad and unreasonable resolve.

"The boy must be crazy!" Ames exclaimed. "It's ridiculous! Utterly absurd!"

"Yes!" she cried. "It's *terrible!*"

"We'll talk him out of it," said Ames. "Don't worry about that."

But they didn't. Constance's appeals, Ames's cold reasoning — both fell futilely back from Don's quiet determination, like flaming arrows, or snowballs, from a granite wall.

"But what business is it of yours?" demanded Ames. "This isn't *our* war, is it?"

"Our people have been killed in it," returned Don, quietly.

"But Germany has apologized for that."

"Suppose, then, that I kill you and apologize to Constance. That, of course, will make everything all right, won't it?"

"But the president has asked all Americans to remain neutral."

"It's the president's privilege to ask. It's up to us whether we want to obey.

Copyright by Abbe

Miss McMein

McClure's famous young cover artist is in France helping to entertain our men almost up at the firing line. Miss McMein can do this, because, besides being a painter, she is a brilliant mimic, plays and sings — in fact, she has seven bags full of talents, all of which she enthusiastically puts at the disposal of Uncle Sam. Watch out for her new pictures, coming in McClure's and which are now on their way from the front.

Suppose he asked us to allow a red-handed murderer to walk around and kill all the women and children in the neighborhood. Would we have to do it?"

"But don't you realize that if a lot of Americans go over and get all mixed up in it, it's liable to get the rest of us into it?"

"That," answered Don, "is my fondest hope." He looked him squarely in the eye.

"I suppose," he went on, "it's just as useless for me to talk to you as it is for you to talk to me. It's like arguing religion. You don't see what I see. That's all. To me it's no longer a fight of Germany against France, or England. It's a fight of right against wrong. It isn't any longer nations that are involved. It's principles.

"Germany, murdering, raping, enslaving, killing even women and little babies, tearing up treaties, invading helpless countries with fire and sword, using poison gas and submarines, represents to me only Evil. The Allies, fighting for their rights, their lives, their liberties, represent the forces of Good. It's now become known to be a battle of Right against Might, of Good against Evil. I might remain neutral while a mad dog bites a baby. I might remain neutral between criminals and the law. I might remain neutral between God and the Devil. But to ask me to remain neutral between our own women and children and their German murderers is too much. Dearly as I would love to oblige, I just can't seem to make it!"

When, after dinner, Don announced that he was going to say good-bye to Uncle Victor, Constance insisted eagerly on going with him. She herself had not yet been to see Uncle Victor, for which neglect she had, intermittently, mildly reproached herself.

Now, she felt, perhaps Uncle Victor would succeed where she had failed.

They found the old man drowsing before the embers of a dying fire, his dead pipe between his lips. He listened while Constance, in swiftly rushing words, told him the *awful* news.

"Tell him how foolish he is!" she besought. "Tell him that he can't go! That he mustn't go!"

Uncle Victor looked first at her, and then at Don. At length he shook his head.

"I can't do that," he said to her. "No, much as I'd like to."

And then, to Don:

"You're reelly goin', son?"

Don nodded.

The old man nodded, profoundly.

"I knew you would," he muttered. "Sooner or later."

For a moment the smoke seemed to get in his eyes; which was strange; for his pipe was dead, even as the embers were dying.

"All decent folks 'll be goin', sooner or later. If any feller in the world ever was due to get his comeuppance it's this here Kaiser, and his idiot son. An' me too old an' rickety to do anything but set in front of a fire!"

Constance at first was too surprised to understand. Then:

"Even you are against me, too?" she cried, hotly.

Slowly he nodded.

"But why?" she demanded. "Why?"

"I reckon it's because you're wrong," said Uncle Victor. "Because you're wrong. And he's right."

Unhappy, dazed and defeated, Constance motored home alone. Don had gone, as he had told her that he was going, to say good-bye to the girl he loved.

Which was yet another source of anguish to Constance. She wondered what she had done to deserve all this suffering!

Chapter XXI

SHE had a letter from Don the day he sailed.

It gave first the details of his departure; the address of his foreign bankers. Then:

"I wish, sometime, you would see Mary. Go to her. She will not go to you. I think she is a little afraid. For she knows how you feel. One cannot tell even white lies, you see — that is, successfully — to the woman one loves. . . .

"She is very lonely. Her father is a German; and her brother is fighting in the German army. . . . But she did not try to dissuade me from going. She did not cry. That is, not until I was actually going.

"You asked me, when at the station you tried so nobly to forgive me for my obstinate folly, if there was anything you could do for me. This is what you can do. It is all you can do. But do not do it unless you can do it from the heart. Otherwise it were better left undone. Heads are far too hollow for things like this; not your head, alone, or mine, but all heads. . . .

"I wanted, too, to ask you what there is that is worrying you. You have looked worried and unhappy, you know. I noticed it last summer and meant to ask you about it. Or is it that you are tired? But you certainly ought not to be tired, unless it's too many parties. . . . "

It was characteristic of Constance that, reading, she forgot the first part of the letter as she read the last.

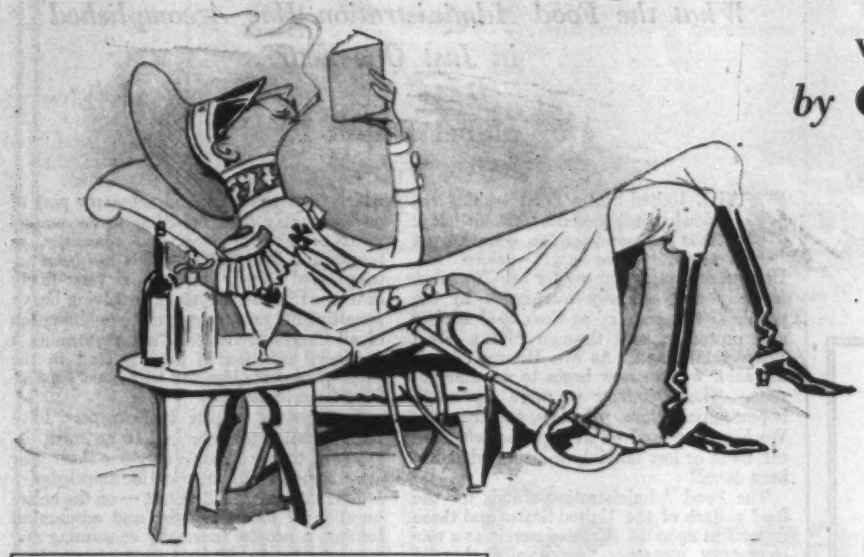
Tired, she might be, a little. She examined her face carefully, in the mirror. Hereafter she would have breakfast at eleven, instead of at ten. . . .

To those who have many material possessions, life stands ever ready to fill existence to overfulness. Honest emotions and high ideals, real feelings and acute perceptions, find their paths ever [*Continued on page 50*]

A Day in the Life of the Clown Prince

Cut Down to Five Big Historical Moments

Verses and sketches
by **Oliver Herford**

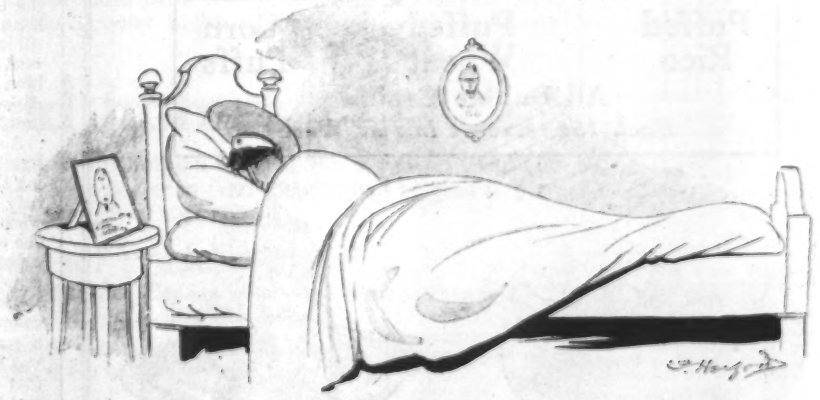


THE thing that Germans most admire
Is Clownie's coolness under fire;
He loves to watch it gleam and glow
'Mid fragrant smoke, an inch or so
Above his nose, as he reclines
In some Chateau behind the lines.
If the Clown Prince had his desire
He would be *always* under fire!

WHEN you or I get up at eight
We do not have to cogitate
And rack our brains concerning just
What suit to wear, as Princes must.
The Clown Prince has a hundred suits,
Including hats and belts and boots,
Yet in his master-mind he knows
Which he must wear and just what goes
With what, which chevron, sash or sword,
Each in his Royal Head is stored,
Down to the detail of a spur—
All in a Nut-shell, as it were!

THE Prince's shy and shrinking habit
Has earned for him the nickname "Rabbit."
This irritates His Highness more
Than all his country's grief and gore;
It hurts his *amour propre,* for it's
A clear case of "The Cap that fits."
But don't you think, however funny,
It's rather rough upon the Bunny?

HERE is the most uncensored sight!
The Prince in garb preadamite,
Taking (but tell it not in Gath)
A good old English shower-bath!



WHEN Clown Prince Willy goes to bed
It is his wont to lay his head
Upon the pillow, and extend
His feet towards the other end.
"But does he really wear his hat
In bed?" you ask — well as to that
I cannot say, I never saw him,
But that's the way *I* always draw him.

Which Puffed Grain Do They Like Best?

Find that out. And find which tastes best in each way of serving.

All Puffed Grains—Rice, Wheat or Corn—are airy, toasted bubbles.

All are steam-exploded.

And a fearful heat brings out in each a most delightful flavor.

Yet they vastly differ.

Not Once-a-day Foods

You need all three; for these are morning, noon and night foods, and you want variety.

In no other form is Wheat, Corn or Rice anywhere near so enticing. Nor so easily digested.

These are the finest of grain foods.

They are by far the best-cooked grain foods.

They are the only grain foods made by Prof. Anderson's process, by which every food cell is broken.

To children they are food confections. Yet they are simply grain foods in which every atom feeds. Such ideal, hygienic foods that one never need restrict them.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

Puffed Rice **Puffed Wheat** **Corn Puffs**

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c—Except in Far West

Mixed With Fruit

The Rice or Corn is considered most delightful.

On Ice Cream

Or in candy making, the Rice or Corn seems daintiest.

(1971)

Into the Kitchen with Hoover!

What the Food Administration Has Accomplished in Just One Year

by **Mabel Dulon Purdy**

THE United States Food Administration has just passed its first birthday. It is just one year ago — on August tenth, to be exact — since Mr. Hoover, answering our cry for help, was first formally and officially introduced to the people of this country as their food adviser and protector, and through him a Food Board established. As Mr. Hoover himself has said, we can now begin to measure results. "Last summer we were expressing hopes, anticipations, promises, and requests. We have now arrived at a period when we can more or less tangibly measure what has been done."

The Food Administration stands for the food welfare of the United States and those dependent upon us. Created purely as a war emergency measure, "specifically charged with the duties of carrying out the mandates of Congress in regulating supplies and managing a national campaign of food saving," its one great interest and purpose was the feeding of the American people and the people of our Allies. To control, order, and fairly divide whatever food we had on hand, and whatever food our vast acreage might be made to produce with those who had less and needed help, and to do this without sacrificing the health or definite daily needs of our own people, nor entirely destroying the normal balance of food conditions in our own country, was the big problem which it faced. In other words, out of our own none too generous store already sorely depleted by over-exportation, with little help from distant points, we were called to pay the tax and toll of war on the world's supply of food, and avert a possible world famine. Increased production, wise control, and reduced consumption — including the best possible use of all available food — were the avenues through which the Food Administration hoped to accomplish its mission, the desired results to be effected as far as possible, and in spite of a very long-armed Food Law, by voluntary co-operation of the people.

Under the sane, unswerving guidance of Mr. Hoover, however, more than the mere fair feeding of many millions has been accomplished by our Food Administration. The record of the past year shows an achievement more far-reaching than any could, perhaps, visualize or dare hope for a year ago. This achievement of the Food Administration, briefly summarized, now reads somewhat as follows:

The principle of voluntary co-operation as fostered by the Food Administration has established a closer working union between the Government and the people than, perhaps, our history has ever before recorded. All interests — national, state, political, business, professional, religious, individual — have been brought together with one unselfish purpose — that of solving the food and feeding problem of the world.

An exhaustive food survey has been made, resulting in very definite knowledge covering the entire food supply of the world, not only as to the amount on hand, but also where it is, and who controls it, as well as the extreme food possibilities of the various countries, and the extreme food needs of the people.

Through the Department of Agriculture, co-operating with the Food Administration, a greater acreage, it has been estimated, was sown in the United States in 1917 than ever before in the history of our country, and the promise of the coming harvest implies a still greater record for the present year.

Improved distribution, and market regulations governing this food have been effected, including efforts, with tangible results, at fair price control — although with prices necessarily variable — of the important staple foods which form the large and necessary part of our every-day diet, resulting in encouragement both to producer and consumer, to farmer and householder. This has been accomplished largely through a very finely developed licensing system, involving heavy penalties for profiteers, and the elimination of all classes of dealers "not performing a necessary function in moving food in the shortest possible line and with least expense from farm to table."

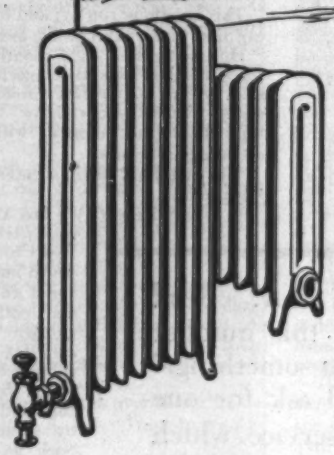
Twenty-two million housekeepers have been appealed to, organized to no small degree, and to-day a people only one short year ago commonly without scientific knowledge — indifferently ignorant, in fact — on the entire question of food and wise and economical feeding, a people "normally consuming and wasting 15 to 20 per cent. more food than is necessary to maintain health and strength," have to an encouraging extent been taught what there is to know about food, how to get the best and the most out of food, how to substitute, how to conserve, preserve, and stretch food to its extreme limit, with full realization that the world food problem cannot be separated from the home food problem. Perhaps the most triumphant item in this connection is the fact that in June "20,000 college girls in this country, at graduating exercises, received diplomas from the United States Food Administration for having passed examinations in an authorized food science course." Twenty thousand more disciples in the cause of food knowledge and national thrift — surely the Huns must waver!

A systematic campaign for the utilization of every ounce of necessary waste, refuse, and garbage has already demonstrated that this material is a valuable source of hitherto almost unsuspected wealth. "Figures and statistics show that in one ton of garbage there is sufficient glycerine to make the explosive charge for fourteen 75 millimeter shells, enough fatty acid to manufacture 75 pounds of soap, fertilizer elements to grow eight bushels of wheat and a score of other valuable materials essential in the manufacture of munitions."

And, as the final result, our possible food supply has been so increased, controlled, and conserved that essential staple foods have been shipped in quantities sufficient at least to sustain and encourage the Allies, and while the majority of these shipments have greatly exceeded any similar pre-war shipments, by several hundred per cent. in many cases, yet have our own people neither suffered nor even been seriously inconvenienced for lack of these foods — they have been fed, if not over-liberally, certainly wholesomely and comfortably, and have in addition been strengthened by knowledge, by effort, by less narrow methods of living, and by the discipline of sacrifice. Thus far more than the primary obligation of the Food Administration has been met.

But because of this achievement, it does not mean that we can now relax our hold. The game is not yet won, nor the time yet up. The end of the struggle is still before us — and the hardest part. What has been done only indicates what can be done, and what must be done. In order to be fed as we have been fed, in order to continue to sustain our Allies, in order to maintain our freedom, we need Mr. Hoover as our guide, and he needs our understanding, intense, unrelaxing co-operation until the play is played to the finish. If Dana Burnet, as he looked over the flame-scarred, poppy-decked plains of Flanders, felt inspired to say, "Thank France for Freedom, oh, you liberated, plain people of the future," surely reviewing the work of the Food Administration in this country for the year that has passed inspires us to say, "Thank Mr. Hoover for Food, oh, you well-fed Americans of to-day!"

"Food and Freedom" by Mabel Dulon Purdy. Harper and Bros. $1.00



Get ready *now* for 8 months winter!

The severe winter impressed every one that *first cost* ought never to stand in the way of the *best* heating outfit. Admittedly the outfit of an IDEAL Boiler and AMERICAN Radiators will cost more than short-lived hot air furnace or stoves. But, consider what you get in this *first cost*—an outfit that will save more coal for the heating service performed than any other kind of heating—*that will* take less labor and attention to operate—*that is* more cleanly—*that is* free from fire-risk—*that is* automatically adjusted to weather fluctuation—*that is* free from repair and over-haulings—*that is* a permanent addition to the value of the property and will last as long as the building stands.

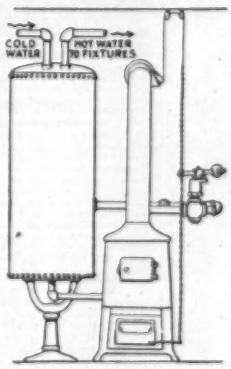
AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

With *all* buildings heated by IDEAL outfits there would be no fuel shortage

A million buildings now heated with IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators profited in great comfort and fuel-money saved by the wise investment in these outfits. By the turn of a valve the precious heat is shut off from rooms not used or needed, and families during even the past acute fuel condition have been able to live in comfort and burn less coal than they did in 1915. The sensitive control of IDEAL Boilers makes it easy to maintain a cooler night temperature which in *Ideally* heated homes has resulted in heavy fuel savings.

Easily put in old homes

Take the lesson of preparedness to heart! Profit by the experience of this million of ideal fuel-savers and find out right now what an IDEAL heating outfit will cost for your home. The dealer in your locality will be glad to give you an estimate based on a carefully measured plan to exactly suit your heating needs.



Our IDEAL Hot Water Supply Boilers will supply plenty of warm water for kitchen, bath, and laundry at cost of few dollars for fuel for season. Temperature just right, kept so by IDEAL Sylphon Regulator—fire never goes out! Write for booklet.

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The saving of coal next year will be more important than it was this year. Buy IDEAL Heating which burns the least and gives you most service and thereby makes the fuel savings pay for the outfit.

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There Is Work for You to Do in

The "My America" League

Join Us To-day, for We Need Your Help

What Is the League?

WITH the "My America" membership lists lengthening amazingly month by month, and larger plans for war work being made and successfully carried out in all parts of the country by wearers of the League button, it seems a good time to take up a little space on this page to tell new members something of the history and aims of the "My America" League.

The best way to begin is to explain briefly just what the League really is.

First of all, it is a clearing-house for the various kinds of patriotic work in which you and your friends are interested. Perhaps you live in a small village where there is no Red Cross Chapter, and yet you feel that you should be doing some work for our boys in France. In that case you write to the "My America" Editor telling what you would like to do and what the possibilities are for getting your fellow citizens together for this purpose. The "My America" Editor thinks your letter over and puts you in touch with one of the organizations like the Red Cross or the Navy League, or suggests work you can do in your own home.

Perhaps on the other hand, you are a worker in a munitions plant or factory. You may have noticed symptoms of enemy propaganda in your place of business. If you are a good American this has naturally worried you not a little, and finally you have decided that something must be done. We have had many letters, describing this very thing, sometimes from one of the workers themselves, sometimes from some officer of the company. Then the "My America" Editor has helped to organize a patriotic League in the factory, suggesting a number of simple, practical plans for counteracting any pro-German tendencies and for crystallizing and strengthening the patriotism which the greater number of the men and women feel. Perhaps there is not more than one mischief maker in the factory, but the effect of his influence has risen to the surface and created an impression of disloyalty which is far from being the true state of the men's feelings. We have formed multitudes of these big factory Leagues with splendid results, and some month soon we are going to give an entire League page to the work they are doing and the fine results achieved.

Then there are school Leagues — thousands of them; boys and girls who are working heart and soul for Uncle Sam under the direction of the "My America" Editor and their own teachers. Already the League numbers more than 70,000 members, each of whom feels an earnest responsibility to do his (or her) bit in the way best suited to his opportunities, for Uncle Sam. If you are not already wearing one of the little buttons shown above, sit down at your desk to-day and write a line to the "My America" Editor, care of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 25 West 44th Street, New York City. A postal will be sufficient if you do not wish to write a long letter, and your button and a circular of war work suggestions will be mailed you promptly. Better still, send us the names of a number of friends who are willing to form a League with you, and buttons for them all will be mailed to you with your own pin. No matter whether you believe you are so situated that war work is not possible for you — write and explain to us just why, and see if we cannot help you. At any rate, join the League and wear your button to show you have enlisted in the great army of Uncle Sam's patriots.

WHAT patriotic button do you wear? Read Dr. Frank Crane's article in this number on page 18, and get "buttoned up to something." Join the "My America" League and ask for one of our little badges of patriotic service which seventy thousand other members are wearing

Cameras Enlist

EVEN the cameras are enlisting in the "My America" League these days, and this is how they are doing it.

It all started with the members of one of our Leagues out west making a list of the boys who had joined the army and navy from their town, and sending each a bit of home in the shape of snapshots of familiar scenes and people.

Can't you imagine how the boys 'way over in France enjoyed those pictures? How they chuckled over little sister Peggy "snapped" just at the exciting moment when she was trying to milk the cow, or teach the new puppies to sit up and beg? And then big sister Mary in her Red Cross costume — you may be sure they exclaimed "Bully for old Mary! That's the stuff!"

If you know anything about boys you can see one of them passing on for inspection by some less lucky comrade the photograph of his home with mother, father and "the kids" on the steps, or exhibiting proudly a group of girls, old school-mates, perhaps, with the comment "The kind of peaches we have back home."

We hope that every camera owned by "My America" League members or their friends will be enlisted in this work.

A Red Cross Shop

A NEW and eminently practical idea for raising Red Cross funds has been tried successfully in Los Angeles.

This is a shop, run by, and for the American Red Cross, through the local Chapter.

During the first eight months of its existence this shop made about one hundred thousand dollars for the Red Cross. Since then many similar shops have been started throughout the country, with amazingly encouraging results.

Why not start such an enterprise in your town, too?

In connection with the Los Angeles shop is conducted a charming Red Cross Tea Room, which immediately secured an appreciative and enthusiastic patronage. Both shop and tea room were equipped almost entirely by voluntary contributions, and run by volunteer service. Such an undertaking should be started and carried out on a strictly business basis; too much emphasis cannot be laid upon this. Workers who offer their services should regard it as seriously as the business woman does the job upon which her living depends.

The easiest way is to divide the shop into departments, and appoint a manager for each. Start simply and then let the business grow as the way opens. Above all, do not start in debt through too ambitious plans. This is absolutely fatal to success. Secure publicity through your local papers; they will be glad to help if the matter is properly presented to them. Also see that the various guilds, societies and clubs of your town are interested — remember that you need everyone's patronage and co-operation! There must be no room for small personal aims or antagonisms.

Write to the "My America" Editor, care of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 25 West 44th Street, New York City. We will be glad either to answer your questions ourselves or to put you in direct touch with the Los Angeles Chapter.

A Notice

WE have had so many requests from business concerns and factories for copies of "The Time-Clock and the War" which appeared in the June McCLURE'S that we have had it reprinted in a little eight-page booklet. These booklets may be obtained at the special price of twenty-five cents a dozen, or in larger amounts, at fifteen dollars a thousand.

Send money and requests to the "My America" Editor, care McClure's Magazine, 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

WHAT is the spirit in your factory, or business? Are the men working for Uncle Sam as well as for their families and themselves?

In the answer to these questions lies your opportunity to do your bit toward "Licking the Huns." Whether you are employer or employee, the "My America" Editor will be glad to help you organize a patriotic League in your factory, office or shop. Many of the largest concerns in the country are already on our League roll. Write to us to-day for membership buttons, circulars and plans. Make your place of business a working unit of the army-at-home and back up our boys on the firing-line! Help to win the war!

"To-morrow I Fly!" — *Continued from page 17*

"Where are you from?" Jack asked, as he spread some of the excellent jam on his bread.

"I'm from San Francisco — University of California."

"There seem to be a lot of southerners here."

"The place is full of southerners. You hear their queer lingo everywhere. The south is sure doing its bit."

"Have you flown much?"

"I've had seven and a half hours," said the Californian.

This was Jack's first perception of the fact that young airmen are as meticulous about the time they have flown as young mothers are meticulous about their babies' ages. As a young mother will tell you that her baby is nineteen months and eleven days old, so a young airman will tell you he has flown four hours and a quarter, twenty hours and a half, or eleven hours and two minutes.

They rose from table, lighting their cigarettes.

"How do you put in the evening?"

"Well, you can go to town if you want to," said the Californian. "Yes, if your record's clean, you can go to town and stay till twelve o'clock every night."

"It's a long walk to town."

"Walk! We've got motor-omnibuses."

As they stood in the roadway in the dark, they saw shining cheerfully on every side the lighted windows of a hundred long, low buildings — dormitories, refectories, offices, officers' bedrooms.

"What's that big shack over there?"

"The Y. M. C. A. hut. Want to see it?"

"Sure."

They followed a thin stream of khaki-clad young forms that trickled slowly through mud and darkness before them. The Y. M. C. A. hut proved a pleasant, roomy place. There were chairs and little tables, as in a café, and a pretty girl presided at a counter where you could buy cigarettes, chocolate, soap, jam, etc. Two other girls, gotten up like waitresses, served the chaps at the tables with coffee, sandwiches, pie and similar delicacies. Prices seemed reasonable.

Jack and the Californian indulged in a piece of apple pie and a glass of milk and their bill was twenty cents — and then they retired to the Y. M. C. A. library in the rear. Here, too, was comfort; an abundance of light, an abundance of heat, an abundance of magazines and newspapers on all the tables.

Smoking, turning the pages of the magazines, the cadets talked. They talked about flying for the most part. Taliaferro, after only eighteen hours in the air, had got his brevet and left for the secondary school yesterday. Only eighteen hours! That was very good. It took the average pupil twenty-five hours. An odd fact was that it had taken Guynemer one hundred.

"Was Guynemer a slow learner?" Jack asked in astonishment.

"One of the slowest. He learned here, you know. That was when the school was in French hands. Oh, Guynemer was a poor flyer. He smashed up five machines before he got his brevet."

"That's encouraging news for a dub like me," said Jack Stanton thoughtfully.

And he looked at the strong and ruddy youths about him. Their average age was his own — twenty years. Some had entered the air service from university or medical school or law school. Others had entered it from business. They were frank, manly, unassuming chaps.

"Ever flown befo'?" a southerner asked.

"NO. What's a first flight like?"

"I laughed the whole time," said the southerner. "Mah only scare was comin' down. You come down so fast you think you're goin' to smash up."

"I got a bit airsick," said a Texan. "It was like seasickness."

"My first flight was fine," a Kansan said. "I was afraid of dizziness — you see, I'm a poor climber — but no; not at all; it appears that nobody has ever been known to get dizzy in an airplane."

Jack passed his cigarettes about. He was going to be very comfortable and happy here. These friendly chaps were not in the least like the New York and Philadelphia and Boston swells who made him feel so out of it at college. No, they were Americans, these chaps from Missouri and Colorado, Dakota and Kansas and Tennessee, and they talked American, not imitation English, and they treated you in an American, not an imitation-English way. How he liked them! They were Americans — Americans — and beside them the supercilious and hateful swells who had loomed so large at college took on at last their true proportions. He saw them at last for what they were, a wretched little handful, a few score among ten millions. Why, they didn't count at all!

"I'm going to be very happy here," he thought, and he smiled up into the darkness blissfully. The next moment he was asleep.

A GRAY day, a gray sky, an icy wind, and now and then a spatter of icy raindrops against the face.

"I'll get you some flying-clothes," said the head pilot, and bringing from his bedroom a khaki-colored bundle, he handed Jack a one-piece suit, or overall, which buttoned down the front. "Climb into this."

The long, loose trousers and the sleeves of the suit had an elastic device to make them tight and windproof at wrist and ankle. The material was a brown, rainproof, rubberized cloth, with a lining of rich black fur. Queer wires stuck out here and there.

"It's wired up, you see, for electrical heating," said the head pilot, as Jack put on the Eskimo-like dress and buckled the belt at his waist. "Fasten this steel and leather helmet under your chin. Here are your goggles. Off we go!"

The sky was more lowering than ever, as, two Eskimo-like figures, they strode down the black cinder road. The wind was cold and dismal, but the rain had ceased. The cadets were leaving the field gloomily. "No more flying to-day," Jack heard on all sides, and on all sides he saw the airplanes being pushed back into the hangars.

"Why has the flying stopped, Lieutenant?" he asked.

"It's too windy," the Lieutenant answered.

Jack nodded calmly. He was astonished to perceive how calm he was. He had expected to be nervous at this, the most important moment of his life, but he had never been calmer. Calmness in crises — was that going to be his characteristic as a soldier?

They halted before a biplane which two young mechanicians were warming up. The usual learners' biplane, it had the immense spread of wings which makes for safety. There were two seats, one behind the other, and in front of each seat rose a "stick," or bar, of brass, like the bar which supports the steering-wheel of an automobile.

"A double-control machine," shouted the head pilot above the roar of the motor. "That is to say, either I in my seat or you in yours can run it. Each of us has his rudder. Each of us has his stick."

He pointed out the rudder and the stick before each seat. The rudder was a wooden cross-bar on the floor that the feet manipulated, as in the case of a motor-boat or a bob-sled. "Simple, eh? Some pilots, though, steer altogether with the stick."

And then, taking hold of the stick, he showed how it moved in four directions — backward and forward, and right and left.

"To descend, push your stick forward," he explained. "To ascend, pull it back. Push it to the right if you want to lean and turn to the right. Push it to the left if you want to lean and turn to the left. Do you grasp that?"

And Jack repeated the lesson after him:

"Push the stick forward to go down. Pull it back to go up. Push it to the right for a right turn. Push it to the left for a left turn."

"Exactly," said the pilot. "And while we're flying, keep your hand very lightly on your stick and keep your feet very lightly on your rudder. They'll move, you know, precisely as I move mine. Maybe they'll teach you something.".

Then, putting his toe in a kind of stirrup at the side of the car, the pilot climbed into the front seat. Jack climbed into the rear one. They were very low seats, upholstered in black leather. The car was like a rough, cheap baby-carriage. The sides, about a foot high, were no preventive against rolling out.

But Jack felt quite safe as he adjusted his feet comfortably on the rudder and as he put his right hand on the shining metal stick which rose conveniently between his legs. A mechanician strapped him in with

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Figure the hours spent in paring it—just to lessen the pain for a time.

Figure the torture, the discomfort which nothing can repay.

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a broad strap which fastened very tight above his waist. The motor roared. The leafless plane-trees bent in the cold wind. The peculiar, sharp, acid smell of burnt petrol — the airplane smell — was in his nostrils. A moment, and, incredible thought, he would be in flight.

A mechanician tugged at the propeller, and the polished blade began to whirl around. It blew a blast of icy air in his face. Tears flooded his eyes. He drew down his goggles hurriedly.

Faster whirled the propeller. The motor's roar rose to an angry snarl like the snarl of millions on millions of aroused bees. Pilot and mechanicians exchanged a nod of approval. The mechanicians leapt out of the way. The biplane glided slowly off.

Slowly at first, then faster, it glided off across the green turf. The icy blast from the propeller blew in their faces. The strange, sharp smell of the petrol was in their nostrils. The stick leapt and jerked wildly, but on its rubber-tired wheels the plane sped smoothly over the grass.

Faster and faster. They soon had gained the speed of an express train. And now — yes, now they were up in the air. The stick ceased to leap and jerk. The movement was somehow different, steadier, a balancing, an oscillating movement. Jack looked down over the side. The earth was already five or six feet below him. Its distance increased rapidly, as he watched, to twenty, to fifty, to a hundred feet.

They were up in the air!

The speed seemed to be tremendous, a smooth, slightly oscillating, upward and onward rush. The silver-gray landscape enlarged every moment. Now the distant river became visible, now the town. The upward, onward rush exhilarated like champagne.

"I love flying," the young man thought. "How horrible if I'd disliked it — if I'd had to give it up! What a disgrace!"

He looked down over the side again. They were up some five hundred feet now. And they moved like an arrow shot from a bow. He put out his hand to test the wind pressure. The wind pressure was incredible.

On and up, but, as they rose, their speed seemed to decrease. The earth under them no longer seemed to rush past, but to lie quite motionless. They, too, seemed to lie quite motionless, save for that oscillating, balancing movement from side to side.

He breathed the sharp smell of the petrol. The snarl of the motor was furious and threatening. In front of him the pilot was crouched, a quiet, intent figure.

Again he looked down. Phew!. He shuddered. It was like looking over a precipice. They were high now for fair.

And they rose higher and higher, and they seemed more and more to stand still. He noticed in the wooden floor at his feet a hole about eight inches square. He peered down through it, and saw a farm with its outbuildings and gardens. How small the farm, seen from so high! And as long as he looked, the farm did not once pass out of his field of vision. As long as he looked, he did not seem to get an inch beyond it.

Higher, still higher! The river wound undreamed-of miles amid undreamed-of hills and woods. The houses, roads and fields were incredibly tiny. But he had no longer the exhilarating sense of flying. No, he had now a distinctly depressing sense of floating, of precariously balancing, at a tremendous altitude, in a cold, gray sky.

He looked at the wings. He looked at the supporting wires. Those wires seemed too flimsy. If something broke ——

And he looked down at the earth again. Phew! What a height!

To distract his mind he turned his attention to the stick. The biplane continually oscillated, and he knew that it was the stick which corrected this. So he took hold of the stick very delicately with thumb and forefinger; he fixed his eyes on it very attentively; but, to his astonishment, he could not detect the slightest movement in it. Always the biplane oscillated, but to him the stick seemed always to remain still.

Another look over the side made him feel dizzy. Hadn't someone said that dizziness was unknown in flying? Well, hang it, he felt dizzy, anyhow.

He felt weak and languid, too. A touch of airsickness, perhaps? Oh, Lord!

And the motor snarled on and on with dogged and incredible animosity. In front of him the watchful pilot crouched. The petrol smell was sour and nauseating in his nostrils. He was weary, weary of that blast upon his face. It seemed to him that he had been floating, oscillating, precariously balancing, up there in the cold, gray, unfriendly sky, since the beginning of time.

He said to himself with a bitter smile:

"Holy smoke! This tame passenger flight makes me sick and nervous — and in a few months I've got to go somersaulting and tail-spinning and side-slipping over the German lines, with the German shrapnel bursting about me, and the German Aviatiks chasing me, and me banging away with my machine-gun, and the Germans banging ——"

Suddenly the biplane in a strong and beautiful curve turned completely over on its side. The wings, instead of pointing to right and left, now pointed up and down. Yet he had no sensation of disaster; he only marveled; and, as he marveled, the biplane magically righted itself, and the pilot turned and grinned at him.

"How was that?"

"Fine!" he shouted, in feigned delight.

And he resumed his gloomy meditations.

"A machine-gun duel between two chaps on terra firma seems a mighty stiff proposition if you stop to think about it, but a machine-gun duel in the air, where you've got to manage your machine-gun with one hand, while you keep your biplane cavorting and somersaulting with the other ——"

Then he compressed his lips, leaned back, even pushed back. For the biplane was now standing on its head and falling. With nose pointed earthward and tail pointed skyward it fell straight down like a stone. The gray landscape rushed up toward it with inconceivable rapidity. Nearer — nearer — and of a sudden it smoothly and delightfully recovered its equilibrium, and they were mounting up into the gray sky once more.

"Nose dive!" roared the pilot.

"Great!" he roared back.

And again they were floating, oscillating, balancing, in the gray sky. How he hated it! How —— But the pilot was shouting something else at him.

"Had enough?"

"What?"

"Had enough?"

He assumed an air of tremendous disappointment.

"Already?" he yelled.

The pilot grinned, then seemed to study, to appraise him carefully.

"Strapped in tight?"

He grinned in his turn, nodded vigorously, and patted the strap upon his stomach in a reassuring manner. He had the air of one who expects a rare treat, while inwardly he groaned:

"Oh, gosh, what's coming now?"

The next moment, his face set in a smile of pretended joy, he felt the biplane turn quite over. They were upside down. "Oh, gosh!" But he kept smiling joyfully.

WHEN at last the flight was over, the pilot said:

"How do you like it?"

"I love it." Thus Jack Stanton, still joyfully smiling, lied. "I tell you there's nothing like it. I could eat it up."

The pilot gave him a look of approval which made him feel ashamed.

"You're a plucky devil, all right."

He blushed hotly. "Me?"

And he wandered off, still languid from airsickness, into the deep mud of the deserted flying-field. It was so comfortable here at this school. The grub was so good. The fellows were so dandy. If only ——

"I love it," he had lied. "I could eat it up."

Jack Stanton sighed hopelessly, little dreaming that his very next flight would change that whopping lie to Gospel truth.

[*Another adventure next month*]

"Am I the One to Go to France?"

This article by Grace Humphrey which will appear in the October number of McClure's is one of the most timely articles that any magazine could publish. In these days when each one of us longs to be in France, it is a good thing for us to search our souls and find out definitely if we have the qualifications that are needed. Even if we are those who have to stay at home, this article will give us much peace of mind.

The Stranger in His House

[*Continued from page 15*]

war, conceived and perfected with a deliberation, an inspired thoroughness, and a fixity of purpose undreamed of in the annals of the world. Those hosts of gray-green soldiers, numberless as the locusts of Biblical word, equipped with every device the world's masters of applied science could evolve, would have overrun the earth, he explained, but for England's misbegotten sea power. And they would yet do so, he assured them, if every head with a German heart beneath it would work for the cause.

Now, somewhere during the course of this impassioned recital Adolfe Schaeffer's naïve interest began to turn to amazement, and from amazement to a species of terror. He was scarcely able to believe what he heard, in a panic as to what he should hear next. This was not the Germany of benevolent foresters, of Christmas festivals, of a righteous people defending themselves in an unwelcome war.

"And lucky the ones," Herr Schmidt was saying, "lucky the ones when it's all over who have been on the side of the Black Eagle. I have traveled with the Prussian army," he said arrogantly, though he did not say in what capacity. "I was with them when they carried the victorious flag into Poland"—and here a fleeting shadow of lustful cruelty swept his face — "and I know how Germany can *punish*."

Mr. Smith was not gifted with humor. He kept his listeners suspended over an introspective pause and then catching Hermann's eye he added, "And reward."

It became clear to Adolfe that there were a number of things he must find out quite definitely. This stranger in his house suggested that against this background of a new Germany, dreadful shapes outlined themselves. Dreadful things he had read and heard now assumed an unbelievable plausibility. He would rather not find out, not know, but he owed it to himself and to Otto and to — America.

He asked with an assumption of casualness as real as he could achieve, first, whether Germany had really wanted the war and then about the methods of conquest and domination as they actually were. And during the recital that followed one elbow was propped on the table and his eyes covered with his hand. For an hour or more this "big man" of Hermann's idealizing, this German agent whose power was as great as it was mysterious, lingered over the lunch-table talking, and Adolfe received his baptism — not of fire, but of horror, of shame, of regret.

Then came the business of the day, and dreadful as had been what went before, he still was not prepared for the horror of that. Dazedly he gathered that flour mills and food depots and coal yards and steel factories were the enemies most feared by the Kaiser. Dazedly he saw designs calmly etched with a pointed knife on his tablecloth, and heard his son calmly receive instructions as to the special agent who would arrive and as to his own duties when the time came to strike.

Now, indeed, he could bear no more, and yet some instinct told him to hold, for the time being, his peace.

"I will have to leave you," he muttered. "I ain't been very well." And indeed he looked sick enough. "My son understands these things better than me. An appointment" — he added vaguely as he got himself away as best he could from the abhorrent presence of Mr. August Smith.

IT had been a dry, gusty day and a livid twilight set in early. The sky was overcast with thin greenish clouds. It was warm, and every now and then a few drops of rain spattered on the dirty sidewalks and streets and left great rings in the dust. In this light the city looked unusually ugly and commonplace. For a short time the streets had worn their accustomed air of activity when the business folk issued from store and office building — they, too, in the dull green light looked ugly and commonplace; but streams of crowded street cars and hurrying motors bore them away and the highways were soon almost deserted. It was not a night to dawdle or promenade. It grew darker, and arc lamps sputtered their violet glare over the crossings and rows and rows of yellow globes glowed into being.

Adolfe Schaeffer stopped and leaned heavily against a shop window, and taking off his hat he wiped his forehead with a bandanna handkerchief. He was tired.

This had been an exhausting day — a day of many emotions doubling on themselves, of uprooted loves, of rebellions and doubts. His apathy of the morning had vanished. From the time he left Hermann and Mr August Smith making their plans, building the great factories on his dining-room table and annihilating them in theory — this place for dynamite, that for fire — his brain had worked not very clearly but with a dreadful persistence. There was so much to think over, so much to un-think and readjust.

Strangely enough he was still angry with Otto. And yet, was it strange? When we are being forced to believe that which it is bitterer than death for us to accept we do not love all at once the finger that first pointed out the truth.

Again Schaeffer mopped his forehead. He felt too tired to start home. He didn't know where he wanted to go or what he wanted to do. Everywhere he seemed to see the dark face of August Schmidt with its cruel smile, fantastically veiled and unveiled by the smoke of the very finest of Hermann's cigars, and to hear again that tale of Poland.

Adolfe had never even tried to tell himself it wasn't true. It was so palpably and damnably true. It is possible to doubt that which is told for the sake of telling, but what Schmidt had actually related was infinitely less dreadful than the background he unconsciously sketched in. These things Adolfe could not doubt. It is possible to disbelieve what is told braggingly, but not when this bragging is of that which Adolfe Schaeffer would have supposed one would perish to conceal. And that one *should* brag of it argued for a point of view as monstrous as it was incredible.

And since this point of view indubitably existed then there must be two Germanys, the new and the old; and the new was a Germany which Adolfe's loyalty must abandon.

But however much his reason might flounder between what he had believed and what he had discovered, it did not falter in its judgment of those plans that Herr August Schmidt and—Great God!—his son Hermann whispered back and forth over their goblets of sweet champagne. This knowledge lay on Adolfe's soul with a weight he knew not how to bear.

AND, now, without his having become aware of it, a few people had gathered up and down the street, standing idly near the curb. They evidently were waiting. Sometimes they looked skyward and shook their heads. It might pour rain and it might not rain at all. It was hard to tell. The occasional sprinkles — like someone turning a garden spray in their direction — only lasted a moment and did not lay the dust.

Then from somewhere came the sudden music of a brass band. It seemed to liven the bystanders. They pulled themselves together and moved to the curbstone. Adolfe, too, was vaguely interested. Replacing his hat he went to the edge of the sidewalk and looked up the street.

A small parade was marching toward him. It seemed to be made up of a few sailors in uniform, some women wearing the white veils of the Red Cross and a handful of men in civilian clothes. And, of course, the band. They were few and they marched badly, but there was about them the dignity of inspired intent, for, in the van, in cross file stretching from curb to curb, were borne the Allied flags.

Unconsciously hats came off and tears were near the surface as these great banners, too big for the Boy Scouts who carried them, passed — streaking with glory the dusty workaday street and shedding their splendor on the score of dingy civilians who marched behind them.

Adolfe inquired what it was, and they told him that this was a company of naval volunteers. Volunteers — men who had offered themselves, so impatient were they to serve. Then suddenly he realized that Otto must be among them. Obeying an impulse he could not have explained, he stepped back, partly concealing himself behind the man on his right. The scene of the morning had come back to him, his son's defiance of him, and the harsh words, and amid his confused and

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painful emotions he was still conscious—preposterously—of a sense of injury.

Stubbornly he kept his face turned away till the procession had gone by. The onlookers dispersed—some of them following the recruits. Old Schaeffer followed the recruits.

The men were not taken to the station but to a paved square by the tracks, from which they could enter, directly, the troop train. Here they were to have a few moments with those who had come to see them off. These last stood massed on both sides of the file of men, waiting for them to break ranks. Among them was Schaeffer. At last he had looked for Otto, easily picking him out from among the rest. Adolfe's blood was pounding in his veins and his gaze was a little blurred as it strained upon his boy. A clergyman was addressing the young men, but Otto's father did not hear what was said, nor did he listen.

He was looking at the little group of volunteers, unsoldierly men in unsoldierly attitudes, un-uniformed and as unfitted as men could be for their terrible task. It was with such as these they were going to fight the Germans! Suddenly the singular beauty of it laid hold of him—and the sorrow of it, too. For he thought of the great army Herr Schmidt's impassioned eloquence had painted for them that day. A war monster of forty years' hatching; perfect, ruthless, invincible! Again he considered the haphazard group standing there in the mighty shadow of the Allied colors. They were eloquent indeed of how little this country had preoccupied itself with all this devil's plotting.

And why were they going out to meet the super-foe? he asked himself. Not because their very existence depended upon it, for there were still the English guns bottling up the German fleet, Adolfe found himself amazingly saying, but because—at last it came to him clear and whole—they were going because it was right. And he had learned quite thoroughly that day, from the lips of an Imperial servant why it was right. From Belgian slaves and drowned babies to tortured prisoners and the desecration of the red and white flag of mercy, every act cried out to the chivalry of the world: "Avenge us, lest pity and righteousness withdraw weeping from the face of the earth!" And America at last had heard the call.

"Only they should have gone before," was Adolfe's next amazing conclusion.

But now the speaker had finished. The young officer who circled about the recruits like a hen with a strange brood, held up a restraining hand and the band gallantly embarked on "The Star Spangled Banner." It was not a notable achievement musically, but to every man standing at attention and to each of those who had come to speed these men on their high adventure it was beautiful with a meaning it had never had before. Above them, dazzling in the white blaze of half a dozen search-lights focussed on it, the great flag of stripes and stars streamed along the wind.

The reflected glare vividly lighted the faces of the men, and Adolfe could see that Otto—from loneliness—from sheer Teutonic sensibility—was crying.

"Otto, Otto, your father loves you!" he exclaimed to himself deeply. He spoke in German and the man next him sent him a sharply suspicious glance.

"Gosh!" ejaculated the young lady standing beside Adolfe, shifting her gum, "don't that music make you wanta howl? Think o' these fellas volunteering! You bet I wouldn't volunteer. Bad enough to go if you haf to."

And old Schaeffer, who heard this, felt very proud. Otto had volunteered.

When the music stopped the guards stepped to one side and the waiting throng took its son or brother or lover to its heart. There were crying and kissing, and much joking, too. This was an inland city and many of the jokes dealt with the sea—bandied back and forth by young men who had never seen it. There was mention of whales and crocodiles and submarines and a great many, "I'm Irish, they can't drown me"—and similarly subtle witticisms were received with enthusiasm.

And Adolfe had pounced on Otto and taken him to his heart. They wept together with racial sentimentality and laughed together as they had in times gone by, and the band played and made "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" sound like "Poor Butterfly." Then, as the hour for departure drew near, Adolfe became suddenly serious.

"Otto, is that fella there in the blue coat the recruiting officer?"

"Yes, father."

"He belongs here in town then?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I got something to hand him before I go. Got a pencil?"

Otto had a pencil and Mr Schaeffer, tearing a slip from his pocketbook, wrote:

"Officer, report at once Herr August Smith who spent the day in the city. Address X Hotel. Investigate him. Urgent."

The Navy—Praise Be!

[*Continued from page 12*]

teen and a half days after work had been started on her.

"Oh, yes, that will do—that will do," a white-haired officer was saying. "Yes, that will do very well. But getting a hull into the water is one thing and filling her with engines and getting her ready for sea is another. She will be doing deep water duty—well, not before October or November."

Now the truth is that this veteran officer is in for the surprise of his life and it may come to him before these words are in print. For there is not anything wrong with the anti-submarine campaign of our Navy, unless it is the woeful fact that it was late and will cost a lot of money and attract a great deal of the Navy's attention and give the mind of the public the idea that a great and powerful defensive machine is being built up. And right there—if we are to make any mistake it must not be in our failure to remind ourselves always of the fact that if we are also building "big ones" with the hide of forts, and the hitting power and the speed, there must be *enough* of them. Almost enough is just enough to make defeat bloody, unexpected and of top-cost.

TO build the "big ones" takes time. They are not run into an assembly plant and dropped out the door like the "Eagles." To build the "big ones" is the only guarantee of naval strength. The Swiss watch greyhounds of a Navy and the Submersibles and the patrol craft are not a Navy. The real Navy is just what it was before this War began—the weight, punch and speed of the giants. Taylor knows that. All the Navy knows it. While this War goes on and when it is done, and for years to come, there is no treaty, no matter how solemnly made nor how friendly, and no army no matter how large and well trained, which can give the same guarantee of safety to liberty and our ideals that our Navy can give.

The spirit of a Navy is needed, too. That means men. The *morale* of a Navy is an element which is not left unfigured in the strength of Navies. It need be no secret that before this war began it was known that the spirit of the German Navy was not good, and that now it is less good. The Hun is a land bird by nature. He has no "feel of the sea." And a bottled Navy breaks the spirit of its men. Of course it is true that naval strength is ever becoming more and more a matter of sea fighting machines and that victories will be won by the ship-ways and the forges and the blue prints of a turbine.

Nevertheless, the Sea will always be the Sea. It will cast its favors upon those who know its heart and its infinite moods and none of these can ever be sounded and learned from statistics by any Prussian method. When a British cruiser picked us up one night in a fog-blown mountainous waste and a boat's crew of English sailors, which had been bobbing up on the crests to the cloud gaps and dropping down until one could believe they had touched the rocky bottom of the North Sea, came aboard, they were as much a part of the Sea and at one with the Sea as a lot of Mother Carey's chickens. That is the type of a real personnel—the officers and men—of a real Navy!

The man-power of our Navy is under the Bureau of Navigation, whose Chief is Rear-Admiral Leigh C. Palmer. It is he who has increased the number of the men needed for the War emergency, and who after the War is over will still be the foundation for a trained fighting sea force with the "feel of the sea."

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Of the active Navy organization, the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral William S. Benson, is the ranking member. It may be said that the bureau chiefs provide the Navy and that Benson and his officers and boards run it; but the demands of the War have given additional proof that the head of Operations and his councils of officers, must not only run the Navy after it has been produced, built, engined, armed, manned and supplied, but by reason of their intimate touch with the needs of sea power, must carry a large share of the responsibility for ordering the right kind of a Navy and the right development of special instruments for special purposes.

What was the Navy doing about the instruments with which to extinguish the Submarine? What was it doing from 1914 to 1917 while Germany was increasing the effectiveness of the Submarine and using the Submarine to declare war on us — to slap us in the face over and over again? It is said that the Navy was doing very little in the way of preparation for the anti-submarine campaign into which it was being driven inevitably. There are those who say it was not the Navy but the influence and power and office of those who thank God that we were not prepared when we entered the War, which are chargeable with the responsibility. Really, when one looks at Benson, or at the Bureau Chiefs of the Navy, *they* do not appear at all responsible for this unpreparedness.

After the War came, the Navy took counsel with itself and decided to devote its primary and most strenuous effort to helping in the extinction of the Submarine. It jumped to the task like a creature unleashed. But it was not prepared. How little it was prepared and why is not clear. Perhaps it never will be. The one thing that is clear is that when the Navy was unleashed, it had a policy, it had the organization to pull itself together to meet the Submarine and it is doing the job, Navy-fashion.

The critics of the War Department in their anxiety to see things go well, and following the safe and sensible rule that it is better to cure defects in the machinery than crow about promises, nevertheless often forget the size of the War Department's job. For example, they have not had the leisure to estimate properly the unparalleled conscription worked out so smoothly by Crowder, after the way had been paved by the preparedness advocates, by the universal military training proposal, by the Plattsburg idea and by Leonard Wood. In comparing with the Navy the mistakes and muddles preceding the final gathering of our military ordnance, equipment and man-power which when trained and ready will be, not only a force in the doubtful victory of merely holding the Germans, but the decisive factor in the only possible military purpose — that of administering *defeat*,— it is often forgotten that an army can muddle along for a time and finally, as ours will, become a great army with adequate training and sufficient officers of experience to handle in quantity the men we may have to use before we are done. It is possible to start an army with the *men* and nothing else. At least the sources of supply of arms and equipment are not cut off completely. There is hope for tomorrow. If beef is not available, get biscuits.

The Navy, on the other hand, must go to Sea in order to be a Navy. Before it goes to Sea, it must have ships. When a ship leaves a harbor there is no looking forward to getting biscuits to-morrow if there is no beef. Unless the men are fairly trained, unless the equipment is there and works; unless there are adequate supplies, fuel, food and ammunition, there is no possibility of leaving anchorage. An unprepared army may be an army, but an unprepared navy is no navy at all.

It is this undoubted fact which is urged as the real reason for the outstanding record, so far, of the Navy.

Nevertheless, when the cover is raised, there is something else. That something else is the thing which the business men and the manufacturers of America have seen when they have looked in. It is the thing which the Navy has more than any part of our war machine. It is management.

Resource of men and material things America has in enough abundance to whip two Germanys. They are to be made available only by organization — and by men like our Bureau Chiefs.

The Navy — praise be — has it!

That is good, one thinks, after some days close to the organization machinery of the Navy. It is good to see the simple, efficient do-and-not-talk Navy. It is good to think that our Navy is functioning. The battles on land may have the headlines but our safeguard and the ultimate measure of our power of self-respect is in the Fleets, which, if big enough in the future, will win bloodless triumphs by ——

Bottling 'em in rather than battling 'em down.

When we pay for that, we buy the right, when the present War is over, to tuck our children into bed at night and then to go out and look up into the infinite dome of the sky — in peace.

One of the By-Products — [*Continued from page 10*]

she began, and was gratified when he turned toward her eagerly.

"Why, Marchester's a sort of cousin of mine," he said, "and I'm always seeing Helen when I'm in town. Odd that you should mention them — because I heard only yesterday that Timmy'd been gassed. Not fatally. But he'll be out of it all for a while."

"Gassed," said Nora. "Timmy gassed! Why,— that's the most horrible thing that can happen to a man at the front, isn't it?"

Major Waites looked at her oddly. It was clear that this pretty American had not the slightest idea. . . . "My dear Mrs. Tailler," he said, "a soldier can't exactly select what shall happen to him. Our Hun friends don't allow it."

"But they suffer so," said Nora. "And it's so cruel!" It was the involuntary cry of the class that has been sheltered from every physical hardship or danger.

Major Waites shrugged his shoulders. "It's war," he said tersely.

Nora was still groping. "Oh, yes, I know — but — of course, I know there have been frightful casualty lists of the British officers — men I had met — yet I should think men like Marchester wouldn't be allowed ——" she broke off.

"Wouldn't be allowed into danger?" asked Waites, an unmirthful smile behind his eyes. "Oh, I say, Mrs. Tailler, Timmy's not that sort. Timmy's not a Cuthbert."

"Cuthbert?"

"That's the name we have for the young men who very obviously ought to be in khaki, but who aren't and who've managed somehow to get their little exemption badges — Cuthbert."

"Oh, I know ——" and for the first time in her life Nora Tailler did not manage to say the Correct thing. She could not for a moment think of anything to say. This lean dark man with the rigid way of holding his head — she thought of the bullet in his neck and shivered — had somehow created for her a vision. It was of Marchester, nice little rabbity Marchester, who didn't look a bit like a Duke — Marchester who was always making ridiculous puns and stepping on women's trains, and breaking his silly monocle — Marchester trapped by poison gas, suffering, writhing, choking — but not flinching or making any fuss about it. She felt sure that Marchester didn't flinch or make a fuss about it.

"No, Marchester was a funny little man," she said, at last, thoughtfully, "but he wasn't a — Cuthbert."

And that was the way Nora's acquaintance with Michael Waites began.

They had no chance to say anything more that day, for George was presently sweeping his guests into the library. Nora leaned towards Waites as he passed her. "You must drop in for tea and tell me more about Helen and Timmy. And about the war."

Again he looked at her oddly. This wasn't an idle young matron making a bid for flirtation, nor a morbid sensation-seeker who would demand to know all about atrocities. Major Waites was tolerably familiar with both those types. No — this was someone quite different. It was as if she were asking him for help — for help to understand — quite simply and earnestly. And she was assuredly very pretty, *very* pretty.

"I'D love it, Mrs. Tailler," he said, and passed on after George and the other men, walking with that slight stiff limp, and holding his head a little rigid.

Now the war, for all it had affected George Tailler so powerfully, had not done the same thing to him that it had done to Michael Waites. So far the war had cost George only a great deal of money (of which he still had an over-abundance) and a great deal of time, and a great deal of strong emotion, which had to do with large and abstract ideas — like patriotism and national honor and things like that. It had cost Michael Waites most of his male relatives, all of his dearest friends; it had spilled much of his blood and taken his leg and left him only a little this side of being an invalid for life. Because, as an individual, it had cost him so much, he had a great understanding and interest in individuals. And, from the first, he was curiously attracted by this young and charming woman whose husband appeared not quite to see her as a real person, yet who gave no evidence of being an unhappy or discontented wife. He knew very well that Nora Tailler was not going to weep on his shoulder and tell him that she was a *femme incomprise*. But because she so plainly wanted to see him again (for that had been in her voice and eyes, too) and because he couldn't quite make out why, he dropped in to tea very promptly. But there were other people there, so that he had no chance really to talk with Nora. He did not miss, however, her social deftness, which was as unostentatious as it was sure, and he decided that she was even prettier than he had thought.

Further to increase his interest in her, he heard her tell a vivacious, insistent woman in wonderful sables, that she could not help in some one of her pet war charities: "I don't object to being associated with your climbers, Dolly," Nora had said, "but I'm convinced that the whole thing needs a public accountant to work at it and get its finances in shape. *I* don't want to be arrested for embezzling." And when Dolly had protested with a little shriek of indignation, Nora had added, laughing, "Of course I don't think you're dishonest — but I *know* you're unbusinesslike, which is almost worse, in its final effect."

"She's a cut above the most of these smart Americans," he thought, as he walked down the Avenue after that first call. "And for all her poise and her sophistication there's something about her — unawakened. I wonder how she came to marry Tailler — good chap in his way, but fearfully limited."

Wondering why a pretty woman came to marry her husband is not exactly a sign of lessened interest. Indeed, it too frequently serves for the first line of a domestic triangle. Michael Waites knew this as well as any seasoned Londoner and smiled grimly at his train of thought.

"Don't be a bally ass," he told himself gently, and dismissed Nora and her husband summarily from his mind.

He was materially aided in this dismissal by a newsboy, who suddenly projected himself before the Major and waved his wares. In strident type there struck upon his eyes an announcement which, no matter how well expected, was calculated to make the heart skip a beat:

WAR ON GERMANY!

It was an extra, and the Major, unused to the tricks of American journalism, hastily invested, only to read with disgust the small, very small, italicized lower headline:

Is Inevitable Soon, Washington Thinks

He flung the paper in the gutter and limped on in disgusted wrath, thinking with various profane embellishments all the things that so many people, both English and American, thought during the early months of 1917. He was also damning himself for having been taken in by the catch-penny methods of the American press sensationalists. He even went so far as to say he didn't care whether America came in or not. He reached his hotel in a fine state of exasperation and finding there a peremptory summons to the Embassy, he left New York for Washington forthwith.

Thus it was that for a while Nora Tailler saw him no more. But he had left the vision with her and with this before her, she awakened to a certain sympathy and understanding of George's frenzied moods. No doubt, she reasoned, he had seen the war all along as she was only beginning to see it. She had been blind, selfish, narrow, hard. She did not spare (*Continued on page 42*)

"Poor Black Sheep!"

[*Continued from page 20*]

The barmaid looked up from her spigots. Once upon a time she had been handsome. There was a ghostly hint of it in the contour of the face, the blue eyes and the curved lips. There was nothing bold or hard about the face, nothing brutalized. She was English.

"You? I thought you'd croaked!" She wiped a red hand on her apron and thrust it across the bar. "When they carried you out, you was fair done. I thought you'd croaked. Well," wearily, "what's it to be to-night?" She had seen them come back so often!

"Never again, Mary."

"You mean it?"

"Yes. I'm going home."

"How?" Cynically.

"I don't know, but I'm going, Mary."

"Have you got a home?"

"Yes. It's three thousand miles from the front door to the back door, with the sky for the roof."

"Going to fight?"

"That's the ticket."

"They won't take you; you're not fit."

"But I'm going to be."

"What brought you here, anyhow? You don't belong to this scum."

"I was a fool, Mary; and I brought myself here. I haven't any alibi."

Collingwood smiled, and Mary eyed him somberly. Neither knew anything of the other's past, though their acquaintance had ranged through three years. She was quite as taciturn in her way as he was in his.

"Good-bye, then; and stick it out." She turned to her spigots because she did not want him to see the sparkle in her eyes. The only white man who had been decent to her in years! And he was never coming back.

Collingwood returned to his room, with only one thought: he had desperately wanted a drink and hadn't taken it. Had he ever really said "No!" honestly, before?

To-morrow he would go to the American consul and ask for help. That would test this new-found pride. Months ago he had borrowed a hundred dollars from the consul to pay for passage home. True, he had left security in the shape of a ring, once his mother's. But he hadn't gone home. Instead, he had gone on a wild carouse that had landed him in Singapore. He had worked his way back to Japan via the stoke-hole. Since that day he had given the consulate a wide berth. But on the morrow he would present himself to the consul, tell the truth, and ask for assistance. Whatever his metal was composed of, it had first to go through the crucible of humiliation.

He blew out the candle and crept under the ragged coverlet. For an hour he stared at the star-spangled window. He had wanted a drink and hadn't taken it. A miracle had happened.

•

FROM eight-thirty until ten Collingwood sat in the consulate anteroom, awaiting his turn. Ship officers, tourists, they flowed in and out. The consul was a busy man these days. In this hour and a half Collingwood's shame dwindled and vanished utterly. He was calm and resolute when finally the clerk summoned him.

"Mr. Randolph."

Collingwood answered to this name in Yokohama. He stepped into the private office. The consul was writing. When he had finished his letter and signed it, he looked up.

"So it's you, Mr. Randolph?" he said ironically. "I suppose you've been all the way to America and back since I last saw you."

"I spent that money on a carouse," replied Collingwood simply. "I wound up in Singapore."

"You're frank about it, anyhow. Well, I can do nothing more for you. The ring you left as security isn't worth a hundred dollars. But for the curious wording of your note, I shouldn't have bothered to see you at all. I staked a lot on you that day, and you didn't make good."

"No, I didn't. You'll think it odd, but it was pride that brought me here this morning."

"Pride?"

"Pride in the knowledge that I'm going to make good. I haven't come to beg. I want to go home. It's my chance to do a decent thing—perhaps to die decently. I'll work my way back. I don't care what the job is."

"You mean you want to go home to enlist?"

"Yes. I want the feeling that I'm giving myself. It's my chance. I've just come out of the hospital, and I'm physically weak. I want work that'll build me up. I'm naturally strong. I'm only thirty-two. Perhaps it is the only chance I shall ever have again. Will you help me?"

The consul tapped his desk with his pen.

"What brought you here, anyhow?"

Collingwood looked down at his canvas shoes. Presently he met the consul's searching eye. "Morally I am a thief, but not legally. I am not in any way amenable to civil laws. I took what I *thought* belonged to me. More than that, I'm not ready to disclose. The only chance I may have! I hate to beg. It chokes me. But I'll beg."

"Very well. I'll buy your ticket and give you twenty-five dollars. I don't suppose your name is Randolph; but no matter. Come in Friday."

"You don't understand me," said Collingwood. "I don't want a free ride. I want work, hard work, something to give me back my strength. As I stand now, there isn't a recruiting station in the world that would accept me."

"On that basis I'll give you all the help I can."

"Captain Chadwick!" announced the clerk, breathlessly.

"Show him in."

The sea captain was red, vigorous and breezy. "War!" he boomed. "By the Lord Harry, I'm a happy man! I've got a piece of real bunting to break out on the breeze. Eh, man? A flag that nobody'll ever sneer at again. I sha'n't sleep o' nights thinking of it. Where's those bills and invoices?"

"Ready for you, Captain. I say, here's a man who wants to work his way back to the States. Wants to get in shape to enlist."

"That's the stuff! Come aboard the *Shandon* this afternoon. I'll help any man back on that proposition. Stoke-hole?"

"I'll take it," said Collingwood without hesitance.

"Go get your dunnage. Twenty dollars at the dock in San Francisco."

Collingwood then did a courageous thing. He knew before he spoke that these two men, out of their wide experience, would look with cynical distrust upon his request.

"Can you advance me that twenty?"

The sailor laughed. "I'd never see you again. If you don't like the terms, hunt for another job."

"What do you want the twenty for?" asked the consul, kindly.

"I owe a Chinaman that money. His name is Tom Wu. He has been a white man to me, and I can't go away in his debt. It's the only debt I've got."

The consul stroked his chin.

"That's right!" jeered the sailor. "Think it over, and give him the money. But kiss it good-bye, first."

"Young man," said the consul gravely, "I'm going to risk one more gamble on you. Here's your twenty and here's your ring. I'm trusting you against my natural inclination, in spite of my wide experience with your kind. But I look upon it as a patriotic duty to ship you home. Here's your chance. Pay your debt to the Chinaman. I know him. And go aboard the *Shandon* this afternoon. I sha'n't be able to help you again."

"And look here, my hearty," added the Captain, who was only cynical, not unkind; "come aboard with your dunnage this afternoon, and I'll add five to that twenty."

"Thank you both. This kind of bucks me up. I'll pay it all back—if I come through."

"You can pay me rather cheaply," said the consul. "On the day you don Uncle Sam's uniform, have a tintype struck off and mail it to me. Good morning, and good luck."

When Collingwood was gone, the sailor grinned and observed: "This is no job for you. You ought to be private secretary to a philanthropist."

"By George!" exclaimed the consul, half starting from his chair.

"What's the row?"

"I promised to inquire of every ne'er-do-well if he happened to know a chap named Collingwood!"

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THERE must be some celestial force in the human will, for it was not mere physical effort that carried Collingwood through his first watches in the stoke-hole. He was not a physical wreck, but he was a very weak man. From the bunkers to the furnaces and back to the bunkers, he panted and sweated, bringing up in his mind pictures which served (when his grinding teeth failed him) to lock his knees: meadows powdered with clover, a bit of bunting in the breeze, and the smiling face of a lovely girl.

They were crowding on all the steam the boilers would hold, for there were rumors of raiders and submarines in the Pacific; and Captain Chadwick purposed to make Honolulu on full speed.

The volcanic flashes from the furnaces gave vivid pictures of naked and half-naked men. Yellow men and brown men and white men swarmed hither and thither and yon. The roar of the furnaces and ventilators, the never-ending slither of the coal, the shouts, the dust, the thud-thud of the engines, the greasy sheet-iron flooring, the insupportable heat—through it all Collingwood plodded on. He was lifting himself by his bootstraps. There was one ceaseless thought: to make his body straight and strong, and then to give it to his country.

Twenty trips an hour, four hours to the watch; eight hundred genuflections toward that hellish black heap. He tottered, he slipped his loads. His heart shook his body, shook it as the beating engines shook the ship. But he dug his coal and rolled his barrow, counting, counting.

At the end of the second hour of this first watch he stumbled and fell again. This time he did not get up. He had fainted. A Chinaman calmly seized a bucket of tepid sea-water and sluiced the heaving torso.

"I am dying!" whispered Collingwood.

The Chinaman caught him by the shoulders and heaved him to his feet. After a glance into the black and ghastly face, the Oriental gave the sick man a shove toward the ladder.

"Top-side!" he ordered; and picked up the barrow. There was no sentimentality behind this seemingly compassionate act. Sick men were in the way here.

Dimly Collingwood understood. He staggered toward the steel ladder and swayed perilously as he climbed it. Unmindful of his drenched condition, he plunged into his bunk and lay there for ten straight hours.

His watches were from noon until four and from midnight until four. At midnight he was hauled unceremoniously from his bunk. He drank his soup and went down into the hole again. He was like a man walking in his sleep. During this watch he fell twice, and twice someone gave him a bucket. He had muttered "I will" so long and incessantly that it became automatic. If anyone spoke to him he answered, "I will!"

For four days the idea obsessed him that he was living in a nightmare; but after the eighth watch the food began to take hold and build. He had spoken truly that he was naturally strong; and he also had the resilience of youth, young manhood. But for all that it was will alone that had carried him into the fifth day.

He had learned to listen for the concerted falling of the slice-bars — the end of the watch. He tipped his barrow and followed the men to the hose. The smack of the stream against the skin was like no tonic he had ever known — cold sea-water. He had been going up on deck every afternoon, but without any real idea of the fact. It was only on the fifth day that he realized he was under the blue sky and the sunshine.

HE flung himself on the hatch and slept with the mild breeze ruffling his hair. At six someone yelled "Chow!" in his ear. He was still bone-and-muscle tired, but he was hungry; and this unexpected zest for food was the turning point. He saw sanely. The little tricks he had picked up in a former experience of this order came back, serving to lighten the labor. He saw human beings in the glare; they ceased to be shapes out of hell. The thud-thud of the engines now became friendly; it talked; it said, "Going home! Going home!"

After this, he was one of the first to gain the deck. He snoozed on the hatch or lolled against the rail, brooding. He had in his pocket a clipping from the newspaper he had picked up out of the gutter. Each day he read it. The crispness had departed; the slip of paper had become limp and rag-like; still he treasured it.

Then came the last temptation. He was leaning against the rail, reading the newspaper clipping, when someone nudged him.

"Have a nip, ol' scout?" The speaker was one of Collingwood's barrow mates.

The sight of that bottle with its amber fluid awoke The Thing. That irresistible urging, that calamitous flash of desire, swept over Collingwood, and his hand went out, only to pause in mid-air. He had never taken his liquor slowly, with relish. He had taken it in gulps, furious gulps, like a blind man striking in the dark. The supreme inconsistency of his attitude lay in the fact that if he contemplated the poison he might not touch it! His hand, poised in the air, sank slowly. Over and beyond the man who was offering the bottle streamed a cheery banner. To make his body straight and strong, and then to give it to his country.

"No!" he said. He laid his head on his arms. If ever there had been a real call for alcohol it was now; if ever there had been a time when he knew he must not touch it, it was at this moment. "Take it away, my friend; in God's name, take the stuff away!"

"All right, ol' scout. I didn't know but you'd like one kick. Where we're headed for it's goin' t' be scarce. This is my last bottle, believe me. I'm going t' re-enlist. Will they take this ol' hulk? Well, say! Eight years in Mindanao, an' ain't got a bellyful yet! Gee, but this is goin' t' be th' real article. 'Hike, yuh son of a sea-cook, hike!' Sow-belly an' good coffee every day. Well, if yuh won't take a nip, yuh won't. I seen yuh handlin' coal when yuh didn't know it from tapioca. Stick it out. An' t' hell with Bill Kaiser! Th' poor ol' goat thinks we can't fight! Th' ol' flag, huh? Look at her! Mine, by God! I've been a booze-fighter, a waster, I ain't lived as clean as I might've; but when I was under her I never did nothin' that wasn't white an' square. So I'm goin' back."

Collingwood raised his head. He could see that the man was half-seas over.

"You talk like a white man; act like one."

"Whadda yuh mean by that?"

"Chuck it over now."

"Chuck it over?"

"Yes. I did. If you can't do as much, your talk is hot air. Chuck it over."

The ex-trooper scowled and turned the bottle around and around in his hands. Then he sailed it into the sea.

"I'm game for anything—once. But that was good whisky, ol' scout, an' I ain't expectin' yuh t' kiss me for givin' it th' boot. I ain't sayin' I'll never touch it again, neither. But yuh called me an' I had t' show yuh."

"Will you shake hands?"

"Sure; but I don't aim t' kiss yuh."

At the rail above stood two interested spectators, a young woman and the first officer.

"Did you see that?" she asked.

"Yes. On a trip like this we're not overparticular. All the white men in the hole are going back to enlist, so I understand. I wonder what the younger fellow said to make that Hercules toss his grog over? The black sheep! Each one of them has the vague idea that this war is going to be his chance of redemption. I've seen lots of black sheep in my time, but I never saw one show the white feather in a pinch. I begin to believe that they are a race apart, wild, untameable things; and we call them black sheep because nobody really understands them."

"Nobody but God," murmured the girl. "Thank you for talking like that. But that young man down there who had his head on the rail — I've been watching him every afternoon. He leans against the rail, takes something out of his pocket, it looks like a newspaper clipping, and reads it. Then he stares and stares at the horizon so long that it gets on my nerves. I wonder what it is he reads and rereads?"

"Would you like me to inquire?"

"Wouldn't it be impertinent?"

The sailor laughed. "That's a word the black sheep have forgotten. Better let me speak to him."

"Then bring him up. I don't know what gives me the idea, but I believe I've seen him somewhere before."

"I'll bring him up."

She watched the encounter closely. She saw the derelict raise his eyes in her direction, start and stare intently, then nod. When he finally stood before her, she gasped in astonishment.

"Why, you're the man who picked up my bundles!"

"I was very glad to do it."

The girl took quick note of these words. An ordinary man would have said: "Yes, Miss." She also recognized the fact that if there was any embarrassment it was on her side.

"Perhaps my curiosity goes a little too far," she said hastily, "but I could not help wondering what it was you read every afternoon, down there by the rail. Am I impertinent?"

"Not in the least. You are welcome to read it." He gave her the clipping. As he did so his shoulders stiffened perceptibly and his chin rose a little. To bring himself back socially to this wonder-creature's level, was his thought. The girl who had intermittently occupied his reveries, not because she was lovely but because she had been kind!

The girl read aloud without consciousness of the act: "The day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace that she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

The first officer touched the visor of his cap. He too stiffened. There was a fire in the girl's eyes her sudden tears could not quench.

"You are going back to enlist?"

"If they will take me."

"My name is Jeanie MacKenzie. Will you shake hands with me?"

Collingwood turned his hand over this way and that, speculatively. "It is not very clean."

The girl laughed happily. The tears in her eyes twinkled for a moment, trembled and went back. "I shall be very proud to shake your hand." With her small white hand in his grimy, calloused one, she added: "One's country; to love it and to die for it if need be!"

She returned the clipping. For a space he looked into her eyes. The intensity rather flustered her. But she understood. He was only photographing her in detail in order to remember her if ever they chanced to meet again.

Collingwood turned toward the ladder, but as he did so he saw another hand, deeply tanned — a sailor's.

"You're not going without shaking my hand, too, are you?" asked the first officer.

It was Collingwood's turn to be flustered. He shook hands embarrassedly, turned again and went down into the waist. He kept on straight to the companion. He wanted to be alone with all this marvelous inner sunshine. The girl who had given him the clover blossoms!

"Poor black sheep!" said the girl. "Mr. Henderson, I shall always remember your pity. My mother and I — we know all about black sheep. And that is why we step out of our way to be kind to one when we meet him. God send them all home!"

AFTER that, Collingwood would come up at four and Miss MacKenzie would manœuver to get around to the cross-rail at that hour. If he happened to look in her direction — which he always managed to do once — she nodded. But he never went near the ladder; and so far as he could see she never made any direct sign that she wanted to speak. From the corner of his eye he would watch her, while pretending to gaze out to sea. He saw that generally her book did not hold her interest. She, too, seemed to find something more satisfying in the rim of the sea.

He was not aware of the subtle transformation taking place in his heart. He thought he was only grateful and interested.

There are some love stories that really have no beginning and never come to any ending. These belong to a species of day dreams: something we want to come true but which we know never will. We write ourselves fairy stories and live through them in fancy. Collingwood made believe he had fallen in love with Miss MacKenzie. This was a habit. He was always building fairy stories around the pretty women he saw — at a distance. He was like the little child before the candy-shop window, saying, "I choose that!" He built all sorts of fantastic adventures in which he and Miss MacKenzie were comrades.

It was at Honolulu that he saw the mother and daughter again, coming up the gangplank after a day's jaunt in town. The girl nodded brightly, and said something in an undertone to her mother. The latter turned quickly and stared at Collingwood, who was lounging against the main-deck rail. The stare confused him, for there was something so direct in it, something so searching, that he felt his soul bared for a moment. But almost instantly the light of expectancy died out of her face, leaving the serene mask. The two disappeared into the companion.

One afternoon, it was the third day out of Honolulu, Miss MacKenzie went down the ladder to the waist. She manœuvered her way daintily among the sprawled bodies of sleeping Chinamen, Hindus, Japanese and white men. In her pongee and Panama, she looked like some fairy who had stumbled among the Forty Thieves. When she reached the man leaning against the rail, she lightly touched his arm.

Collingwood turned. There was on his face the rapt expression of a man who has been away on the wings of a pleasant dream. But when he saw who it was, a gasp escaped him. He had just been building one of his dreams about her, and here she was at his elbow! Tongue-tied, he could only stare at her.

"You mustn't be afraid of me," she said, with a companion to the smile that had gone so warmly into his heart that first day. "I thought perhaps you'd like to talk with someone . . . who was of your own people."

"My own people!" he managed to repeat.

"Yes. Didn't you once know people like me?"

"Never quite like you, Miss MacKenzie."

"You remember my name, then?"

"I shall never forget it. It was a fine thing you did that day. I needed a smile, only God knows how badly I needed it! And all the wealth of Golconda could not have purchased those clover blossoms."

"I'm glad," she said. "But certainly you knew young women like me."

"I'm afraid not. Seeing me at this moment, they would have passed by quickly enough. And I shouldn't blame them." His gaze went back to the sea. It was hard work to look at her and think clearly at the same time.

"But you are going back; you are going to start all over again?"

He did not answer.

"I don't want you to think that I am just curious," she said. "I think what you are doing is fine. You are going back to fight for your country. Whatever the past was, you are on the way to balance the account."

He faced her suddenly, an intolerable bitterness surging over him. "What would you say if I told you I was a thief?"

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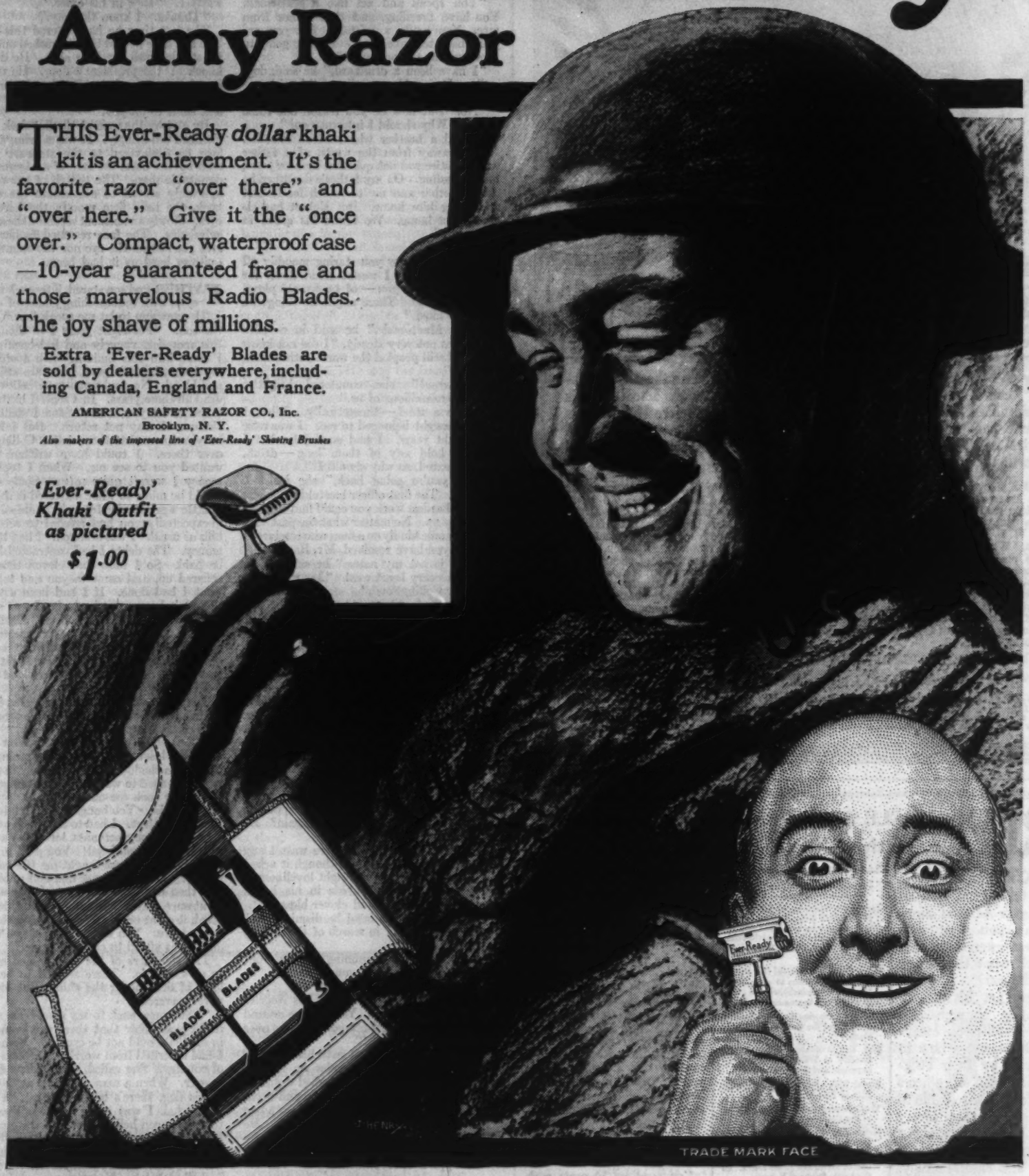

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McClure's Magazine

It shocked her. She felt an inclination to step back, but she conquered it.

"But you are sorry?"

"Sorry? I don't know that I am sorry for the deed. I may be only sorry because it brought me to this."

"You are sorry for the deed. You couldn't help being sorry."

"What makes you believe that?"

"You speak and act like a gentleman. You have breeding, and that comes from race. You made a mistake; but you are going back to make good. You are going to give your life to your country."

"I have been a drunkard," he said, doggedly. He would never lie to this girl.

"But you will never touch liquor again."

"No. But how do you reason out these things? Why should I interest you?"

"I had a brother who made a mistake. He ran away from the wrath of a father whose justice was not qualified by mercy and understanding. On my father's deathbed he asked mother and me to search for Robert and bring him home. But Robert had already gone home. We found his grave in Singapore."

"I'm sorry."

"So, when I saw you staring moodily off to sea, I thought I would come down for a little talk with you — of books, old plays, pictures, music. There might be things we mutually liked."

"Miss MacKenzie," he said in a voice which was not very steady, "I did not know that God still peopled the world with women like you."

"Nonsense!" she countered brightly. "There are millions of us."

"I am a thief — theoretically. What I took I thought belonged to me. I was over there eight years. I had good jobs, but I couldn't hold any of them long — drink. Nobody cared, so why should I?"

"But you're going back," she insisted. "I know. The first officer has told me. You took the hardest work you could find to build your body up. No matter what the past was, God will smile kindly on a man who resolves to do what you have resolved, Mr. Randolph."

"That is not my name," he said. How warm his weary heart was! "My real name is Arthur Collingwood."

Collingwood. She was sure that she had heard it, but when and where escaped her at that moment.

Two more wonderful afternoons, and then bad weather set in; and Collingwood did not see her again until they landed in San Francisco. He met her at the customs barrier.

"Would you like to write to me?" she asked. "Here is my address. Do write. Tell me how you are getting along, what troop you join, and where. I'll write, too, if you wish. What you men in the trenches will need are cheery letters. Good-bye!" Her lips broke into a whimsical smile. "I should say *au revoir*, for we shall meet again."

He watched her until she disappeared outside with her mother. Meet again? He doubted it.

Fairy stories! And yet there wasn't any bitterness in his heart, even though it ached dully. He knew that the bright loveliness of her face would always abide in his heart. Jeanie MacKenzie — and clover blossoms!

With a jerk of his head he dismissed the dream, and went off in search of the nearest recruiting station.

"Sorry," said the examining surgeon, "but there's a spot on one of your lungs."

"Any hope?"

"Barrels of it! Go down to Los Angeles and get a job on a farm. You'll come around all right. This war isn't going to be over to-morrow. Good luck!"

But Collingwood did not go to Los Angeles; he went east. He stole rides on freight, worked in the alfalfa fields, washed dishes in a cheap restaurant, hoed potatoes, and eventually landed in Omaha. Here he was again rejected, but again he was given hope. He fought on, patiently, doggedly; since there was hope he would never lay down the task he had appointed for himself.

THE offices of the Henry Collingwood Realty Company occupied the left of the twenty-story gray brick shaft in lower Broadway. The building was one of the company's many assets.

At four o'clock, on a September afternoon, a soldier with corporal's chevrons stepped out of the express elevator and stood still for a moment, looking around. A vigilant red-headed boy stepped forward.

"Business?"

"Yes."

"Name?"

"Collingwood."

The boy's eye, and a boy's eye is the most terribly appraising thing in existence, ran its glance over this soldier who said his name was Collingwood. He saw clear eyes, brown skin, the air of alertness which always is the hallmark of mental and physical vigor.

"Who juh wanta see?"

"My father."

"Gee!" said the boy, in an awed kind of whisper. "He's in his office."

"Thanks. I know the way."

The last time he had entered this office! The last time he had blindly rushed out of it! He strode down the long aisle. He did not knock at the president's door. He opened it quietly, stepped inside, closed the door and stood straight and grim, with a truculent slant to his jaw.

By and by the man at the flat desk raised his head inquiringly. It was a grim, austere face he discovered to the stalwart young man by the door, the face of a vigorous, indomitable man. The thatch of snow-white hair only served to accentuate the eagle's beak, the hard firm mouth, the hard blue eyes. Slowly amazement softened these characteristics. The face resumed its hardness; and yet neither the eye nor the mouth was quite so hard as it had been.

FATHER and son stared into each other's eyes, with the searching glance of eagles.

"I want you to let me speak first," began the son. "For eight years I've thought of this moment, vaguely and indeterminately. I came into this building with a storm in my heart, but it's gone. We are still flesh and blood. No doubt you have believed me dead all these years. In a sense I have been. I had to let you know. Soon I shall be in France. I may not return. But I had to let you know that there was a Collingwood over there. I could have written, but I wanted you to see me. When I took that money I wasn't quite sober. Some day it would be mine, so what mattered it if I took a little against the future? Suddenly and unexpectedly you had refused to settle my bills as usual. I was stunned. I had to have money. The debts I had contracted had to be paid. So I took that eleven thousand, squared up, and came to you and told you what I had done. If I had been a thief I shouldn't have come back, for I was an unhappy youth. But I came back. Coldly and without understanding, you told me to clear out. You had no son. You threatened me with prison if I remained in New York. You had no son. Because I had your blood in me, I did not beg. I cleared out."

The son took off his hat and tossed it on a chair. The face under his burning gaze remained unchanged.

"You never understood me. You never made the least effort to. After grandmother died I was the lonesomest little boy in all the world. I used to watch you and hunger, but you never took me on your knee. I didn't seem to exist. You bought toys and dumped them at my feet. I had to find out how they worked. Money, servants, but never a hand-touch. How I suffered! You paid my bills later, but you never taught me the value of money. You let me run free and unbridled; and then one day you put saddle and curb on at once. You can't tame a wild thing and break it all at once. And the funny thing is, I loved you. You were a kind of god to me, and I was afraid to come near you."

The shoulders of the man seated seemed to sink a little. There seemed to be more folds of flesh under the chin. But his eyes never wavered.

"I've come back to say good-bye. I had to let you know that there was something in me that could not be crushed. Something I had inherited from warrior ancestors—love of country. She called, and I knew I must answer. When a man can weep at the sight of his flag, there's hope. I wept. I knew then what I was going to do. I've gone through seven hells to get into this uniform. I *willed* it. I took a broken body and made it strong and straight. I took a blight that I had inherited from your side of the family and throttled it. I'm a man now, by God, bone and muscle, heart and mind!" Swiftly the fire left his eyes, the tenseness his body. He stretched out his hand impulsively. "Will you take it, sir, before I go?"

The father rose. His face was working now. There was a tremble to the lower lip no other man had seen. He crossed the room and stopped within a foot of the hand which was shaking now. But he did not take it. Instead, he brought his two hands down upon the khaki shoulders. He stared intently into the brown face which tilted backward slowly under this scrutiny.

"Hell!" was all he said, the hardness

going out of his face and an expression replacing it such as the son had never seen there before. It was a fierce, possessive kindliness.

Collingwood junior felt his contracted heart let go and fill to bursting. And as his father's arms slid around his shoulders and tightened into a bear's hug, his own stole up and under. So they stood for a long time, with an occasional pat of the hand. When they drew apart their eyes were wet, but their lips were smiling.

"I was a pig-headed fool, my son. So you enlisted! A son of mine, fighting for his country; my blood and bone! I used to think there wasn't any God, but I guess there is, I guess there is. I didn't know what flesh and blood were until this war broke out and I knew that sooner or later we were going to be dragged into it. Then I began to see things. I learned a lot by that window there. How many times have I sat there looking down the Bay, crossing oceans, continents, in search of you! I ate my heart out. I waited for you to come crawling back, forgetting that folks of my blood never crawled. A son of mine, giving all he has — his body — to his country! Don't mistake me, son. I'd have put my arms around you if you had come in rags. I didn't have a gray hair in my head when I sent you away. I'm white now. When I laid a course, I always followed it. I took the precepts of business and applied them to flesh and blood. . . . Hell! Come over to the window where I can have a good look at you."

The son, blinking hard, permitted himself to be led to the window.

"Mine! Why, God bless you, son! A soldier, flesh of my flesh! And you *willed* it. That was Henry Collingwood's blood. You *willed* it. All the other things were your mother's gifts; but the *will* to do anything was mine. I dumped you into the muck, but you willed yourself out of it. Will you forgive me, son?"

"With all my heart, father."

"How long is your leave, son?"

"I've got to report in the morning."

"All right. We'll have dinner at the house, and start life all over again. So you willed it! And you couldn't sneak off to your transport without giving me a chance, could you? You were a Collingwood — angel-devil breed. Suppose we go down to the car and spin around town until dinner?"

The rest of that afternoon was very hazy to Corporal Collingwood. Home! A real understanding between this grim old father and himself! He had stormed into the office with fire in his heart and burning reproaches on his tongue. And what had happened? After he had poured forth the vials of his wrath, he had thrust out a hand, and the old boy had hugged him! And here they were, hobnobbing, riding around New York, and slapping one another on the knees, choking every once in awhile and trying to hide it with laughter which cracked ominously! It was almost unbelievable.

At half-after six they drove up to the old home. Collingwood felt himself propelled into the hall. He had hardly dropped his hat on the old hat-rack bench, when the same hand propelled him up to his old room. He stood on the threshold, gaping in wonder. The room looked exactly as on the day he had left it. There were his old military brushes, his shaving-set, his old bath-robe hung from the closet door.

"Did — was this room — did you leave it like this, father?"

"No, son. Your things were up in the garret. I had them brought down the other day."

"The other day?" the son repeated mechanically.

"I knew you were coming back, Arthur. I knew you wouldn't pile off to France without dropping in on me. You were a Collingwood. We might have had another row; but you'd have come to my office just the same — to tell me what you thought of me! I knew where you were, what you were doing, for weeks. No questions! Wash up and come down as soon as you can."

Collingwood washed, brushed his hair and reached into the handkerchief drawer, and *found* a handkerchief. All these actions were automatic, unthinking; they expressed the extreme astonishment of his mind. He tiptoed down the heavily carpeted staircase. He heard voices in the parlor, and the light laughter of a happy woman!

Slowly and without sound he pulled apart the portières and looked within. The mystery of all this wonderful half-day was solved. But almost instantly a transformation took place. He saw himself standing by the grilled court of the Grand Hotel in Yokohama. Two rickshaws rolled up. A white-haired woman stepped down first. The other. . . . The perfume of clover! He saw himself picking up the bundles. He saw the friendly smile on her lovely face as she extended the homely bouquet, blossoms which reposed that very moment in the pocket of his regulation blouse, and clearly he heard her say,

"Aren't they wonderful!"

"YOU'RE not sorry for what I've done?" she said later, as they stood in the hall. In a moment he would be leaving for his train. "When you told me your name was Collingwood, I knew I had either heard it or seen it somewhere. It did not take me long to solve the riddle. I had seen your father's advertisement. I wrote him at once, and I told him everything. Whenever you wrote me, I wrote him. We left you in the dark because we wanted you to fight it out all alone. I saw him frequently. You're not sorry?"

"Why, God bless you, I did not know that I ever could be so happy again! Would you like to see something I've been carrying around — next to my heart?"

He took out the dried clover blossoms.

"You kept them?"

"Why not? I didn't know it at the time, but I fell in love with you over there when you turned a drab day into sunshine. I'm not asking anything. I only know that wherever I go from here, I shall always see your face. It shall be the last I shall see . . . when I die."

She held out her hand, her eyes brilliant as stars. "Let me take them." She kissed the blossoms he gave her and gave them back. "Good-bye, soldier," she added, with a brave smile. "Take care of yourself . . . and come safely back."

"To what?"

"Well . . . to me!"

October — The Banner Month

Never before has McClure's offered such a thrilling variety of articles and stories as will appear in the October magazine: "The Gains of War," by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "The Great American Smelter," by Gertrude Atherton; "Once Aboard the Raider" — the beginning of a short series of tempestuous adventures by a man, who, with his family, was captured by a German raider and kept aboard her for almost a year. "The Stuff of Heroes," by Anna Steese Richardson; "I'm Flying To-day" — the continuation of W. B. Trites's great article "To-morrow I Fly"; "Bluffing the Boche," by Private Combe. These are only a few of the articles that will appear. Among the stories you will find "The Hostage," by Andrew Souter; "Dummkopf," by Frederick Irving Anderson; "Through the Haze," by Porter Emerson Browne. A sketch page by Oliver Herford, "Come Into the Cellar, Maude!"; and other features too innumerable to announce here.

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McC. 9-18

One of the By-Products — *Continued from page 36*

herself a single condemnatory adjective. No wonder George had ignored her in his new engrossing passion. But now, if he saw that she was as earnest and eager as he — why, it would all be changed.

In the best way that she could she tried to tell him this. She tried to make him see that the glass wall that had stood between her and the realities, was broken at last. She tried to appeal to him to help her go on into the very heart of humanity — for it was there she imagined he was laboring. She found it very hard to make her appeal coherent, to find words that expressed what she felt so much that she needed — such words seemed to lie outside the Correct vocabulary. It is hard to talk in terms of the soul and the spirit when you have been so long concerned only with the surface. And, at the end . . . when she had said all she could . . . she discovered that he had not been listening. He had not heard a single phrase.

Of course he knew that she was talking, but George Tailler had made the mistake that many married men (and married women) make. He had got into a set way of thinking about his wife early in their married life, and he could not imagine any change or development in her.

He had another reason for not listening to her. War had been declared that very day, and his temperature was at a boiling point. So he waited until she had stopped talking, concentrating meanwhile on his own thoughts, and then, while she waited, wistful and expectant, he flung out the things he had been waiting to say.

"We must get a house in Washington at once," he said. "Shoals of people will be going there and we don't want to be uncomfortable. Do you want to arrange it, or shall I?"

For a long moment Nora looked at him. He had not heard her plea . . . he had flung her back on herself without even the courtesy of a pretense at understanding. Her chin quivered like a hurt and disappointed child.

And George did not even notice that.

"We'd better get a lease for five years," he said, prophetically. "Did you say you wanted to arrange it?"

"Yes, I'll arrange it," Nora answered, at last, and turned and went from him.

But the hurt and the disappointment stayed. Not that she didn't get the house, a large house, a modern house and a most presentable house, as houses go in Washington. The lease said that it was furnished, but Nora discarded half there was in it, and had the rest so skilfully rearranged that its owner couldn't recognize it. But all the time she was looking for the house and signing the lease and making the plans for its renovation, she had to choke down the ache of her heart.

She had come for a last look at the house, one day, just before the workmen left it, and was walking soberly back to her hotel in the clear late April sunshine when, limping toward her, came Michael Waites. Between them flashed a friendly recognition, and something more. They stopped and shook hands, and then he walked slowly beside her.

"I heard that you were coming to Washington," he said. "And you've a house already? My word, you Americans *are* enterprising. I'd hoped to see you again in New York, but I've been over here ever since that day when you were so busy refusing to help the pet war charity of the imposing lady in sables. But, of course, you've forgotten."

"No," said Nora. "No, I haven't forgotten." And then she added, almost as if without her own volition: "I was sorry not to be able to talk to you that day. I wanted very much to talk to you."

There was no coquetry in her voice. She was in simple earnest. She looked up at him wistfully.

"I mean, of course," she went on, brushing aside all the Correct things that she should be saying and going to the core of her thoughts, "I want to talk to you about the War — or rather I want you to talk to me about it. It's hardly real to me yet, though you made it more so — telling me about Timmy Marchester. I've been kept away from hard things — all my life — and now Louvain and Rheims are in ruins . . . and Timmy Marchester's been gassed . . . and I pick up the *Illustrated London News* and see the pictures of those fresh-faced young English boys 'Dead on the Field of Honor' . . . and now America's in it . . . and I . . . I'm like some poor pariah, standing outside. I want to help, and I'm as useless as a stone in the road. Tell me about it — not just in terms of money and supplies" (she gave a swift thought to George at the words)——"I want to think about it in terms of men and women, real, living people like you and me — and — and all the people we see," she finished lamely. But her eyes were lit with something that was not conventional feeling.

"But that *is* war," said Waites at last. "It's the men — clerks, drapers, apothecaries, chauffeurs, barristers, doctors — each established in his own separate little home, with his womenfolk and children and his dogs and his bit of a garden, and his tennis-court and his neighbors dropping in for tea . . . And then the call comes . . . and he knows it's his part to go. And though he may never have handled anything more deadly than a trowel or a yardstick or a tin of biscuit, he's hustled into a hole of a barracks, and he gets out of his comfortable civilian's clothes and he puts on a most uncomfortable khaki outfit, a gun and a bayonet are put in his hands and he begins to learn the a-b-c of fighting with a beast of a sergeant after him every minute, along with all the other men who are exactly the same sort as he. He's herded about anyway, he has no privacy, he has no will of his own, he has no chance to eat or sleep or bathe or even to think, save as his officers direct."

"And the women?" said Nora.

"It's harder still for the women — for they've got no drill-sergeant to put them into the new régime. They've got to work things out for themselves — the food scarcity, the lack of household servants, the endless drudgery of small and mean economies and, over all, the anxiety that the little clark'll never come back to them. And his poor old pipe and his shabby house slippers and the very nick he made in one of the best dinner plates become a shrine. Lucky the woman who can get some Government work to take up her time and busy her hands — munitions or motor driving, nursing — anything that's so hard and exhausting that she can drop off to sleep at night without thinking."

"Without thinking," murmured Nora. "Yes, that would be the big thing."

"And it's not just the little home that feels it," went on Waites. "It's the big home and the middle-class home — it's everywhere. And they're all real people — with hearts and souls and funny little wishes and habits and ambitions that have made their lives up to now. And now comes along something bigger and stronger than anything they've ever felt. It's everything that you don't want to do — but it's what you've got to do." He broke off suddenly. "I'm piping away at some length, I'm afraid."

"YOU'VE said the things I've needed most to hear," said Nora.

"I sometimes think that on the myriad little homes behind the men war bears the hardest," went on Waites, musingly. "The actual fighting is dull, filthy work, as many men before me have said. 'A dirty job,' you Americans would call it. But it's a job that's got to be done, Mrs. Tailler — it's a job that's got to be done. And if we withhold one thing, one least small thing, if we withhold whatever is dearest to us, our own life, or what is much harder to give — the life of someone we love — why, by just that, the war is lost, for us."

To anyone who had lived a normal life, without the fetters of caste and money that were the glory of the Ellisons and their kind, what Waites said would not have seemed specially stirring. But to Nora it was a soul's reveille. And remember that George had been rude and obtuse to the first sproutings of her new emotions and that all her social experience gave her no guidance for them. It is easy enough to see why Waites appealed to her.

But I will say for Nora that she made one more attempt to get at George. The second experience was worse than the first.

"Oh, give money," he said, impatiently. "Give a lot of money and then don't pay any further attention to anything. You don't understand these things, Nora. You can't. And I won't have my wife making a show of herself like most of these fool women down here. Speech-making . . . wearing a silly uniform . . . it's all a publicity game with them. They want to get their names and their pictures in the newspapers and war work's their best chance. They make me sick!"

If George Tailler had not been finding the way of the dollar-a-year man beset with innumerable and unimaginable exasperations, he might not have been quite so harsh and so blind. But, as I said before, he had got into a set way of thinking of his wife. She was to be a lovely figurehead for his establishment and nothing more. Besides, he wanted his patriotic spree all to himself.

It all had the effect of turning her squarely toward Waites and the friendship that they had so oddly begun went on with added impetus. Not that Nora was trying to retaliate or strike back at George. She was above anything like that. But she had reached the place when she had to have understanding and guidance — and here was this other man who would give it to her, just by being himself, for there was nothing of the conscious mentor about Waites.

At first they talked of nothing but the war. Queer patchwork sort of talk, stories mostly of things he had seen and heard. There was one haggard little story of two Belgian refugees, an old man and his wife, who carried with them the body of their little grandchild, refusing to give it up because they must have Christian burial for it, and of how some British soldiers, rough and common lads enough, seemingly, stole some flimsy boards somewhere along the way, made a coffin somehow, sent miles across the fields for a priest and attended the funeral *en masse* that the stricken old couple might be ever so little comforted.

And there was the story of the house that had had its face blown out, clear and clean, so that one looked into a little pink room on the second floor and saw doll's furniture and toys arranged for "playing house," just as some French youngster must have left them.

And there were many other stories of little lives torn up by the roots, of bravery and courage and faith; of dirt and work and horror; of honor and of glory — a whole moving panorama of the War as Waites had seen it, and he had seen much.

Yes,— they talked only of the War, at first. They built up a satisfying and heartening friendship on it. And then — they did not talk quite so much about the War — because she wanted to know more about the real Michael Waites, and he had endless questions to ask her of herself. It is the usual progress of such affairs, and theirs was no exception. They all begin with an absorbing mutual interest — at least the two parties most concerned think they have an absorbing mutual interest — and it all ends by their discovering that their absorbing interest is just each other.

But neither Nora nor Waites realized what had happened until summer was over. Their revelation came with a compliment.

"Do you mind," he asked her, "if I say something personal? I can't help thinking, somehow, that you're much more lovely than when I first met you. I thought you were very, very pretty then, but a little . . . cold. And now — you've bloomed — you've flamed — you're much more vivid — I shall be talking like one of these poetry Johnnies in a moment. But it's all quite true."

Nora did not answer, but turned and looked at him, and their eyes held and told the truth. And since there had been nothing but truth between them from their first meeting, Waites spoke involuntarily.

"Why . . . it's because I love you," he said. "Nora, my dear, it's because I love you."

"No," she answered steadily, "it's because I love *you*."

They stood staring at each other like two bewildered children.

"I didn't dream," he said. "I didn't know. I — I — oh — *what are we going to do?*"

They were standing now, her hands in his, his eyes imploring her. Their staid conventional world fell shattered around them. It held no answer to their question. So utterly engulfed were they by the poignant sweetness and pain of the moment that they did not hear George Tailler come into the drawing-room at its other end, although George, being equally unaware of their nearness, had not entered silently.

It is always easy enough for the injured

husband on the stage. He has definite lines to say that another man has thought out and put in his mouth. He has gestures and attitudes which an exacting stage manager has prescribed. But in real life it is quite different. George Tailler came forward awkwardly enough, feeling quite as much embarrassed as he felt angry. It was only when Nora turned her beautiful, glowing face toward him and he saw that her beauty and her flame were for Waites, and not for him, that he forgot to be embarrassed and became enraged. Even then he did not know what to say.

"I — you ——" he began. "My good Lord — this is — this is — I suppose I ought to be very much obliged to you, Waites, for amusing my wife — but — you'd better — you'd better get out."

Waites did not let go of Nora's hands. He had half turned, stiffly, but that was all. But he did not speak and his silence infuriated George into further and more fluent speech.

"It's not surprising that you've neither of you anything to say. Stand away from him, Nora. I suppose he's been making love to you — and because he's a cripple he knows I can't thrash him. If ——"

"Hold up," broke in Waites, quietly. He dropped Nora's hands and took a step towards Tailler. "You're right in thinking that I love your wife," he went on. "I love her so dearly that I won't permit you to speak to her so, or misunderstand her ——"

"You love her, I suppose," said Tailler, nastily, "more than I do."

"I've often wondered," said Waites, "if you love her at all. You do very little to show it."

"But — but — look here — she's *my wife*," protested George, coherence deserting him.

"You married her," said Waites, "and after that she was nothing more to you than another symbol of your success. She ran your house and went about with you, but did you ever know what she thought or what she felt or that she really was anything beside a sort of lovely *bijou* ——"

"How did you know?" cried Nora.

Michael Waites smiled, a wry and somewhat painful smile. "I knew because I cared for you," he said. "I saw that you were a lonely girl, living in the froth of things and anxious to get away from it, and not knowing how. And I was desperately lonely, too, and I needed to know a woman who was simple and kind and good, and for a man knocking about alone, as I must do, over here, there was such a scant chance of meeting anyone like that. You've no need to stand there glowering at me, Tailler. When I say I love your wife, it doesn't mean that I'm a rotter or a roué, or that she is not everything you don't in the least deserve."

"Damn your soul!" cried Tailler. "Did you think for an instant that I thought that Nora — that Nora, of all women ——" He gasped.

It was his saying that that turned the scale. He wasn't going to sit in judgment. He was quite willing to thresh the thing out with them simply and fairly.

"What makes you think I don't love her? What did you mean by saying that I don't know what she thinks or feels? What haven't I done — or what have I done? What right have you to say that she's nothing to me but — but a symbol of my success?" He flung the questions at Waites, but not wholly challengingly. Under them was honest bewilderment and real distress.

"Now we're getting at it," said Waites. "You're a clever man enough. You're a keen judge of people. Tell me, honestly, has Nora been anything more to you than a symbol of your success — has she? Have you shared anything with her, except your money — which she didn't need?"

"But — but I thought that was all she *wanted*," blurted out George, and then, after a moment, he corrected himself. "I never thought anything about it at all," he said. "What — *what are we going to do?*" It was the same agonized, imploring phrase that Michael Waites had used so scant a time before.

Both men turned to Nora, but she was looking at Michael. She had stood near him all during this curious colloquy, and she had seen its inevitable end. And he saw it, too, in her eyes, and stiffened himself ever so slightly, as a soldier who receives his orders.

"There's nothing to do," he said quietly. "I'm going — that's all. Nora ——"

For the last time he caught her hands in his. Yes, he must go, but his going could take nothing of what he had given her away from her. White-faced and brave she answered him, and for the first time, said his name.

"Good-bye, Michael, my dear. I'll never forget."

And he limped out of the house and out of her life.

NOW I cannot accept the conclusion of Don Marquis's immortal Mrs. Spuggins, who felt sure that the one good thing which would come of this War is the prospect of getting more and better servants. Nor do I conclude that this War was fought that Nora Tailler should find her soul and that George Tailler should bring a much-needed chastening upon himself, and that they two should eventually win through to a companionship with understanding and mutual respect and a neglect of the large subject of cost for the larger one of values. All this is one of the smallest of War's by-products.

But I know that Nora Tailler now knows what that strange, absent look on the faces of the officers who sat at her table during the first year of the war means. She knows that it means that they have given everything in the world that they cared for to something that was more important than the happiness of any individual. She knows this . . . for sometimes that same look stares back at her from her own mirror.

Pratt & Whitney Company,
Machine Tools.

Hartford, Conn.,
July 18th, 1918.

"My America" Editor,

Dear Sir: — We have gotten the "My America" League well started in our shop, and our first regular business meeting was addressed by Colonel H. Russell Wood, one of the speakers from the Bureau of the State Council of Defense. It proved an instructive and inspiring time.

We are hoping by means of regular monthly meetings, as well as a series of bi-weekly ones, to promote the interests of the League among our men. You may rest assured that when we get things really going, Pratt and Whitney will make a creditable showing in the factory division. The idea back of the League is a splendid one indeed, and deserving of every possible encouragement. Yours truly,

(signed) HENRY KENNING.

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Beans are economical in comparison with other good foods, and are as good for you as meat and bread. A pound of beans is about equal in nutrition value to 1¾ pounds of beef—and you know the price of beef.

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The Best Man Wins! — *Continued from page 24*

civilization, an' all the women an' children the Germans didn't git a chance to butcher because we wouldn't let 'em. Now, I'm ready any time to knuckle under to a man that's better'n I am. But I'm dog-goned if I'm willin' to admit that Minnie Stitzenberg's that man! Yes, sir, gentlemen, we men have got to stand together!"

"'Sh!" hissed Mort Fryback, jerking his head in the direction of Main Street. With one accord the men on the porch turned to look.

Miss Minnie Stitzenberg had come into view on the opposite side of the street, and was striding manfully in their direction. The Higgins dog trotted proudly, confidently, a few feet ahead of her. She waved a friendly hand and called out, in a genial but ludicrous effort to mimic the lordly Mr. Crow.

"Move on there, now. Don't loiter!"

A little later, the agitated town marshal, flanked by the town drunkard and the one-legged Mr. Fryback, viewed with no little dismay a group of women congregated in front of Parr's drygoods store. In the center of this group was the new candidate for town marshal. Alf Reesling stopped short and said something under his breath. His wife was one of Miss Stitzenberg's most attentive listeners.

Marshal Crow was not disheartened. He knew that Minnie Stitzenberg could not defeat him at the polls. The thing that rankled was the fact that a woman had been selected to run against him. It was an offense to his dignity. The leaders of the People's Party made it quite plain that they did not consider him of sufficient importance to justify anything so dignified as masculine opposition!

On the day of the Republican Convention, which was to be held in the town hall in the evening, Anderson went in despair and humility to Harry Squires, the reporter.

"Harry," he said, "I been thinkin' it over. I can't run ag'in a woman. It goes ag'in the grain. If I beat her, I'd never be able to look anybody in the face, an' if she beats me — why, by gosh, I couldn't even look myself in the face. So I'm goin' to decline the nomination to-night."

He was rather pathetic, and Harry Squires was touched. He had a great fondness for the old marshal, notwithstanding his habit of poking fun at him and ridiculing him in the *Banner*. He laid his hand on the old man's arm and there was genuine warmth in his voice as he spoke to him.

"Anderson, we can't allow you to withdraw. It would be the vilest thing the people of this town could do if they turned you out of office after all these years of faithful service. We ——"

"Can't be helped, Harry," said Anderson firmly. "I won't run ag'in a woman, so that's the end of it."

Harry looked cautiously around, and then, leaning a little closer, said:

"I know something that would put Minnie in the soup, clean over her head. All I've got to do is to tell what I know about ——"

"Hold on, Harry," broke in the marshal sternly. "Is it somethin' ag'in her character?"

"It's something that would prevent every man, woman and child in Tinkletown from voting for her," said Harry.

"Somethin' scand'lous?" demanded Anderson, perking up instantly.

"Decidedly. A word from me and ——"

"Wait a second. Is — is there a man in the case?"

"A *man*?" cried Harry. "Bless your soul, Anderson, there are fifty men in it."

Anderson fell back a step or two. For a moment or two he was speechless.

"Sakes alive! *Fifty*? For goodness sake, Harry, are you sure?"

"Not exactly. It may be sixty," amended Harry. "We could easily find out just how many ——"

"Never mind! Never mind!" cried Anderson, recovering himself. "If it's as bad as all that, we just got to keep still about it. I wouldn't allow you to throw mud at her if she's been carryin' on with only *one* man, but if there's fifty or — But, gosh a' mighty, Harry, it ain't possible. A woman as homely as Minnie — why, dog-gone it, a woman as homely as she is simply couldn't be bad no matter how much she wanted to. It ain't human nature. She ——"

"Hold your horses, Anderson," broke in Harry, after a perplexed stare. "I guess you're jumping at conclusions. I didn't say ——"

"There ain't going to be no scandal in this campaign. If Minnie Stitzenberg — German or no German — has been ——"

"It isn't the kind of scandal you think it is," protested Harry. "What I'm trying to tell you is that it was Minnie Stitzenberg who got that guy up here from New York two years ago to sell stock in the Salt Water Gold Company, and stung fifty or sixty of our wisest citizens to the extent of thirty dollars apiece. I happen to know that Minnie got five dollars for every sucker that was landed. That guy was her cousin and she gave him a list of the easiest marks in town. If I remember correctly, you were one of them, Anderson. She got something like two hundred dollars for giving him the proper steer, and that's what I meant when I said there were fifty or sixty men in the case."

"Well, I'll be ding-blasted!"

"And do you know what she did with her ill-gotten gains?"

Anderson could only shake his head.

"She went up to Boggs City and took singing lessons. Now you know the worst."

The marshal found his voice. "An' it went on for nearly six months, too — people had to keep their windows shut so's they couldn't hear her yellin' as if somebody was tryin' to murder her. An' when I went to her an' respectfully requested her to quit disturbin' the peace, she — do you know what she said to me?"

"I've got a sneaking idea."

"Well, you're wrong. She said I was a finicky old jackass." The memory of it brought an apoplectic red to his face.

"And being a gentleman, you couldn't deny it," said Harry soberly.

"What's that?"

"I mean, you couldn't call her a liar. What did you say?"

"I looked her right in the eyes an' I said I'd been neutral up to that minute, but from then on I'd be derned if I'd try any longer. By gosh, I guess she knowed what I meant all right."

"Well, as I was saying, all you've got to do is to tell the voters of this town that she helped put up that job on them, and ——"

Anderson held up his hand and shook his head resolutely.

"Nope! I'm through. I'm not goin' to run. I mean to withdraw my name to-night."

Considering the matter closed, he sauntered to the middle of the street where he held up his hand and stopped a lame and venerable Ford driven — or as Mr. Squires was in the habit of saying, urged — by Deacon Rank.

"What's your speedo-*meter* say, Deacon?" inquired the marshal blandly.

"It don't say anything," snapped the deacon.

Anderson saw fit to indulge in sarcasm. "Well, by gum, I'd 'a' swore your old machine was movin'. Is it possible my eyes deceived me?"

"Course it was movin'— movin' strictly accordin' to law, too. Six miles an hour. What you holdin' me up for?"

"So's I could get in and take a little joy ride with you," said Mr. Crow affably. "Drop me at the post-office, will you?" He stepped up beside the deacon and calmly seated himself.

The deacon grumbled. "'Tain't more'n a hundred yards to the post-office," he said. "Stoppin' me like this an' — an' makin' me get out and crank the car besides. An' I'm in a hurry, too. Couldn't you ——"

"Well, I ain't in no hurry. If I was, don't you suppose I'd 'a walked?"

That evening the town hall was filled with discouraged, apprehensive republicans. A half-dozen newly enfranchised women occupied front seats. Ed. Higgins confided to those nearest him that he felt as though he was in church, and Alf Reesling loudly advised the convention to be careful, as there were ladies present.

Mr. Hud Lamson, as usual, was the chairman of the "Convention." No one else ever had a chance to be chairman for the reason that Hud did not insist upon having the honor thrust upon him. He simply *took* it.

Following the usual resolutions condemning the Democratic Party to perdition and at the same time eulogizing the Democratic Administration at Washington, Mr. Ezra Pounder was nominated by acclamation for the responsible post of town clerk. In swift succession, Ed. Higgins, Abner Pickerell and Situate M. Jones were chosen for selectmen. Justice Robb was unanimously chosen to succeed himself.

Then ensued a strange, significant silence — a silence fraught with exceeding gravity and the portentous suggestion of something devastating about to overtake the assemblage. Someone in the back of the hall cleared his throat, and instantly, with one accord, every eye was turned in his direction. It was as if he were clearing the way for action.

Harry Squires, the perennial secretary of all conventions held by all parties in Tinkletown, by virtue of his skill with the pencil, arose from his seat — and stepped to the front of the platform.

"Order!" called out Marshal Crow, in his most authoritative voice, sweeping the convention with an accusing eye.

"Mr. Chairman, fellow Republicans and voters of the opposite sex," began Harry, in a distinctly lugubrious tone, "we have now come to the most critical moment in the history of Tinkletown. It is with ineffable sorrow and dismay that I stand before you this evening, the bearer of sad tidings. On the other hand, I expect to derive great joy in offsetting this sad news later on in my humble speech. I am now, gentlemen — and ladies — speaking of our most noted and most cherished citizen, Mr. Anderson Crow, known to you all, I believe, without exception. I ——"

At this juncture, up jumped Alf Reesling and shouted:

"Three cheers for Anderson Crow!"

And three cheers were given with a vim. Uncle Dad Simms, a patriot of long-standing but of exceedingly short memory, took the convention by storm by crying out in a cracked but penetrating voice:

"Three cheers for the President of the United States! I don't keer if he is a Democrat! Come on, now, men! Three cheers for President Cleveland!"

A roar of laughter went up and Uncle Dad, being quite deaf, followed it with two squeaky cheers, all by himself, and then looked about in triumph. Alf Reesling proposed three cheers for President Wilson, and again the welkin rang. Having established a success as a promoter of enthusiasm, Alf mounted a chair and roared:

"Now, let's give three cheers for General Pershing an' the boys over in France, includin' the four noble young men from Tinkletown who are with him in the trenches, killin' the botches! Now, hip — hip ——"

And once more the air shivered under the impact of vocal enthusiasm.

Mr. Squires held up his hands and checked what might have become a habit by thanking the convention for the timely and admirable interruption, explaining that the digression had given him an opportunity to regain command of his emotions.

"It is, however, with pain that I am authorised to announce, not only to the glorious Republican Party, but to the City of Tinkletown, that — Hold on, Alf! We can get along without three cheers for Tinkletown! To announce that the name of Anderson Crow is hereby withdrawn from the consideration of this convention for the — er — the nomination for Town Marshal. Mr. Crow positively declines to make the race. It is not necessary for me to dilate upon the manifold virtues and accomplishments of our distinguished marshal. His fame extends to the uttermost corners of the earth. For nearly half a century he has kept this town jogging along in a straight and narrow path, and I for one — and I feel that I voice the sentiment of every citizen here and elsewhere — I for one do not resent the frequent reproaches and occasional arrests he has heaped upon me in the discharge of his duty. It was all for the good of the community, and I am proud to say that I have been arrested by Marshal Crow more times than I have fingers and toes. And, I am further proud to add, that on not a single occasion did Marshal Crow hesitate to admit that he was mistaken. Gentlemen, it takes a pretty big man to admit that he is mistaken. But, if you will read the next issue of the *Banner*, you will see that I can write about him much more eloquently than I can speak. He has positively decided not to be a candidate for re-election. While we are thereby plunged into grief of the darkest hue, I am here to tell you that our grief is mitigated by the most gorgeous ray of light that ever beamed upon the human race. It is my pleasure, gentlemen of the Republican Party — and ladies of the same sect — to present for your ——"

Alf Reesling's voice was heard in plaintive protest. He spoke to his elbow neighbor, but in a tone audible to everyone, far and near.

"I'll be dog-goned if I'll stand for that. It's an insult to every man here to say they are of the same sex. We give 'em the vote and, by gosh, they claim our sex. I ——"

"Order!" commanded Marshal Crow.

The orator resumed. "It is my privilege to present for your consideration the name of one of our most illustrious citizens for the honorable office of Town Marshal. A name that is a household word, second only to that of the present incumbent. Circumstances over which we have no control — although we did have it up to a short time ago — make it possible for me to present to you a name that will go down in history as one of the grandest since the bonny days of good Queen Bess. Gentlemen — and at the same time, ladies — I have the honor to put in nomination for Town Marshal our distinguished fellow voter, Mrs. Anderson Crow!"

A silence even more potential than the one

Attila in Eclipse

by Clement Wood

ATTILA bulked, in nether hell,
The Hun, who'd earned his mansion well!

He boasted to a new-come shade
Of hells on earth that he had made:

His blade had carved a continent,
His slaughters were magnificent!

At killing man and maid and child
He'd won the right to be reviled!

The stranger answered gently, "Sir,
You must have been an amateur!

"I've killed a thousand to your one —
Blasted cathedrals with a gun,

"Flung, in my mad and ghastly mirth,
Destruction over all the earth.

"No sea unstained with innocent blood,
No faith untrampled in the mud —

"All torture, rapine, shriveling pain
To make the soul of man insane!

"Now Kaiser Wilhelm's blood-dyed rod
The people worship — as their god!"

Attila rose, and shook his head.
"Hell is no place for me," he said.

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preceding Mr. Squire's peroration ensued. It was broken this time by Uncle Dad Simms, who proceeded to further glorify his deafness by squeaking:

"And he'll be elected, too, you bet your boots. We don't want no gosh-blamed woman fer — eh? What say, Alf?" And Alf, making a cup of his hands, repeated with great vigor an inch or so from Uncle Dad's ear the timely remark that had caused the ancient to hesitate. It is not necessary to quote Alf, but Uncle Dad's rejoinder is important.

"Well, *Jee*-hoshaphat!" he gasped.

"Is there a second to the nomination?" inquired the chairman.

Marshal Crow arose. "I second the nomination," he said, taking a sudden tug at his whiskers. "Before we take a ballot, Mr. Chairman, I want to say right here an' now that Mrs. Crow will have my full an' undivided support, just as she has always had. I have allus maintained that a woman's place is in the home. Therefore, when it comes time fer Mrs. Crow to assume the responsibilities of this here office, I am goin' to see to it that she *stays* home an' tends to her household duties. I am goin' to be deputy marshal durin' her term of office, without pay, ladies an' gentlemen, an' I am goin' to lift every bit o' the work off'n her shoulders. I believe in equal sufferin'. If she'll do the woman's share o' the work, I'll do the man's, an' nothin' could be fairer than that. Between us we'll give the city o' Tinkletown the best administration the office of marshal has ever had. My wife ain't here to-night to accept the honor you are goin' to heap on her, but I think I can safely promise she'll consent to make the race. She may kick like a bay steer at first, but when she sees it's her *duty* to run, you bet she'll do it! It's a case of woman ag'in woman, feller republicans, an' man ag'in man. All I got to say is that the best woman's bound to win. I almost forgot to say that if the voters o' Tinkletown don't jump at the chance to git a marshal an' a experienced deputy for the price o' one salary, it's because there's more derned fools in the town than I thought there was."

Mr. Ed. Higgins sprang to his feet.

"I move, Mr. Chairman, that we make the nomination unanimous without a dissenting vote," he cried out. "We got a chance to get the best deputy marshal in the United States of America without it costin' us a red cent, an' besides that, we get the best cook in all Tinkletown for marshal. If there's anybody here, male or female, who c'n deny that Mrs. Crow is the best cook alive I'd like to hear him say so. I've eat a hundred meals in her house an' I know what I'm talkin' about. I defy anybody — "

"I call for a vote!" cried out one of the women, bridling a little. "And I want to say to you, Ed. Higgins, that while I think Mrs. Crow will make the best marshal we've ever had, I wouldn't go so far as to say she's the best cook in Tinkletown. You haven't been invited to eat in *every* house in this town, don't forget that."

"All in favor of making the nomination of Mrs. Crow unanimous signify by holding up their hands," said the chairman.

Every hand went up. Then a rousing cheer was given for the "next Marshal of Tinkletown," followed by the customary mumbling of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Three full days were devoted by Anderson and the leaders of the Republican Party to the task of inducing Mrs. Crow to make the race against Minnie Stitzenberg. At first she refused point-blank. She didn't intend to neglect her household duties for all the offices in Tinkletown!

"But, consarn it, Eva," Anderson protested for the hundredth time, "nobody's askin' you to neglect your household duties. Ain't I agreein' to handle the job for you?"

"Well, I posi-*tive*-ly refuse to wear a star — or carry a pistol."

"You don't have to. I'll wear the star."

"And if you think I'll traipse the streets of Tinkletown from morning till night, you're very much — "

"That ain't any respectable woman's job," said her husband stiffly. "You're not expected to do it as long as you got a deputy."

"And as for snooping around putting my nose into other people's business,— why — "

"Now, don't let that worry you, Eva. That's part o' my job."

"Who's going to tend jail when there's anybody locked up in it?"

"I am, o' course."

"And who's going to be street commissioner, truant officer, chief of the fire depart — "

"You are, Eva,— but I'm going to look after *everything*, mind you. All you got to do is to see that I git somethin' to eat whenever I need it, an' a bed to sleep in at night, an' I'll — "

"A bed to sleep in, you ninny!" she cried. "You're going to sleep in the same bed you've been sleeping in for forty years. What are you talking about? Ain't you going to sleep with me if I appoint you deputy marshal?"

"Certainly," Anderson made haste to assure her. "Unofficially, o' course," he went on, with profound regard for the ethics involved.

"Well, I'll think it over," she said wearily. "Don't bother me now, you two; can't you see I'm making apple butter?"

"I hope you will consent to run, Mrs. Crow," put in the wily Mr. Squires, "if only for the sake of showing Minnie Stitzenberg that it won't do her any good to be saying things about — well, about anybody in particular." He concluded very lamely.

"Has that woman been saying things about me?" demanded Mrs. Crow.

"I ought to have sense enough to keep my mouth shut," said Harry, scowling darkly. Catching the astonished look on Anderson's face, he hastily suggested that they "beat it."

Out in the front yard Anderson halted him. "Has Minnie been saying anything about my wife, Harry Squires?"

Harry first looked over his shoulder and then winked. "Not that I know of," he said, chuckling. "But I guess it's safe to go ahead and print the ticket with Mrs. Crow's name on it."

Never in all its sedentary existence had Tinkletown experienced a livelier campaign.

"If you vote for Minnie Stitzenberg, I'll never speak to you again," was the common argument of the Crowites, and "Don't you ever try to look me in the face again if you vote for that old Mrs. Crow," was the slogan of the opposition.

Mrs. Crow conducted her own campaign.

Anderson discovered to his great dismay that his meals were not only irregular in the matter of time, but frequently did not materialize at all. His wife and daughters neglected him completely. On three separate occasions after waiting until nearly eight o'clock for his supper, he strolled disconsolately over to the equally abandoned home of Alf Reesling.

"I'm a mighty poor cook," confessed Alf on the first occasion, a hungry, harassed look in his eyes. "But anything's better'n starvin', ain't it?"

"It shore is," said Anderson with feeling.

"I ain't seen a petticoat around my house since half-past nine this mornin'," lamented Alf, upsetting a pan of milk while trying to get a plate of cold ham out of the icebox. "It's terrible."

"Lemme take your knife, Alf, I'll peel the pertatoes — if you'll tell me where they are."

"I don't know where anything is," said Alf, leaning dejectedly against the kitchen sink.

"Well," said Anderson, "let's look."

"If the election was a week further off, I'd give up an' go to drinkin' again," said Alf on another occasion. "I'd sooner drink myself to death than starve. Starvation is a terrible end, Anderson. Worse than hangin', they say."

"Only four days more," sighed Anderson, clipping off a hunk of bologna. "My wife says if I'll hold out till after election, she won't never leave the kitchen ag'in long as she lives."

"That's what mine says. Sherman was only half right. War may be hell for men, but, by gosh, women are hell for war. An' that's what it is — war, Anderson, war to the hilt. Every woman in town's got her knife out an,' my God, how they're slashin' each other! There won't be a whole woman left."

"Well, I'd be satisfied with half a one," mused Anderson, a faraway look in his eyes.

The day before the election, Mrs. Crow played her trump card. She had treasured an open boast made years before by the disappointed old maid who now opposed her. Minnie, before attaining years of discretion and still smarting under the failures of youth, had spitefully announced that she was a spinster from choice. With great scorn she had stated, while sitting on Mrs. Crow's porch, that she would die an old maid a hundred times over sooner than marry anyone in Tinkletown. And, she added, the best proof that she meant what she said was the fact that nearly every man in town had asked her to marry him before he asked anyone else!

The news spread like wildfire the instant Mrs. Crow released it. Mrs. Crow's veracity was not a thing to be questioned.

When the returns were all in, Mrs. Crow was found to have [*Continued on page 47*]

House & Garden

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The Penny Pinchers

by Robert Forrest Wilson

A POOR woman of the London slums had never owned a new dress in her whole life; but, so the story runs, when she found herself in a war job with money in her pocket for the first time, instead of buying a dress she bought a fur coat to wear over her rags.

This was "business as usual," to quote the phrase that steadied commercial England when the first impact of war threatened to throw it into a panic. But England presently got a stomachful of that well-meant but misguided slogan.

"Business as usual" nearly wrecked the British war program and it certainly cost the lives of thousands of British soldiers before it was checked in its triumphant career. But it was checked. The phrase has now been scrapped, thrown into the British waste basket; and in its place, blazoned on the boardings and uttered in the thousands of meetings in which the English public renews its patriotism and determination, there is a new phrase — "goods and services."

Simply stated, the doctrine of goods and services is this: no matter how wealthy a nation may be in money, stocks and bonds, its supply of goods — what we Americans call materials — and services — that is, labor — is limited. And when that nation sorely needs its whole supply of goods and services for use in war, every citizen who buys anything not necessary for his health and efficiency subtracts just that much from the total supply and retards victory to just that extent.

"Extravagance costs blood — the blood of heroes!" exclaimed Mr. Lloyd George in one of his fiery war speeches; and the British public is taking those words to mean exactly what they say. Consequently it has become downright risky for a motorist to run his car for pleasure about the English roads with English soldiers dying for lack of sufficient war equipment, the patriotic, stay-at-home Briton regards waste as a crime, a crime that he calls treason.

We in America have yet to learn that same lesson as the next step in our education for war. Taking us by and large we have no high opinion of personal thrift and economy. We invent derisive names for the economical — tightwads, hard boiled eggs. Unpleasant as the practise of thrift is to most Americans, it is nevertheless imperative, if we expect to win the war. We must sacrifice to win: there is no other way.

We have in this country an immense, though limited, quantity of materials which can be manufactured by our immense, though limited, supply of labor into finished articles. Great as these resources are, in the past they have gone almost solely to feed, clothe, and amuse the American people. But now upon these same supplies comes Uncle Sam with a demand for twenty billion dollars' worth of labor and materials for use in the war. If he gets them it will be because we, the civilians, surrender them up to him.

England learned the doctrine of goods and services through the device of the war-savings stamp, a device that our Government has now adopted to teach the same lesson. The Government has for sale four hundred million of these pretty engravings, constituting from the standpoint of safety and profit the most attractive investment ever offered to our public. The attraction was put into them for no other purpose than to lure into the Treasury money that might otherwise have competed with the Government for labor and materials.

The Government asks not for money that is in the bank or buried under the hearthstone, but for new money — new savings, for they are most likely to represent sacrifice. The sacrifice is needed more than the money.

The greater the speed with which the war program is pressed, the sooner will safety spread around the American soldiers in France; but the maximum speed will be reached only after the utmost quantity possible of labor and materials is placed at the Government's disposal by the unselfishness of the American public.

When every American man, woman, and child learns that each has his own part of the war machine to operate and that when he practises some unpleasant economy he is dealing the enemy a blow that counts, then the outcome will be soon, sure, and not costly in American lives.

The Best Man Wins

[*Continued from page 46*]

received 573 votes (women included), out of a total of 601 cast. Miss Stitzenberg held the German vote solid, including seven from her own sex who could afford to disregard the slander because they had been safely married in Germany long before coming to Tinkletown.

The day after the new marshal's induction into office Anderson appeared with his star glittering so brightly that it dazzled the eye. His shoes were polished, his clothes brushed and — shocking to relate — his trousers creased. In all his career as marshal he had never gone to such extremes as this. He was, however, not in a happy frame of mind. His customary aplomb was missing.

"Well, of all the — " began Alf Reesling. Then, before Anderson could put in a word of warning, he shouted to the group in front of Lamson's store. "Hey! Look at the dude!"

Anderson, very red in the face, declined a seat on a soap box.

"If I'd knowed she was goin' to act like this, I'd a voted ag'in her myself," he said rather wanly. "She started in bossin' me the very minute she got my place as marshal. She's laid down the law to me, an' by crickey she says if I'm goin' to be her deputy I've got to look like this every day. Look at them shoes! And these pants! No, I can't set down. I don't dare risk sp'ilin' the creases my daughter Susie put in 'em 'fore I was up this mornin'."

His Letters

[*Continued from page 8*]

to Merrill at last. They were made for each other, but it took them a long time to find it out. And Merrill is going into the Navy. And Bess wants him to get something safe, at home. Well, that's Bess, all over!

"Did you get the eight pairs of socks I sent you? Bess is sending you some also, and Jane and Alice Lee are making some more. I had the most awful time getting mine done. I simply loathe knitting, but I couldn't bear to think of your not having any. And I wanted you to have something *I'd made myself*. You are simply to think of me all the time you are wearing them.

"I HAD the most awful dream about you last night. I won't tell you about it, but it was horrible. *Please* be careful of shells, won't you? You know you are so brave that you are reckless, and I don't want you spoiled. You're awfully good-looking, you know.

"I just lie awake at night, Frank, wondering if you'll ever think about me at all when you get over there. I know it's silly, for you know so many nice girls everywhere, and I don't think the French girls are so very attractive, do you? They're so stiff and self-conscious, but they certainly *do* know how to make eyes at a good-looking man. And you are perfectly wonderful in your uniform, Frank. It's the most *becoming* thing.

"I am really awfully sad. I hardly laugh at all any more, and everyone thinks I am an awful grouch. I'm just crumby all the time. And I think I'll go somewhere and be a nurse. There was a procession of nurses the other day, and they were absolutely fetching. All the men took their hats off. I expect you'll fall for some pretty nurse, Frank, and just forget all about us at home. And if you do I'll just *die*.

"I have read this all over, and it sounds pretty gushy. But I am just sick all over. There's nothing left in America. I'm going to France if I have to swim. And perhaps if you haven't forgotten all about me, we'll meet over there. I won't forget *you*, Frank. I just never will. And I think you're the bravest thing I ever knew.

"Well, get me a German prisoner for a keepsake, and bring home a whole row of medals. But you'll do that. You're that kind. And, Frank, I shall be thinking of you every minute. I'm going to-night to the funniest play I can find. I've just got to forget things for a little.

"L————"

THE boy read the letter gravely and slowly. He found nothing lacking in it.

"Poor little girl!" he said to himself. "Poor *little* girl! As if a fellow would look at a French girl when he can think of her!"

Then he read the letter again.

Sometime later he went below. In the little cabin his room-mate was pinning a photograph on the wall, and standing off, cigarette in hand, to admire it.

"Some girl!" said the boy, taking a squint at it.

Then he opened his bedroll and very carefully put away the letters from his grandmother, Aunt Fanny and his mother. But the last letter he buttoned into the pocket of his blouse — over his heart.

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Two Billion a Month for Uncle Sam

by **Paul Tomlinson**

THINK of it! The Government has announced that an average of two billion dollars a month will be needed to defray our war expenses during the present fiscal year. Twenty-four billion dollars a year! Think what it means! Last year the total of dividends paid by the large corporations aggregated only about one billion, one hundred million dollars. Suppose all these dividends were turned over to the Government by the investors who receive them; there would still be a balance of nearly twenty-three billion dollars to be raised in other ways.

How can it be done? We all know the money is here, otherwise the Government would not ask us for it. Our national income is greatly in excess of twenty-four billions a year, and it would seem therefore that we must save the twenty-four billion and live on the balance. This means saving, and going without many things to which we have been accustomed. It means that our consumption of luxuries and non-essentials must stop. It also means higher taxes and more Liberty Loan campaigns.

But, after all, it is easier to do without luxuries than it is to dig trenches; it is easier to pay taxes than it is to face machine-gun fire. Furthermore, we are fortunate in having the opportunity of buying Liberty Bonds, for they will be profitable to us as well as helpful to the Government.

Our main concern is to save our money. When it is saved then we must take up the question of what to do with it. Our first obligation, of course, is to the Government; we have no choice about payings taxes, and it is our duty to buy Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps. There are certain industries in our country which also deserve support and when we are considering securities of this class it is for us to choose those which are sound, which promise a fair return on our investment, and whose prospects are good for the future.

The two classes of investment most in the public eye are probably railroad and industrial securities. While it is undoubtedly true that certain industrial stocks are more attractive from an investor's point of view than certain railroad stocks, this statement cannot be made about industrials as a class as opposed to railroads as a class. Industrial earnings are running high, but the threat of higher taxes hangs over their heads. Excess profits may increase, but the excess profits tax seems more than due to keep pace, and it is hardly too much to say that the balance left over for dividends will be very moderate indeed. Abnormal disbursements and extra dividends may be things to remember, not to anticipate. It is even possible that the next few months may see a reduction in the amount of dividends paid by many industrial companies. Taxes have to be met with cash, and cash is not over-plentiful. The cash with which to pay dividends may be hard to find.

TO a certain extent it is true that the same arguments may be used against railroad securities. On the other hand, there are a large number of railroads which have been paying their present dividends for years. They have proved their ability to operate successfully. And now the Government guarantees that the same dividends can be continued. This is the reason why railroad stocks in many instances are selling on the Stock Exchange at higher prices than industrials which at present are earning two or three times as much per share. The guarantee that dividends will be paid is taken into consideration by investors and reflected in the price at which these stocks are quoted. Permanency of income is one of the essentials of every sound investment.

As a matter of fact, the railroads are assured of earnings which mean that surpluses can be accumulated after regular dividends have been paid. The position of the railroads is steadily better, and their facilities for handling a larger amount of business are constantly improving. This volume of business is almost certain to increase for some time, even after the war is over. The railroads should be prepared for peace conditions, while the period of readjustment for some of the industrial companies promises to be painful, if not absolutely fatal.

On the other hand, if the term be used in the broad sense, there are some industrial companies which look attractive. Take the equipment companies, for instance. The prospects for them have been greatly improved by the increase of twenty-five per cent. in freight rates recently granted to the railroads. It looks as if the equipment companies would be working to capacity for a long time to come, whether peace is made soon or not. For several years the railroads have neglected their equipment requirements, mainly for the reason that they did not have the money with which to buy. The increase in rates has permitted them to go into the market once more, and the equipment companies will benefit. Nor is it at all likely that the purchase of railroad equipment will stop with the end of the war. The carriers will have to keep up to a high degree of efficiency in order to handle the volume of business which is expected.

In the past two years the equipment companies have made large profits from war contracts, and their plants for the most part are in splendid condition physically. Furthermore, the price of necessary raw materials has been fixed by the Government, so they are protected from the fear of rising costs, the bane of every manufacturer's existence these days.

Some copper stocks also present attractive possibilities. Most manufacturing companies have greatly increased their capacity since the war, and will later on be faced with the

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This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of ten cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. A very attractive library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

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problem of utilizing this increased capacity, but copper companies need fear no such embarrassment.

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Financial & Insurance Department

McClure's Magazine
19 W. 44th Street New York

Through the Haze — *Continued from page 26*

blocked and their trails ever confused by the swift passing and counter-passing of physical diversions. One seeks the quiet road; and automobiles come honking from every side. One would walk by the sea; and thereon are racing yachts and speed boats. One would sit before the flickering fire; and in romp a party of pseudo friends to sing and dance and torture the logs to flame. . . .

Dick and Constance had started well. With limited external possessions, they had had within them belongings of infinitely greater value. For a time they had found the quiet road; they had walked by the sea; they had sat by the fire. And they had been happy. Happiness depends not on what one has in one's garage, one's stables or one's bank; but in what one has within himself. . . .

But as added wealth came, so also added material possessions. As came added possessions, so did these added possessions demand added time and added attention. More motors meant fewer quiet roads. More yachts meant fewer walks beside the sea. More friends meant less solitude.

And nature demands inexorably that we shall use, or lose. Thus, as external possessions increase, so internal possessions decrease.

This a wise Providence knew when He gave to men and women — children.

For children are internal possessions. Coming from within us, they stay within us until we die. And no matter how far they may go away, yet they are in us still. . . . And for us, their parents, they fight relentlessly against the external possessions that would wreck and ruin and overwhelm.

Dick and Constance had no children. At first she had been frightened. As she delayed, it became easier to delay. And now the ashes of laziness and of vanity were fast choking the fine fires of motherhood. . . .

So, too, in looking ever outward at the whirling haze of material possessions they were forgetting to look within themselves. To know what is in oneself one must sometimes look long and close and deep. Almost always one will find there much work to be done; much tilling, much planting, much uprooting of weeds. . . . If one never looks, all unknown to one the land of one's soul runs out. . . . A field of tares and brambles, wherein that which looks like the beautiful leaves of autumn is in reality poison ivy. . . .

Ames's neglect of Constance was not intentional. He would have been surprised had anyone told him that he did not love her as deeply, as devotedly, as he ever did. . . . It was that business and excitement and cocktails had left his love no time to grow, or even to live as it had lived. Planted in the green, lush meadows of his youth, it had come to be choked amid the weedy tangle of approaching middle age. . . .

Constance's indifference to Ames was not intentional. She, too, would have been surprised, and hotly indignant, had she been told that that indifference even existed. But exist it did. It had grown imperceptibly, its growth unnoted and unknown.

She did not know that there had come into her life an emptiness. Choked from the soft sun of mutual tenderness by the rank leaves of indifference, a flowering Something had died. And now only rotting roots lay within the hollow cup where it had lived. . . . It was this that Don, trying to look within, had almost seen. But Constance never looked within. And so she had not seen.

And yet it was a Something that all women crave, whether they know it or not. When it exists, they take its existence for granted, and are happy. When it does not exist, they do not know that it does not exist, only they feel a great emptiness. . . .

It was Craig who brought to Constance that which assuaged her emptiness.

The studied indifference, coupled with quick attack, that had been his course at first, had bemused her brain—as he had known that it would. For he had figured that her brain might cry louder than her instinct. So he had deftly tested the ground upon which he was about to step. And he had been right. At first the brain had cried more loudly. For the soul was not yet quite empty. . . . But when he found at length that the tested ground would bear his weight ——

And as for Craig? Man has always been, will ever be, a predatory animal. A single man is doubly so. For even the pale trappings of society have never been placed about his thrusting shoulders. To Craig, Constance was a beautiful woman that he wanted. He, too, had lived only amid externals, and never looked within. What he wanted he had always bought or taken; though he would never have taken by force of might. Law-abiding ancestors had seen to that.

And Ames? He had ceased to realize anything except that he was too busy to realize anything. Too busy had he been to realize even that. . . .

It was Craig who now gave Constance of the little things that to every woman are so great. Clinging vines must cling. There are women who indignantly deny that they are clinging vines. Possibly these women are not. There are self-sufficient women. And yet even they feel the urge of clinging. They may not even know it themselves. Yet it is so.

And so was it bound, in the way of things, to come. Since neither of the three ever took time to Look Within. . . .

Her brain called loudly, at first, seeking to warn. But louder rose the hungry wail of soul and of body. . . .

Morning after morning Ames left the house before she was up to be gone all that day, sometimes far into the night.

And she was left alone.

Night after night, with no word, no look to her, Ames went to his rooms alone.

And she to hers.

Such a method of living could not last.

[*To be continued*]

YOUR "BIT" OR YOUR BEST — which are you doing? Seventy thousand patriots who are wearing the little red, white and blue button of the "My America" League have already found new helps to service through this splendid organization which has its headquarters in McClure's Magazine. Men and women in business, in factories, in professional life; men and women at home, school children, soldiers, sailors, nurses and war workers in all parts of the country have written to the "My America" editor for assistance in solving the special problems confronting them. With them there has been no question of anything but their best. Read about the League on page 30 of this issue and then decide whether you are doing all that you are actually capable of doing towards helping to win the war

Vogue says, "A hat in time saves nine," —provided it is the right hat. Here is an advance autumn model of brown hatter's plush; very chic, very military, with a single smoked amber hatpin for trimming.

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I Was Captured by the Germans

[*Continued from page 22*]

edited for the use of the French and Belgian prisoners and of the civilian population of invaded France and Belgium. It is the most poisonous sheet I ever saw; its sole object is to ruin the *morale* of its readers. It is written in good French by German editors, and it bears all the outward appearance of a French paper. It does not sing the praise of Germany and it does not try to disparage the French people. This, of course, would be too transparent. No; it does a far cleverer thing; it especially tries to sow distrust among the Allies. All through it run questions like these: "Why is the War not over? Because the French, with whom we have no quarrel, must shed their blood for England."

"Why has England entered the War? Because she wants to take the Channel Ports from France. Their army has been there for four years now. They will never leave, unless you make peace with Germany, and start a new war against your traditional enemy, England, etc . . . etc. . . ." How easily one reads between the lines!

And the worst of it is that the "*Gazette Des Ardennes*" publishes extracts from the French press — not fakes, but real extracts, so cleverly chosen and arranged that the impression left on the uneducated mind is one of utter discouragement. Of course no reader *believes* what this paper says; but after four years without any other news to contradict it, the *Gazette* inevitably instils some poisonous germs.

Needless to say, the British prisoners get a similar paper in their own camps called "*The Continental Times*"; and in this sheet, all the blame is put on England's Allies.

There is no doubt that one day the Germans will use "true" extracts from your American press to ruin the *morale* of your own prisoners.

A FREE MAN AGAIN

After remaining almost two years a captive in Germany, a most fortunate thing happened to me: I fell dangerously ill! Think of feeling that way about one's own sickness!

Switzerland had very generously accepted at that time a certain number of wounded and sick prisoners of the different belligerent countries and permitted them to be interned on her soil for the duration of the War.

A commission of Swiss doctors visited the various camps and as I was suffering from malnutrition, I was lucky enough to be amongst a few chosen by them, but my troubles were not yet over. I was sent to Constance, a German town just a few miles from the Swiss frontier. My comrades and I saw the mountains of the Promised Land, but we did not know what would happen to us, for we had to pass a last counter-examination by the German authorities.

It was only human of us to endeavor to look even more sick than we were, and whenever one of us appeared particularly miserable, the others whispered: "Lucky fellow!"

Those were trying moments for us. The German doctors came. Never in my life, even at the front, had I experienced a similar anxiety. Good heavens, I was accepted! But so many others were refused, and had to go back wearily and dejectedly to the camp. We tried to pity them, to console them, but we could hardly hide the happy smiles on our faces. I know of some of my comrades who four and five times have come as far as Constance, only to be sent back. Hard luck! A few hours later we were sent to the station and boarded a special train. We were just seated, when we suddenly heard a ringing: "*Bonjour, Messieurs.*" Smiling Swiss guards had taken the place of the ugly Germans, and two minutes later we had crossed the frontier.

Oh, happy moment! The Swiss population was awaiting us with flowers, cigars, every possible kind of *douceur* and — oh! — the French Tricolor, with a band playing "The Marseillaise" and cries of "*Vive la France!*" and "*Vivent les Poilus!*" It was too much. . . . The whole trainful of us simply went wild. We laughed; we cried; we shouted; we lost all self-control. After hell, it was heaven!

A few days after I had crossed the frontier my wife was by my side.

I slowly recovered entirely from my illness. I was almost a new man again.

There is scarcely any necessity for the Swiss Government to watch the interned prisoners, as the belligerent governments have undertaken to send back all those who should try to escape. Therefore, I could live in a house of my own and do as I chose. My nervousness vanished, and soon I became my old self again.

In 1917 Switzerland began to experience difficulties with regard to her food supply, and declared that she could not take any further prisoners. But there were so many allied captives who had urgent need for treatment in Switzerland, that the Government decided that a few interned would be sent back to their respective countries in order to make room for others to come.

Those were anxious hours. My fate again seemed to hang in the balance; but I was once more fortunate enough to be chosen. The French Government, however, had to undertake a pledge of honor not to send me back to the front, and I did not feel like remaining in Paris, as all my old friends and comrades were either dead or fighting. Therefore, I asked to be allowed to come to America and serve on the staff of the French High Commissioner.

LAST IMPRESSIONS ABOUT GERMANY

During the last few months of my confinement, owing to my knowledge of German, I was able to learn and observe many things. The *morale* in the Fatherland is very low; many people are sick and tired of the War. But do not forget that this has little importance in a country which is led, not by her people, but by her military rulers.

The food situation is indeed bad — there is no doubt about that. But scarcity of food will not end the War. Germany can get along on the present rations, though they are a great handicap to her. I cannot emphasize this point too strongly: There will be no revolution in Germany just yet. Before anything changes over there, our enemy must be beaten on the battle-field.

We who have been prisoners in Germany know that, through hard and painful experience. We know that a peace which is not based on military victory over her would be no peace at all. We would have endured every hardship, we would have suffered much more than we suffered, if by doing so, we could have come back to a new world — a world of clean, white freedom. Not as the Germans understand that word, but as you and I understand it. And we who have suffered know that ultimately, with America's help, true liberty will triumph.

There is a saying going the rounds which runs as follows: "Everyone has his pet German spy!" He may be an innocent neighbor who always seemed to us a harmless creature until the war made us look at him askance; He may be the taxi driver who seems to take us out of the way, pointing his car directly toward every German sign he sees; He may be the lodger on the third floor back who is heard muttering to himself in the middle of the night in a strange language. We all suspect somebody. Always, of course, from the very highest of patriotic motives. Well, if we each have our German spy, McClure's takes a good deal of pleasure in announcing that this magazine at least has its decent German. Read about him in October in "Dummkopf" by Frederick Irving Anderson

Given Away!

Solid Aluminum PERCOLATOR— Capacity Eight Cups

Throw Away Your Unsanitary Coffee Pot!

This Percolator Is Yours

FREE if you accept promptly this "save - money" magazine offer — Mail the coupon!

YOU Mrs. Home-maker, who take pride in your kitchen, have surely felt a great desire to possess a solid aluminum percolator. You have heard of the wonderful flavor of coffee made in a percolator and you know the silver-like, sanitary and durable percolator is an article that would be your proudest possession.

The only thing that has kept you from purchasing an aluminum percolator is that ready money is not at hand.

This obstacle is now removed. We offer you one of the best makes of percolators entirely free with the following magazine offer, and you pay for the magazines in easy monthly payments, besides purchasing the magazines at less than retail prices!

THROW away your old-fashioned coffee pot! Coffee made in a percolator is the very best because it has all the richness and flavor and aroma there is in the bean, and almost none of the caffeine. The liquid is clearer because the water is not boiled with the grounds; it is economical because less coffee is required to give the desired strength.

And, it is not complicated—just as easy to use as a coffee pot. The inner compartment—the percolating device—comes right out in your hand to be cleaned. No crusts of old coffee-grounds, no discoloration from coffee being constantly boiled into the metal.

Made of solid aluminum, 99% pure. Instead of a metal handle to burn the hand, it has a black hard-wood, rubberoid finish handle. It shines like silver, and wears better. The equal of expensive kinds sold in first class stores.

The top is surmounted by a double knob of glass, through which you watch the coffee boil without lifting lid.

Make coffee the new way. The old-fashioned coffee pot is *expensive* because of the large quantity of ground coffee required to secure proper flavor—*unhealthy* because the water absorbs all the caffeine—*unsanitary* and *unclean* because of the crusts of old coffee grounds which will form on the sides and bottom of the pot.

ACCEPT THIS OFFER and THE PERCOLATOR IS YOURS

The season is here for renewing your magazine subscriptions. Here is a special inducement for you to send in yours at once. You get the percolator free and postpaid with your subscription to

McClure's—1 year
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You will make no mistake this year to be forehanded, with your magazine subscriptions. Advancing paper costs—advancing labor costs—the new postal rate on magazines—all will force the publisher to advance his rates sharply. If you wait until the holidays to order your magazines you will likely pay 50% more. So buy now while the low price is guaranteed—buy now while you get the valuable percolator free of charge. If you are already a subscriber to any of these magazines your subscription will be extended.

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The cash with order price of this offer is $6.65.
Special terms if you live outside the United States.

The First Hundred Million "Fags"

Have You a Trench "Buddy" of Your Own? And Have You Sent Him "Smoke Cheer" Lately?

Hurry Up!—He's Crying for It!

By **Daniel Henderson**

of The Vigilantes

A GROUP of men stood in a New York office window, overlooking Fifth Avenue. War had been declared — the famous street was aflame. "Old Glory" and the flags of our Allies blazed everywhere. Between cheering throngs flowed ribbons of khaki-clad men; bayonets flashed in the sun. Bands played "The Star Spangled Banner" and "The Marseillaise." The soul of the city had donned armor, and was following her soldiers through Fifth Avenue — to France!

The enthusiasm of the crowd leaped up and enveloped the men standing in the office window. They chafed and fretted. Their hearts were in the war. Each wanted to do a full man's part. But they were just average business men. Some of them were beyond fighting age; some had dependents; some had heavy responsibilities that wouldn't let them go. Reason told them that the Draft was on its way; that the wise thing to do was to wait and let Uncle Sam decide for them as to when they should follow the colors. And yet . . . Oh, you men beyond draft age know how they felt; how they hated to meet the glance of young soldiers, though in the eyes of these soldiers there was nothing of reproach or contempt, rather a look of pity for those who were not young, strong or unhampered enough to take a fighting part.

The Birth of the Tobacco Fund

Up spoke A. Blaikie Dick, a lanky Scotchman, who had a raft of brothers and cousins in the war.

"Let's do what the Overseas Club of London has done for British soldiers—let's keep our boys who fight in France supplied with smokes for the duration of the war!"

Then and there "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund" was born. The firm with which these men were connected instantly agreed to donate office space, postage and clerical help to the Fund; and promised to supervise its conduct. The Scotchman was appointed manager *without salary*. The purchasing agent, the advertising manager, the press publicity director, stenographers, auditors, clerks, office boys — all agreed to work for the Fund *without pay*.

The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy sent hearty endorsements. Colonel Roosevelt backed the movement. There was a country full of men and women who had the same longing to serve as the originators of the fund, for no sooner did an appeal go out to the newspapers and magazines of the country to conduct campaigns for tobacco comforts than such movements were started. Five hundred prominent newspapers and periodicals became representatives in their localities for "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund." Alaska sent contributions. Honolulu responded swiftly. To the publicity campaign The Vigilantes contributed articles and poems. Briggs and Goldberg furnished effective cartoons. Clarence F. Underwood, Neysa McMein and James Montgomery Flagg painted war posters. The International Silver Company of Meriden, Conn., and the Mount Vernon Co., Silversmiths, Inc., of Mount Vernon, N. Y., donated silver cups to be awarded to the newspapers raising the most money for the Fund. The tobacco companies furnished the smoke cartons at half the retail price; printers, lithographers, engravers and scores of other generous individuals and firms contributed supplies. Each man gave his talents, labor and property without thought of reward for him.

As a result of the combined volunteer effort, the Fund has raised about a quarter million dollars, enough to send one million cartons of tobacco to our soldiers; approximately one hundred million smokes.

The men back of the Fund are not boasting of their accomplishment. They know that there are a million American soldiers now in France. They know that a million cartons of smokes a week should be going across the water. They had hoped to raise a million dollars by this time. They are in hopes that this story of what remains to be done will spur the public to give the desired million, and more, before Fall.

Other tobacco funds, working independently, have also raised large sums, notably the New York *Sun's* Tobacco Fund and the Army Girl's Transport Fund. "Our Boys In France Tobacco Fund" refuses to consider itself in competition with these worthy enterprises. It knows that these also are not working for their own glory, but for the sake of our embattled boys. It tries to keep pace with them, or even to forge ahead, but its striving comes from a single motive — to keep "Sammy's" smoke needs satisfied.

Scruples that Vanished

There were scruples to be overcome when this work started. But there came an abundance of proof from the battlefield that what some people considered an evil "Over Here" was a blessing "Over There."

"You folks should not hesitate a moment to send cigarettes to your soldiers," asserted Surgeon General George S. Ryerson of the Canadian army in talking to the University of Washington students at Seattle recently. "The soldier lives on cigarettes," he continued. "With his plain diet and living in the open air cigarettes do not hurt him."

The Red Cross, closest to the needs of the soldier, acts as the distributing agent for the smokes contributed through the Fund and regards them as one of its greatest aids in bringing comfort to the lads it serves. Note this recent letter from a Red Cross official:

"THEY'RE ALL WITH US, BILL —BACK HOME!"

"As you know, the demand for tobacco in France is entirely beyond any precedent. Frequently you see tobacco cans and tobacco containers displayed in the windows of tobacco shops, but on inquiry within, it almost always develops that the containers are empty and the supply of tobacco exhausted, so that the ordinary sources of supply open to soldier as well as civilian, are no longer available.

"Nothing which the Red Cross has supplied to our men has been so eagerly awaited, and so joyfully received, as tobacco, and the packages which your Fund has furnished us with have unquestionably been of great value in stimulating the morale of our men by making them realize that the people at home are thinking of them, and also by furnishing the one article which it is most difficult to obtain in France, and which they probably most desire, and I hope that you will not only be able to continue your splendid work, but, if possible, largely increase the supply. We can use all we can get, and much more besides."

(Signed) "J. B. A. Fosbrugh, Major, A.R.C.
"Director, American Red Cross,
"Department of Military Affairs."

What stronger evidence can be produced to show that those who send tobacco comforts are engaged in real win-the-war work than the following letter, one of many sent from the trenches by officers who see from day to day the effect of smoke gifts on their "boys"?

Morale Is Maintained by "Smokes"

"France, Sector E. 3,
May 13, 1918.

"A few words to tell you how much the men appreciate the tobacco sent to them, and how much the officers appreciate their receiving it.

"I heard men in the trenches bringing up supplies to-night. Suddenly the sentry in front of my dug-out cried out in an excited manner, 'Boy howdy! Here it comes!' The Sergeant stepped outside of the door and returned, looking sheepish. 'It's tobacco sir, and the men were out of it.' No one had to tell me they were out of tobacco; for two days I had been out of it, and any company commander can always tell by a thousand different ways when his company is minus their tobacco.

"Food may be late in arriving in the front line trenches; may be destroyed by gas or shell fire. It can, and does rain and rain until we are wet to the bone and plastered with mud from head to foot. Men on the fire step strain every nerve looking and trying to look into the blackness and wet in front of them. You *never* hear any complaint from them relative to these things. They stand it like the splendid men they are. But let a company get out of tobacco; well, no one has to tell the company commander about it. The morale of a company is much better when food is cut off for a day than when the tobacco plays out.

"You are doing a great deal of good, and the men certainly appreciate it. The men cannot buy tobacco except a sack or two at a time from the Y. M. C. A. or Salvation Army, and when they are in the front line as we now are, of course the "Y" and Salvation Army are in the rear.

"Except for your organization it would be impossible for them to receive tobacco just at the time they most deserve and need it.

"I thank you again for your help and forward to you the thanks of my entire company.

"Alexander P. Withers, Captain,
"Sector E. 3, May 13, 1918.
"U. S. A."

Wanted —$10,000 Contributors

The Fund is thankful for every twenty-five cent contribution received; this amount insures a soldier enough smoke cheer to last a week. But there are men and women in America to whom gifts of $100, $1,000 or $10,000 would not mean more than a quarter means to the clerk who gives it out of his meager salary. The door is wide open for rich men and women to adopt a company or a battalion and keep it regularly supplied with "the makin's."

No matter how much a community has contributed to the Red Cross or the Red Triangle or to the Liberty Loan Campaign, if it does not give a substantial sum to the work of supplying our embattled soldiers with smokes, it has a sin of omission that some official or editor or organization in that community should take immediate steps to remove.

Here is a splendid side-line for our "Four Minute Men" — let them take four seconds of their four-minute talks to sound Sammy's appeal for smokes.

This, then, is the story of the first hundred million smokes, which have already vanished. The story of the second hundred million smokes remains to be unfolded by one hundred million Americans. Our million men in France are very much interested in having it swiftly told. If you want to have a part in it, the address of "Our Boys In France Tobacco Fund," for contributions of from 25 cents to $25,000 is — 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

Have you sent your package of cheer to the trenches?

MAIL THIS COUPON

A postcard of thanks comes back to you from the soldier who receives your carton of cheer.

"OUR BOYS IN FRANCE TOBACCO FUND," 25 West 44th Street, New York

GENTLEMEN:—

I want to do my part to help the American soldiers who are fighting my battle in France. Since tobacco does it—I'm for tobacco.

(*Check below how you desire to contribute.*)

I send you herewith ..... my contribution toward the purchase of tobacco for American soldiers. This does not obligate me to contribute more.

I enclose $1.00. I will adopt a soldier and send you $1.00 a month to supply him with "smokes" for the duration of the war.

Name ..... *Address* .....

When you're waiting for dessert at lunch

—and no one wants to talk business just yet—and you're comfortable—and there's just one detail that you want to think out for yourself—and you light up reflectively—and a cigarette's aroma tastes the sweetest—

Try Omar Aroma

OmarOmar spells Aroma

The very name is redolent with aroma

For Omar is the aromatic blend of 13 kinds of rich Turkish and 6 of ripe domestic tobaccos—which make the perfect Turkish blend.

These aromatic tobaccos, mixed in a sterilizing cylinder of burnished copper through which white clouds of superheated steam are forced, blend into one perfect Omar aroma; then rightly graduated cooling seals in the perfect aroma.

And there Omar aroma is sure to stay until—some time when a cigarette is sure to taste the sweetest—you try Omar—perhaps when you're waiting for dessert at lunch, or some other time when keen good taste insists that only Omar's aroma can make a cigarette taste sweetest.

Aroma makes a cigarette
They've told you that for years

OMAR
CIGARETTES

Guaranteed by
the American Tobacco Co.